Out Of The Years

• TRELVA WILSON
• PHYLLIS HANCOCK

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Out Of The Years

By
Trelva Wilson
Phyllis Hancock

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FOREWORD

In having this book written, we began with the sincere desire to assemble the information that was known about those of our ancestors who had become early converts to the Mormon Church. We are proud that all of our grandparents crossed the plains to get to Utah between the years 1847 to 1864, and we thought a permanent record should be made of some of their sacrifices for us. Then, too, we wished our children to know our parents' humble beginnings in Utah and Arizona. We thought it might be interesting to have some of the story of our fifty years of life as a family and for each of the children to furnish a chapter just as they wished to write about their own years in the family from their viewpoint.

We certainly did not expect to make the book as big a project as it has become. All of us being amateurs, it is not a finished and polished product. Had we known all of the problems that would develop, we would have said we could not do it. But as we faced each problem, we solved it only to find another one or several to perplex us. It is, however, a satisfaction to feel that imperfect as this book is, in it we have accomplished the purposes we had in beginning it. We leave it as a token of remembrance for our children, our grandchildren, and our great-grandchildren. That it may help them to remain . . .

"True to the faith that our parents have cherished."

We are indebted to many who have assisted us in countless ways. With the encouragement of our relatives and friends including Ben Blake, Paul Merrill and others, whose interest has helped us to persevere. With the encouragement and help, too, of our brothers and sisters Ella and Laura Blake, Rilla Farley, Nora Davis, Guy Anderson, Sam and Milt Lines and Maime McBride, but especially Joseph Lines. With help from the following relatives: the late Lizzie Birdno, Pearl Merrill, Dave Weech, Franklin Barney, and Ada Plum and from our friends, Fred Webb, Ryder Ridgway, Roderick Williams, and Wilford Buffington.

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We appreciate the help given us by our children and their children. We thank all eight of our children for writing their individual chapters and for the pictures they have supplied. In addition we thank Opal for her poems and especially for the poem, "My Heritage," which she wrote especially for this story. Her original story also helped Trelva in material used in this book. Leona and Aldean and Marba and Meade also assisted in the final writing of a few of the early chapters. Besides these we thank Marie for the picture of her family and Ruskin for the pictures he has taken of Arthur at the farm, of our present home and of us, as well as others, for the book.

Besides ourselves the most willing workers have been Trelva and Phyllis and they have received full cooperation from both Ansel and Wayne. Trelva has worked long and hard for many months compiling the material for the book and in spite of interruptions caused by serious illnesses of herself and family, she has done all she could to complete the story. Because of the pressure of time Leona was unable to do the final work on the copy from Trelva, it was then that Phyllis agreed to work on it and with Eva at her home for six weeks they worked long hours to almost completely recopy the material and make the changes and additions that Eva thought would give a more complete picture of the family and the Gila Valley. They also spent time planning and having pictures prepared for the book.

The printing details and binding were under the supervision of Wayne who has many friends in the printing industry who have worked long hours on the book. George DeLine, the typesetter, has spent most of his week ends and many nights before returning to the Marine Corps as a pilot in order to complete the composition. Bill Glaze permitted a Linotype to be installed in his plant at West Los Angeles to handle the typesetting. These and many others have done or will do more than they were required to do in publishing this book. Their efforts are greatly appreciated.

We thank *everyone* who has assisted in any way in the final completion of this project.

If the book is read in the same spirit with which it has been written, we will be thankful that we did not despair when the road seemed rough ahead.

EVA AND ARTHUR

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The writing of this book has been, for mother and us, a happy task. We have endeavored to give each person his accurate and correct place, but space and time has robbed us of the privilege of including many of the greatest joys that have come to mother and dad. Since the accomplishments of some may appear greater in the eyes of man than those of others, we have mentioned only a few of the many honors and recognitions that have come to the different members of our family. To mother and dad each child has a special place, and their talents and virtues are equal. They feel the honors of men are not as important as a good character. As each child lives with his fellow man and God, time will prove the worth of our parent's teachings.

Like added jewels to their original crown of parenthood, have come their wonderful grandchildren and great-grandchildren. No grandparents ever felt more blessed or valued and appreciated more these added joys. Yet, these joys we have only casually mentioned.

At this time, the year 1952, some of the grandchildren are grown, some are wee babies, and some are not yet born. With life an ever growing chain, we feel that we cannot include one and neglect the other. Then too, mother feels that in as much as this book has given her an opportunity to express the joy and happiness her children have brought to her, she does not wish to deprive them of this same opportunity. Thus, each Lines child has been given the privilege of writing a brief story of their own children.

Without an unlimited amount of faith in their children, and tenacious persistence on the part of mother and dad, this book would never have been written.

TRELVA WILSON

This Book is lovingly
dedicated to our families
with all our love on
our 50th Wedding
Anniversary

PROLOGUE

Life is a gift in trust. Our future depends largely on the use of the time allotted to us and the talents with which we are endowed. They may be many or they may be few but they are a sacred trust, a stewardship from the Almighty given. It is our duty to ourselves and to our society to prepare for the responsibility which life imposes and to discharge it faithfully and fearlessly. Fire is the test of gold; adversity of strong men.

From humble people came the emigrants. They had one purpose, to live in a land of freedom and to worship God as they wished. The Southwestern valleys have bloomed and have been made beautiful under the whole-hearted and loving labors of these stalwart men and women.

The items of history and biography I have collected have had the effect of increasing my respect, my admiration and my affection for the sturdy men and women who were our forebears. None of them possessed qualities that require apology; none possessed greatness. Their years of pioneering and adversity gave them a solid foundation of stamina, determination and a profound love of justice. It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended but the glory belongs to the ancestors, not to the descendants.

May our children and their children to come appreciate the lives of the loved ones gone before. Had it not been for their efforts, our children would not possess the blessings they now enjoy.

Arthur's grandparents, born in England, were not of royalty nor were they of the poorer class. They left everything they held dear and the assurance of security for the future to come to America and worship God in their own way. Like Moses and the Israelites half the family died and were buried in the Wilderness before they reached their destination, the Rocky Mountains.

Many of the members of my immediate family have visited Ohio and

Illinois and found the birthplace of my maternal grandparents. It is a choice land, rich in natural resources, with an abundance of moisture and bustling with prosperity.

Haakon Anderson, Senior, my grandfather, was a learned man and a noted linguist. He also possessed considerable material wealth. He held an enviable position in Denmark until he was cast out of his society as an undesirable when he accepted the Church.

Three generations have toiled unceasingly, with faith undaunted, to create their dreams and hopes into a better way of life. It is only now, during the fourth generation, that we find ourselves in the position our ancestors once enjoyed.

These pioneers chose hardships, privation, forsook a social culture and knowingly deprived their children of the education that they themselves possessed. They offered these children only a barren waste, a mere existence. This they did willingly, knowing it was a small price to pay for their faith in God and in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

EVA LINES

MY HERITAGE

Out of all the yesterdays
That go to make up time,
Souls that were brave and true
Forged the heritage of mine.

Courage! Theirs as a scarlet banner;
Walking by faith midst errors might;
Sweet to their ears as angel chorus
The gospel message—truths light.

Out of the nations, they were gathered
And led to Zion, land of the free,
Toiling and praying, raised an empire
Honoring the God of Eternity.

Zion adorned in her beautiful garments,
That was the heritage made for me.
They were the givers. I am the debtor.
But Oh, the debt of me.

Opal Lines

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Introduction

'TWAS THUS THEY WERE MARRIED

Sarah always said, "It is more important to be well married than to be well born." This afternoon at five o'clock Eva, the eldest of her five daughters was going to marry young William Arthur Lines. Sarah was pleased with the match. He was a fine ambitious boy. Long ago she had selected Art as one of the most eligible boys in Pima. He and Eva had previously planned to have a large wedding with all their friends and relatives present, but now they had changed their plans. Art had driven down from the dairy in Clifton on Friday, and that night Eva consented to have the wedding Sunday.

How they had all worked yesterday! Without Ella and Rilla she could never have done it. Eva had been with them in body, but she was so lost in the dream world of young brides they could have done almost as well without her. They had scrubbed every room in the house, and spent hours making the front room look worthy of the occasion.

Sarah was proud of her home. It was the nicest she had had since she left Utah. Today it looked especially pretty. On the mantel in the parlor the chimneys of her best oil lamps were polished until they shone like Swedish crystal. How thankful she was that the new hand loomed rag carpet was down on the living room floor. Its colors were so bright and cheerful. With the bowl of flowers on the pedal organ and the heavy white lace curtains at the big picture windows, the room possessed a touch of elegance that overshadowed all its faults.

With a sigh Sarah increased her efforts. She was making the crusts for the pies to be served after the wedding. She cautioned Ella, who was preparing the chicken for the sandwiches, to be very sure that all the tiny bones were removed, and yet that every piece of meat was separated from the bones. The wedding supper was not going to be elaborate but she hoped it would be tasty and appetizing.

"Thank goodness," thought Sarah, "the weather is beautiful." There had been an unusual abundance of rain and the farmers were filled

with high hopes for a good year. It was a brilliant October day, with just a faint hint of the crisp weather to come. Art and Eva had left early that morning in the light, topless, one-seated ordinary wagon to do several errands for the dairy. Sarah was pleased that the day was so delightful: they would not return exhausted from the heat and covered with dust. It was a shame that they couldn't have taken the buggy, but of course there would have been no room in it for the supplies Arthur had to get.

First, they had to go to Safford to have their wedding pictures made. (Sarah had insisted that pictures be included in the wedding plans). Arthur had arranged for them on Saturday when he was getting the marriage license. Then too, the Safford Mill was out of bran sacks. This meant a trip to the Montezuma Flour Mill in Solomonville to get some, and a stop at the Safford Mill to leave them for filling. In Thatcher, apples had to be picked up at the big Cruthers orchard. (These were to be served tonight with the pies and sandwiches). It was a good thirty mile ride over narrow winding roads, across deep irrigation ditches flowing full with water. Some day the larger ditches might be bridged. Now let us be thankful for such roads as there are. Already the valley was a far cry from the lizard trails and the stockade homes that had greeted Sarah fourteen years earlier. "Oh well," she mused, a smile twinkling in her eyes, "Today, Eva and Art won't know if it is a wagon or Cinderella's fancy pumpkin coach."

In the front bedroom, Eva's little round topped tin trunk was all packed. All those petticoats, tight waists, camisoles, bloomerpants and house dresses! Rilla had spent hours Saturday washing them by hand. Then Ella, with sad-irons heated on the big wood stove, had ironed them meticulously. Now they lay carefully folded, waiting for the lid to be locked.

Hanging in the old fashioned wardrobe was Eva's wedding dress, a sweet, simple, white lawn dress trimmed with rows of fine lace. It was Eva's first "store bought" dress, purchased that summer at the Bazaar Store in Clifton. It had been her best dress all summer and Sarah thought she looked beautiful in it.

But weddings should have time to be planned. "Nothing," thought Sarah, "could ever quite make up to Eva all that she was missing." Now she would never have the beautiful brocaded satin wedding dress they had planned. Lucinda Gustafson, "Aunt Cindy," the valley's best milliner and dressmaker, had started the fittings.

The day was passing quickly. Nora was home from Sunday School but heaven only knew where Laura was. Then Sarah saw her, playing as usual, coming down the lane. She was bringing with her two small girls as uninvited guests. Sarah felt a trifle vexed for a moment, but she couldn't be cross today; and she joined in the good natured laughter of her older girls. Everyone always found excuses for Laura. She was indeed the pet of the family.

Sarah dropped into one of the oak kitchen chairs for a moment's rest and with her hands brushed the tight little black curls by each ear and the scolding lock curls on the nape of her neck. Her thoughts went over all that had been done. Arthur had asked his parents to come. His brother Joseph would perform the ceremony. She had sent word to her mother and father in Glenbar. They were all coming at five. Was there anything else that needed to be done?

The sadness that all day had threatened to envelop her came flooding over her. Each time she had forced it back and refused to let herself think of it. Hakan could not be home for the wedding. No father, who loved his daughters as Hakan did, should be deprived of this pleasure. Yet, the wedding was going on without him because he had been unable to find someone to take his place at the dairy.

Life was hard. Just to live required almost all a body could do. The dairy needed someone constantly. Usually it was Arthur and Hakan both. Even Eva's marriage must be woven into the pattern of their struggle for existence. Sarah struggled with her tears—no crying today of all days. Arthur has a promising future, and with Eva to help, they will have a wonderful life. She said a quick little prayer for their happiness in the years ahead.

"Goodness sakes alive! is it that time already? There's Eva and Art coming up the side lane. It's time we were all dressed. Where's Walter? He needs a good scrubbing before he can be seen by anyone." Sarah ran out the back door calling him as Eva walked into the kitchen.

Eva was an attractive girl. She was tall and well built like her father's Nordic ancestors. Her round full dark brown eyes and thick dark hair emphasized the beauty of her fair skin. With an infectious smile that came at the slightest cause, Eva enjoyed life and gave zest to the lives of others. Today, this smile had become a part of her whole being. Her eyes were sparkling with an inner happiness as she came in to dress for her wedding. Silently she made the preparations while a constant flow of thoughts surged through her mind.

The plans for their marriage had been a dream for so long that to accept it now as a reality was almost frightening. She *did* love Arthur and she *did* want all of this, but it was happening too fast. If only she could partake of this moment of sweetness slowly, so that every drop of its nectar could be lingered over, and sipped lovingly.

As her eye caught the time on the old Seth Thomas clock, Eva realized she'd have to rush to be ready for the ceremony in just an hour. There were large kettles of water warming on the big wood stove. She quickly brought in the tub and filled it. The big number three galvanized tin tub was not made to fit the contour of the body, but it was certainly better than a sponge bath with just a wash cloth and basin.

Her dressing was precise. She did want to be beautiful this one day. As she buttoned her tight waist, the joy of having such a beautifully embroidered one gave her the nice warm feeling of owning a luxury. The fine lisle black stockings felt smooth and sheer as she pulled them over her cold feet. Never before had she found it such a task. Lifting her petticoats, she looked at her feet. Her high topped polished black button shoes looked nice with such beautiful stockings. "It's a shame," she thought, "no one can see how beautiful they are."

Eva turned to look into the mirror and seeing her hair, for a minute, felt almost shaken. Where was Ella? Ella always combed her hair. It seemed that Ella's hands knew just how to make the pomp in front, and the full round bob in back look the most flattering to Eva's round face. She was disturbed for only a second; Ella was there all dressed and ready to help. At first, Eva sat straight and tall as Ella began smoothing and combing her long heavy tresses. Gradually she relaxed a little in her chair as her sister's firm strong hands brushed and coiled her hair into the style most becoming to her.

Art had been such fun today. They really hadn't talked much, but then talking wasn't necessary sometimes. He had questioned her, though fearing she might not want to be married now that the big wedding was impossible. She did wish she could have had the fancy wedding, but living in a new unsettled country had taught her to accept and make the best of things.

Glancing out the window she saw Arthur's parents, Emily and Henry, with their son Joseph and his wife Elizabeth. As they walked up the path to the front door, she wondered if there was anyone free to let them in and entertain them. Yes, she could hear young Walter inviting them in. He, like his father, never met a stranger. She looked into the

mirror. The hair was finished, but there were so many things to do before she was ready!

• • •

As Emily walked into the Anderson home, she looked with admiration at Walter, the four year old, adored son of Hakan and Sarah. He looked like his mother. She and Henry were greeted by Eva's grandparents, the Barneys; and as Sarah seated them, Emily noticed the signal honor bestowed upon them—they were given the very best chairs. Emily found herself listening and enjoying the conversation between Henry and Mr. Barney. They had been among the earliest pioneers in the valley.

Emily wasn't much of a talker but she enjoyed listening to others. The walk from her home to the Anderson's was not far but she had to admit that at fifty-two she did not feel as spry as she did at twenty. As the men talked, Emily found herself thinking of those passing years. How quickly the years in Arizona had flown. The memory of their lone journey from Utah, of little Arthur learning to walk by holding on to the wagon tongue, of their first Arizona home in a stockade, remained bright and clear. Today that little boy was taking a wife. Arthur, her third son and fourth child to leave them, was going to start a home of his own.

First, it had been Joseph when he married Elizabeth Ferrin. Then Mary (Maime) had maried William McBride. Later Samuel had married Rhoda Merrill. Now it was Arthur. Each wedding had brought her great joy, but each wedding had also left a lonely spot in her heart.

Emily looked at her son, Joseph, who was sitting by his father. Surely he was a son that any mother would be proud to claim. He was here not only as Arthur's brother but to officiate at the ceremony. He was Pima's Justice of the Peace. This son was one of the best educated men in the valley and an outstanding public speaker. He had just returned from a two-year mission in the service of his church. Emily enjoyed having him back in the valley again.

She and Henry had not been able to give their children many of the material things of life but they had taught them independence and had done their best to develop each one of them into an admirable character. It was hard for her to express her love to her children. Her Puritan mother's influence had left its mark. She had learned to keep all her emotions well concealed. She expressed her love to her children by never crossing them or making demands of them. But, even with

her well-trained emotions, she could not conceal the pride in her eyes when her children did well.

Emily was happy and pleased that Arthur had chosen Eva Anderson to be his wife. The Andersons had come to Arizona with dreams in their hearts too. Today she could see how well they had succeeded. Sarah had a nice home and like Emily found joy in keeping it attractive. She had many qualities that Emily greatly admired. Sarah always seemed so completely competent in anything she undertook. This was evident today. Everything was just as if she had spent weeks in preparation. The Andersons were all workers; Hakan, Sarah and all the girls.

When Arthur arrived, his mother looked at him with pride. "Why he looks like a dandy from the city," she thought, "not like a country, farm boy." He was dressed in his only suit, a navy blue serge, and he wore a celluloid, stand-up collar with a *store-bought*, ready-made cravat. His black, curly hair reminded her of Henry at that age. Emily understood this shy, handsome son of hers. They were alike in many ways and she knew that he did not enjoy this role of being the center of so much attention. Arthur smiled at his mother as he slipped into the chair next to hers. He was a hard worker also and had provided for himself since he was very young. Although he had worked away from home much of the time, the separation had not lessened his love for his family. He was always generous with his earnings and had brought much comfort into their home.

The family and guests were assembled and at a signal from Sarah, Arthur arose and walked over to the fireplace where Joseph was standing. There they stood, side by side, waiting for Arthur's bride. The door opened. There was Eva. All of the radiance and humility that so becomes a bride was hers. With well chosen words, Joseph completed the ceremony. Emily smiled. God had indeed blessed her this day.

• • •

The late afternoon shadows were casting their fingers through the windows as Sarah and her daughters served the wedding feast. Laughter flowed freely and everyone was joyous and gay. Grandpa and Grandma Barney had brought a set of white, porcelain dishes for the bride and groom. Eva's sisters gave them a set of nickle tableware. Sarah selected two new feather pillows from her linen chest and Emily a white bedspread from hers. Even though the wedding gifts were few, they were given with love and best wishes. Eva and Arthur were radiant with happiness on their wedding day.

And thus it was: Sarah Evaline Anderson became the bride of William Arthur Lines the 12th of October 1902 at the home of the bride's parents in Pima, Territory of Arizona.

That night, their wedding night, they stayed with the Andersons. By seven o'clock the following morning, they were ready to pull out for the dairy in Clifton. The parting of Eva from her family was difficult. When Ella saw Eva ready to leave, she sobbed to her mother, "It isn't only my sister I'm losing but the best chum I ever had." These sisters had been very close and the separation was hard for both. As Eva said her last goodbye, she whispered, "Mother, don't feel that I love you less for loving Arthur so much. I hope to keep my place in all your hearts." The Andersons sadly watched them as they drove away.

Eva drove the black, folding-top buggy, which had been Arthur's pride and joy during their courtship, and he drove the loaded wagon. This was because Arthur's pride rebelled at the thought of riding into Clifton with his bride on the wagon loaded with bran.

Nine milk cows had to be collected to add to the dairy herd at Clifton. The animal they purchased from John Taylor was a beauty and the easiest to drive of the herd but the one they bought from Oscar Layton in Thatcher was, according to Art, 'the orneriest, cussedest, meanest critter anybody ever saw.' She wouldn't drive; she wouldn't lead; she jumped fences; she was trouble all the way to Clifton. The day was almost ended when the last cow was added to the herd. They made quite a procession as they left the valley. Dave Beal on horseback drove the herd of cows; Arthur followed in the wagon and Eva in the buggy trailed along behind in 'solitary splendor.'

They made camp that night at the San Jose Canal which was the last watering place until they reached the Toll Gate. Oscar Webster also camped at the canal that night with a herd of 'blatting, smelly' goats. Their camp bed consisted of quilts and sheets spread on a canvas cover.

The Toll Gate was reached the second day. When they reached Coronado on the third day, Arthur turned the wagon and the stock over to Dave and he and Eva made a stylish entrance into Clifton riding in the buggy.

The bride and groom arrived at the dairy at eleven o'clock that night. In the moonlight, Eva could see the new bedroom that Arthur had had built. It was about twenty feet from the dairy kitchen. It was a fine room, twelve by fourteen feet and was made of rock masonry. There

were two windows and two doors. Arthur had planned it with the intention of adding rooms to it as their finances permitted. Eva was delighted with the room and the new, solid oak bedroom suite and lovely green carpet were beautiful. She had not expected them to be so lovely.

Life on the Dairy was a complete change for Eva. She was not only married and away from most of her family and friends but also away from the religious life that she had always participated in so actively. There were only a few Mormons in Clifton and so there were no services for them to attend. Life was so busy on the dairy with long hours for everyone. Work, however, was expected by Eva. She was the oldest of five daughters and had done the work of a son in many ways on the farm in Pima.

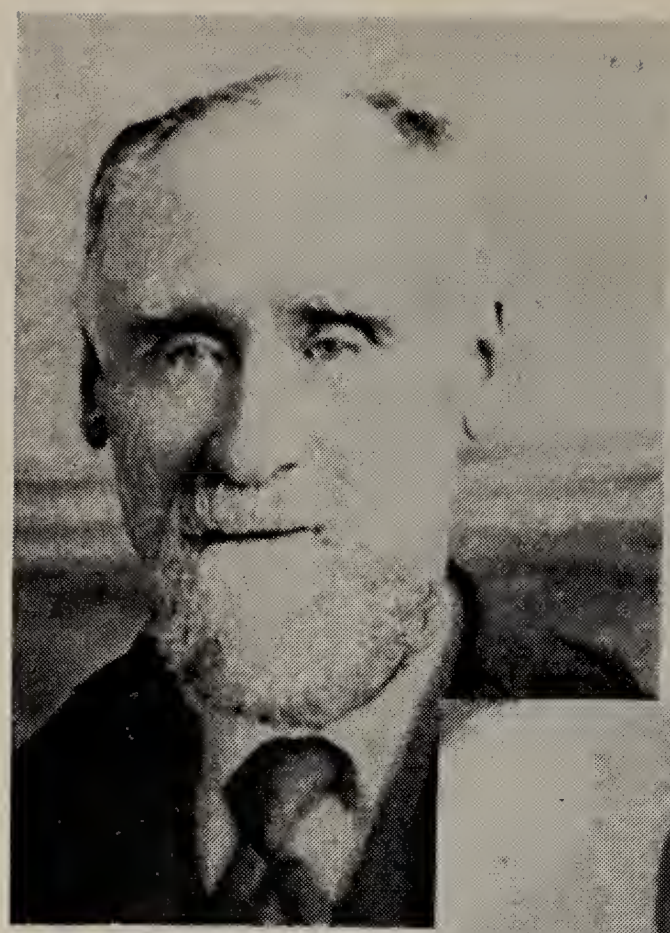
This was the beginning of Eva and Arthur's life together. On the 12th of October 1952 they will celebrate their Golden Wedding Anniversary. They accepted the challenge of fifty years ago and have seen many of their dreams come true. They think that the poet William Shakespeare expressed how they feel when he said:

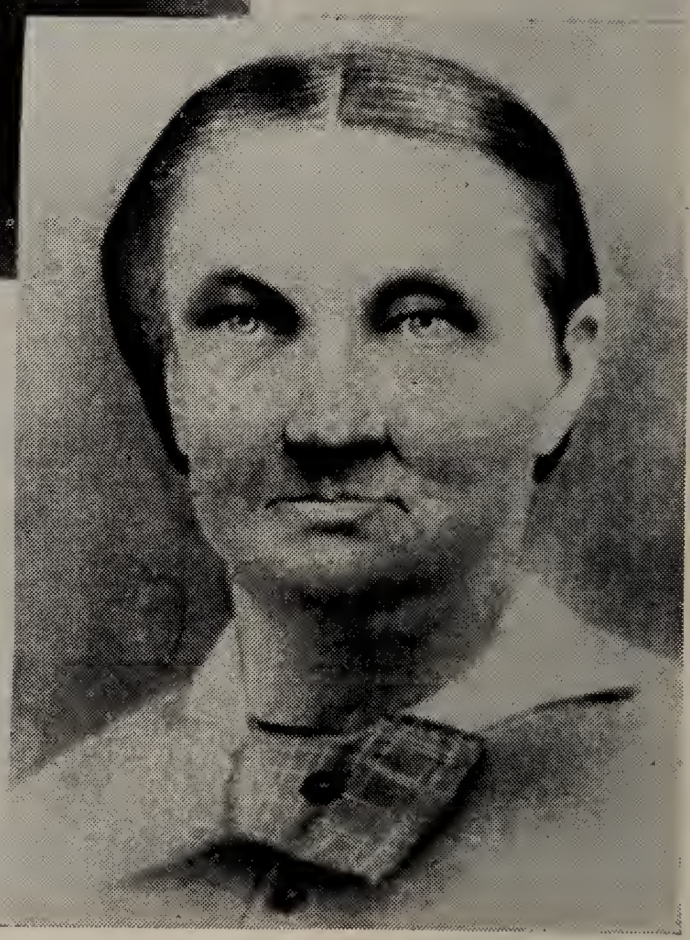
"Hark I think on thee; and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings."

• • •

Before continuing with the story of these two and some of the many events during the past fifty years, the story, as it is known, of their ancestors will be given in the next few chapters.

Picture taken of Eva and Arthur on their wedding day in Safford, Arizona
Picture of Eva and Arthur for their Golden Wedding and this book.





Henry and Emily Lines (top), Arthur Lines (center), Jane Haddon Lines and Elizabeth Gould Weech (bottom)

Section One

Oh, The Debt Of Me!

Chapter I

THE JOHN LINES FAMILY

John Lines, son of Jeremiah Lines and Mary Simons, was born in East Haddon, Northhamptonshire, England, on March 21, 1813. He received an average education and became a skilled gardener by profession. He was employed as a gardener for many years by Mr. Lloyd, a member of the great insurance company of Lloyd's in the City of Birmingham. Mr. Lloyd was also a banker and the owner of a large shipping firm.

John married Jane Haddon in 1838. Jane was the daughter of William Haddon and Marney Barnett. They lived in Spark Brook, a suburb of Birmingham in Warwickshire, England. John and Jane already had three children when twin boys arrived February 17, 1846. They were given the names of Henry and John Edwin. Little Edwin was very weak from birth and lived only a few months. Henry Lines always said he was a valentine and observed the 14th of February as his birthday. Four more children were born later to John and Jane.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints from its beginning sent missionaries to England and many converts were baptized. The Lines family was an industrious and God fearing people who were searching for a better way of life. They accepted this new religion March 5, 1849, and were baptized and confirmed by Elders William Frisby, Henry Brown and John Allen, Mormon missionaries from Salt Lake City, Utah. John became an active member of the Birmingham Branch. He was advanced step by step in the priesthood. He became an Elder and served as branch clerk for a number of years.

In 1861 John and Jane allowed William, their eldest son, to leave England and go to America to join Jane's brother, William Haddon. William Haddon, however, was not a member of the Church.

The next few years the family frequently discussed the wisdom of going to America to join the Saints in the Rocky Mountains. They gave

it much prayerful consideration and finally decided to dispose of their property and go to America.

Mr. Lloyd, John's employer, was disappointed and could not understand his willingness to throw away position and security for this new radical church. When the time came for John to bid Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd goodbye, Mrs. Lloyd pressed into his hands quite a sum of money. Although she could not understand this new religion, she admired his courage and appreciated his loyal and industrious service.

There followed an exciting and busy time in the Lines household. They not only had to make preparations for the long ocean voyage, but also for the trip across the vast plains of the United States. Their party consisted of John and Jane and their seven children, Mary Ann, Jane, Henry, Lucy, John Hyrum, Alice and Joseph Edwin. In addition to their own family their was Phoebe Cochran, Jane's sister's child, whom they had adopted, and the two Voss girls, cousins of the family. They had taken these homeless children into their hearts and could not leave them behind and deprive them of the blessings the new world promised. When all preparations were completed, they boarded the train and traveled to London, their point of embarkation.

There were nine hundred Mormon converts who sailed on the ship. English, Scotch, Welsh, German, Dutch, Swiss, Scandinavian, Danish and a few Frenchmen made up this large number. There were also two hundred Irish emigrants aboard ship. They were spaced in the fore part of the ship with a partition between them and the others. The passengers spent a few days getting everything in order and well battened down. On June 6, 1864, the good ship Hudson weighed anchor and set sail for New York.

For more than six weeks they sailed over the endless expanse of water with nothing to break the monotony except an occasional ocean windjammer or another sailing vessel. Late one dark night the Hudson and another ship passed so closely together that their rigging became entangled. The passengers were very alarmed but the quick work of the man at the wheel saved them from a collision.

The ship was so overcrowded that sickness was inevitable. There was a severe epidemic of measles on board during the voyage and from this disease and other ills a number of deaths occurred. Burials at sea were sad for all, but especially for those who lost loved ones. After the bodies were wrapped in canvas-like bags and placed on a plank, the Captain would give the eulogy. According to Henry, he

always closed his remarks with the following words:

"H'ashes to H'ashes,
Dust to dust,
If the Lord won't have ye
The Devil must."

The plank was tilted and the body was dropped into the ocean with a splash. All hands then returned to their daily tasks.

Just as their destination seemed almost in view, they were overtaken by the Confederate gunboat Georgia. (This voyage was made during the time of the Civil War. The Hudson was of United States or Union registry and could be taken to a Confederate port as a prize of war.) The worried emigrants, confused and frightened, anxiously watched as the captains of the two vessels met and discussed the situation. When the Confederate Captain learned there were several hundred British subjects on board ship, he agreed to let them sail on. With typical southern gallantry, he ordered the Georgia band on deck and a farewell tune was played while the Hudson resumed her course.

Early on the morning of July 16 they landed at Castle Gardens and were checked through the United States customs. In New York, John bought railroad tickets to take them to the Missouri River where they were to meet the Church caravan.

The first part of the journey was quite comfortable as they traveled across the country in passenger coaches. When they reached the state of Missouri, however, there were no coaches available and they were forced to travel across the state in slow moving, filthy, cattle cars. There had been no effort made to clean these cars since they had been used for transporting cattle. The journey was slow because the Confederate Army had torn up the tracks in many places. Riding in these open cattle cars, the family had no protection from the hot days and cold nights. Jane had been ill during most of the sea voyage. She had regained much of her lost strength during the journey in the coaches, but the trip in the cattle cars took its toll. It was hard on all the family and particularly on John Hyrum who was fourteen years old. He became sick and died just as the train reached St. Joseph, Missouri. The grief stricken family buried him there. With heavy hearts, they continued their journey to Zion.

From St. Joseph, the company went by steam boat to Wyoming, Nebraska. Here they were outfitted for the trip across the plains. The Lines family left in the first company under Captain Hyde on Tuesday,

Chapter II

THE SAMUEL WEECH FAMILY

Samuel Gould Weech and his wife Elizabeth with their four boys and four girls left Hereford City, England, in 1848 to come to America. They arrived in New Orleans on the vessel, Sailor Prince, and went up the Mississippi River by steamboat to Alton, Illinois. There was a branch of the Mormon Church in Alton and Samuel leased a plot of ground and built a house there. Emily was born July 15, 1850.

On October 20, 1852, Samuel died and Elizabeth was left alone to rear her large family. It was a heavy task and although she was not well she resolved to carry out the plans for the family to go to Utah as soon as possible. The older children were able to work and help with the support of the family and neighbors and friends were kind and often brought food for them to eat. Emily, although young at the time, remembered how good sweet potatoes tasted that a good neighbor brought to them.

They all worked toward the day when they could start for Zion and in the spring of 1856 preparations were made for the long trip. They sold their home to buy the necessities for the trip; a yoke of oxen, a tent, food and necessary clothing. Elizabeth was offered the use of a wagon if she would deliver it to its owner in Utah.

The family went up the river to St. Louis, Missouri, and then on to Florence, Nebraska. The oxen were delivered here and broken to the yoke and the wagon was made ready for the journey. The oldest son became discouraged and decided not to go with them. The oldest daughter, Sarah, was married and had remained in Alton.

On July 4, 1856, they left Florence in a company of saints with John Banks as Captain. The first day they traveled only five miles because the oxen were not well broken. Many of the drivers did not know how to manage them and some of the wagons were very late reaching the camping place that night.

During the journey the children walked whenever possible to help

lighten the load for the oxen. One day passing Indians saw one of Elizabeth's pretty daughters walking beside the wagon. They were so determined to have her that it became necessary to hide her in one of the wagons. Needless to say she did not walk again until they were out of the Indian country.

The company arrived in Salt Lake City October 3, 1856, after three months of slow travel. The Weech family was in good health and they were all grateful to reach their destination. Their only possessions upon arrival were a yoke of jaded oxen, a tent, very little food and clothing and a three-cent piece.

Their first home in Utah was a one-room log cabin with a dirt floor located on a Mr. Chapple's farm in Mill Creek.

Although wheat was very scarce and the farmers needed all the grain they could gather for the next year's seed, Elizabeth and her children were allowed to glean the fields for food to eat. Most of the crop had been reaped but they picked up every head of wheat they could find. It was tiresome work and the constant bending was hard on Elizabeth as she was a tall woman. (The hardest work she had done in England was keeping a shop and collecting at a toll gate.) It was October, but the sun was hot and soon little Emily's arms were almost blistered. Elizabeth tore her apron into strips and wrapped it around the child's arms to protect them.

During the winter the wheat was threshed, cleaned and ground by the family in their little home. Elizabeth would grind just enough wheat in the coffee mill to make a small cake for each child. They ate their cake slowly, a crumb at a time, for there was no second helping.

Elizabeth's three sons worked on farms in the community and were paid with potatoes, squash and sugar beets. Molasses which they made from the sugar beets was their only sweetening. When winter came, wood was scarce and the little they could forage from the snow covered canyons was wet and soggy. It was hard work to keep the fires going and sometimes they went to bed to keep warm. (Emily was only six years old but she never forgot that she was always cold and hungry the first winter in Utah.)

With the coming of spring, work was easier to find and each member of the family worked to help provide food and clothing. They rented five acres of land and used their small store of wheat for seed. Emily needed shoes and a woman offered to buy a pair for her if she would stay with her and help with the work while her husband was away

from home. After more than three weeks with no sign of shoes, Emily returned home.

In the fall after they had harvested their crop, Joseph, the oldest boy, bought an old wagon and moved the family to Old Fort located on the south end of Utah Lake. (Later known as Goshen.) Old Fort consisted of sod houses built in a circle to form a wall for protection. Blocks of sod, dug from the meadows nearby, formed the walls for these simple homes and the roofs were made of cane and mud. This was the first home the Weech family had owned since coming to Utah and they were very proud of it.

Their clothes were well-worn by this time and as there was no money to buy new ones, Elizabeth used the tent they had bought for the trip to Utah to make shirts, pants and dresses for them.

When the people grew tired of living in the sod fort a townsite was selected, called Sandtown, a nickname for Goshen. Here the family built a dugout to live in. It consisted of a room dug in the ground to a depth of about five feet. The gables of the roof were built up with logs and covered with cane and mud. Stairs were dug sloping out from one end. A window in one side afforded light through a piece of cotton cloth. A fireplace made of adobes with a built in oven was used for heating and cooking. Hanging from the end of an iron rod, driven into the back of the fireplace, a chain attached with hooks supported the kettles for cooking. At the back of the room, a bin made from adobes was used for storing wheat. The family made their beds on top of the bin.

Elizabeth taught school for a while and it was at this time that Emily learned to read and write. Her schooling was brief, however, for when she was only eight years old she began to work in homes for her room and board. As Emily grew older, she received a small amount of money in exchange for her work.

She worked for many families during the years that followed. Some were very kind and considerate, others were not so thoughtful. At best it was a hard task for one so young. During the cold winters, she gathered snow and melted it for wash water. Many times the clothes froze as she hung them on the line. (It is amusing to note that in some of the homes she helped to make home-made beer. Drinking beer at that time was not considered by the Church as breaking the Word of Wisdom, in fact none of it was emphasized.)

Elizabeth retained many of the Puritan beliefs that she had been taught as a child. She never quite approved of fun and frolic. Emily

worked most of the time and had few opportunities to make friends. When she was at home she was not permitted the privileges of many other girls her age. She made her clothes at night after her day's work was done. She knitted her stockings from cotton and from wool yarns.

Thirteen years after the Weech family arived in Salt Lake City, Emily married Henry Lines. She was nineteen years old, of medium height and slender build with black hair and rosy cheecks.

Henry and Emily were married in Elizabeth's home by Bishop Price. After the ceremony, their families and friends celebrated with a big wedding supper.

While the guests were singing and laughing in another room, a prankster reached through the kitchen window and took several of the pies Emily had baked for the supper. Luckily there were more than enough and the guests and the prankster ate Emily's wedding pies.

Chapter III

THE HENRY LINES FAMILY IN UTAH

Emily's new home was a one room log cabin, much like the one she had lived in her first winter in Utah. Knowing from past experience that bed bugs were often found in these cabins, she asked the former tenants if they had been bothered with them. "Oh, there are a few," they replied. Emily and Henry went to work with lime and hot water. They scrubbed and then whitewashed every inch of the interior before they moved in. During their first night in the cabin they were sharply awakened; hurriedly they lit the lamp and to their horror saw that the walls were literally covered with very healthy bed bugs. By morning, Henry had covered the clean white walls with red polka dots. They spent the next few days scalding, washing and whitewashing again. Finally, after ridding themselves of the pests, they began housekeeping.

The Lines family grew rapidly. Joseph Henry was born October 24, 1870; Emma Jane, December 12, 1872; Mary Elizabeth, March 10, 1875; Samuel Edwin, June 8, 1877; William Arthur, November 2, 1879.

The fast growing family made many demands of Henry. He supplemented the income from his small farm and tract of meadow land by peddling fruit and vegetables and by working in the silver mines at Tintic. One day Henry hurt his right arm and shoulder in a mine accident. His collar bone and a small bone in his elbow were broken. The doctor set the collar bone, but for some reason failed to set the elbow. As a result, his right arm was stiff for the rest of his life.

During the winters, the family was never warm. None of them had sufficient clothing and it was difficult to heat the poorly constructed houses. Henry had to cross the Utah Lake with a team and wagon to get wood to burn. At night Emily put her yeast dough by the fireplace to rise; she would awaken in the morning to find it frozen. Water would freeze in the teakettle sitting in the fireplace. One severe winter many of their sheep and cattle were frozen to death.

Their life, never easy, suddenly became shadowed with grief and sadness at the death of little Emma. Emily sent her on a small errand one afternoon. She returned ill and as the night hours passed grew worse. The sorrow and shock of her death the next afternoon was almost unacceptable. They never knew the cause of the child's illness.

Henry and Emily became discouraged. Goshen seemed to fulfill very few of their dreams. Like the Israelites of ancient Goshen, they dreamed of a promised land. When Emily's brother, Hyrum Weech, returned from the Southwest with glowing reports of the wonderful mild climate and good farmland in southern Arizona they decided to move. Hyrum, at Henry's request, filed on a piece of land for him. The future seemed brighter as they sat by the fire and discussed the possibilities of the new country.

Henry stocked the wagon with provisions and set up a small cook-stove inside. Planning to earn the expenses of the trip, he bought a large supply of alfalfa seed and dried fruit to sell along the way. By the time they had loaded Emily's Dauntless sewing machine, a feather mattress, a cat-tail mattress, a bedstead and a set of best china, the wagon was greatly overloaded and room still had to be made for Henry and Emily and four active children.

Emily's brother, Lorenzo, started with them on the trek southward. He had a new wagon and a fine team of horses. He drove a band of wild horses which he planned to sell in Arizona. Before they reached the state line, the wild horses had become so difficult to handle, he grew discouraged and returned to Goshen.

Henry and Emily were disappointed but would not be steered from their course. They realized the danger of traveling alone over the poor roads and through Indian territory. They knew some of the Indians were not friendly to white people; yet their lone wagon jogged slowly on down the rugged trail.

"Old Reddy", the milk cow, tied to the back of the wagon furnished a daily supply of fresh milk and cream as they traveled. The motion of the wagon churned the cream into butter. The morning milk that they did not use was placed in a crock and a loaf of bread was used as a stopper. Rarely did their evening meal consist of more than this bread and milk for them to eat.

At times the trip was very enjoyable. Henry and Emily laughed and played with their children. Little Arthur was only a year old and his small legs were unsteady as he performed the wonderful feat of walking

alone. The children all laughed at Joseph when he playfully rode "Old Reddy". Occasionally they stopped for a day to give the oxen a rest. The boys were wild with excitement on these days as they explored the new country.

At Rockhouse, just before they reached the Colorado River, one of the oxen became sick and died. This great loss left them with only one ox and the milk cow to pull the wagon the many miles still left to cover.

At Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River, the wagon and team were ferried across on a very old and decrepit raft. The men had to bail water constantly to keep it afloat. The family crossed the stream in a 'skiff-like' row boat that sat deep in the water; the children were very frightened for fear it would tip over. Everyone was indeed thankful when they had crossed the deep, treacherous stream.

Leaving the river, the wagon trail climbed the steep and difficult ridge known as Lee's Backbone. The hazardous trail presented a grave danger to the overloaded wagon. At last, they reached the top but darkness came as they were descending the other side. The dugway was rough and the wagon had not been built to stand the severe strain and pull. The reach where the king-bolt was fastened to the front axle broke. It was a dangerous situation. They were not sure what was hidden in the darkness of the deep canyon beyond this narrow, winding road. Finally Henry managed to tie the axle so that it held together until the following evening when they reached timber. Here, he felled a tree and replaced the broken reach with a green sapling.

One evening, as they were cooking supper, two sullen Indian braves appeared and demanded food. Emily shared her family's bread and bacon. With a grunt of disapproval, the Indians threw the bacon into the fire, ate the bread and rode away. The children's eyes were wide with fright but Emily and Henry assured them they had nothing to fear. In their own hearts they were praying that the Indians would not return to harm them.

At Big Wash, they camped near the James A. McBride and Thomas Holliday families, also Mormons from Utah, who were looking for a place to settle in Arizona. Emily had kept her yeast start going during the entire journey and all along the way had made fresh yeast bread. That night she made hot rolls for the whole party. It was a wonderful feast for those who had eaten only soda-bread since they left Utah. Mary was small and it was like Christmas when one of the company

gave her a piece of real store candy. She ate it miserly in order to retain as long as possible the delicious sweetness.

While they were crossing the Navajo reservation, darkness forced them to make camp near a large band of Navajos. Henry and Emily were frightened for they had heard many stories of the Indian's savage cruelty and, traveling alone, they knew they were completely at their mercy. Henry made his bed under the wagon and kept watch all night with his five-foot double-barreled shot gun. The gun was more valuable as a stimulant for self-assurance than as a weapon for self-defense. There was no trouble that night and the next morning they were greatly relieved to find that these Indians were friendly.

The weeks passed as they journeyed on and it was Christmas time. It was hard on Santa Claus, and the children too, that Christmas Eve. They were in the vicinity of Fort Apache and a long way from Santa's headquarters. Even so, when the children awoke on Christmas morning and found nothing in their stockings, they were disappointed.

The road from Fort Apache was in very poor condition. Everyone was tired. "Old Reddy" and the ox were exhausted. On the first day of January, 1881, their small covered wagon crossed the Gila River a short distance above the Sub-agency. (The Sub-agency was located south of the railroad crossing at Calvert. It was here the pony express riders changed horses as they carried the United States mail through Arizona.) The family rested a day or two and Emily washed and cleaned.

Emily's brother, Hyrum, came to meet them on horseback at Fort Thomas and led them into the valley. They made their last stop at Mathewsville. The following morning, doves cooing in the willows awakened them. A warm feeling of security and peace came over them all. That day they drove into Smithville (later named Pima), Territory of Arizona, which was the first Mormon settlement in what later became Graham County. They had reached their new home.

Chapter IV

THE HENRY LINES FAMILY IN ARIZONA (1881-1890)

When Henry and his family arrived in their covered wagon in 1881, Smithville was almost two years old. It lay like a new born infant in the fertile valley protected on either side by high mountains. To the south, rising from broad flat mesas stood stately Mount Graham, its magestic head held high in the clear blue sky. Facing Mount Graham, north of Smithville, ran the lower Slaughter mountain range, its peaks and valleys dripping with the pinks and purples of the reflected Arizona sun and desert. Winding through the valley with huge cottonwood trees lining its banks, ran the Gila River. Usually it was a small stream, but, with heavy rain, it grew into a hungry serpent devouring and eating hunks of fertile soil as it ran gustily on to become a part of the Colorado River.

The Smithville Ward was organized by President Jesse M. Smith of the Eastern Arizona Stake in March 1879. The organization took place at Cooley's ranch on Showlow Creek about twenty miles south of Snowflake. Joseph K. Rogers was sustained as Bishop with William R. Teeples, first counselor, and Henry D. Dahl, second counselor. Hyrum Weech was sustained ward clerk and also superintendent of the sunday school. The ward was organized with a membership of twenty-one persons and included the following: J. K. Rogers and family (wife and children); the William R. Teeples family (two wives and children); William Thompson and wife; Earlton Haws and his son and daughter; John and Thomas Sessions; Henry D. Dahl and Hyrum Weech. This group left Cooley's ranch March 17 and arrived in Smithville April 8, 1879.

They immediately set to work building stockade homes of cottonwood logs and a large building that could be used both as a church and a school house. This building was erected on the southwest corner of the lot directly north of Bishop Roger's home. It was a one room log house with a mud roof. It had a fireplace in the east end and a small

stage in the west end. The windows were covered with white domestic called "factory." A piece of canvas was used for the door. A few years later a larger rock building was erected on the northeast corner of the same lot. This new school and church house was two houses east of the present irrigation canal and about a block east of Cottonwood Wash.

Smithville was quite a settlement. There was a public corral for all the stock. There was also a public well, which served the entire population with drinking water. Each family made a "lizard" which they used to haul barrels of water to their camps. A "lizard" was a large forked tree limb with a stake at the back to keep the barrel from tipping or falling off.

By the time Emily and Henry arrived in Smithville, the following families had already established homes there: the Hyrum Weech, William R. Teeples, John H. Nuttall, Thomas Holliday, Henry Dahl, Joseph K. Rogers, P. H. McBride and Eli Dodge. Eli was one of the most important men in the community as he was the only blacksmith for the settlement.

They found this Arizona soil very rich and fertile. It was covered with thick, dry grass and almost overgrown with mesquite. So thick was the grass and underbrush, the townsfolk found it necessary to follow the many lizard trails to get from one camp to another.

The settlers applied to Washington, D.C. for a postoffice requesting that their town be given the name Smithville. The clerks in the United States Postal Department felt there were too many Smithvilles popping up in Utah and Arizona and refused to give the town that name. Instead they gave it the name Pima, feeling no doubt, that this vast Indian territory should bear an Indian name. They, of course, did not know that the Pima Indians had never had any connection with this particular territory. In 1880 William R. Teeples was appointed as the first postmaster of Pima. The post office was located in his stockade in conjunction with his small grocery store. After his death, his wife Harriet became postmistress until 1884 when she left Pima and returned to Utah. Then Hyrum Weech was made postmaster.

Emily's brother, Hyrum, had saved the lot north of his home for Henry. Here the Lineses built their first home in Arizona. It was a one-room stockade. Cottonwood trees were plentiful and since their limbs grew tall and straight, they were used for the walls of the stockade. The limbs were stuck upright in the ground to form walls and the

space between the limbs was filled with clay-like mud. Square holes were left in the walls for windows. Willows were laid across the cottonwood poles and covered with brush and dirt to form the roof. In the rainy season, weeds would grow two or three feet high on top of these dirt roofs. Stockade homes were cool in summer and warm in winter but very unpleasant to live in when a heavy rain came. The mud poured from the ceilings and side walls and ran onto the earth floor. (Even in dry Arizona this was unpleasant.)

In spite of all this, it was a glorious day when Emily and Henry moved from their wagon into their new home. Henry nailed wooden coal-oil boxes to the walls for cupboards and Emily made them as attractive as possible by covering the rough lumber with newspaper cut into fancy designs. The rag rug, that had been used on the trip to keep the wagon warm, was used on the dirt floor. Henry made chairs with woven raw hide seats and a table with a smooth board top. White muslin was tacked over the square window openings and a length of carpet was hung for the door. The walls and ceiling were lined with white cloth. When it was freshly washed, it made the room look very pretty and clean, but it needed to be washed often which was a backbreaking task for Emily as it, like all their clothes, had to be washed by hand. At one end of the room was the small wood-burning cook stove, at the other end, a fireplace which gave added warmth in cold weather.

As time passed, Henry added other rooms including a lumber lean-to. The stove was moved into the lumber room and it was used as the kitchen. When the bedrooms were added, the walls were lined with small print percale. The bedroom furniture consisted of the one bedstead which they had brought with them from Utah. The other beds were built in the corners of the rooms using two walls as a head and a side. A cottonwood post was sunk into the earth floor of the room, at a distance from the two walls, depending on the length and width of the desired bed. Rope laced lattice-like from this post to the side wall and head wall made the frame and the springs. Over the laced rope the home made quilts and covers were placed.

The first year in Arizona, Henry farmed his 40 acre farm and was in charge of the Church Co-op sheep herd which ranged on the foot hills of Mt. Graham close to Cluff's ranch. Later he added to his income by hauling freight from Bowie and Willcox to points in the valley and also to Globe. Globe at this time was a "big town" in com-

parison to the rest of the settlements in Arizona. It was a bustling, mining community with the rich Old Dominion Mine producing a steady stream of copper ingots.

The pioneers in Pima homesteaded their farms and home lots. It was possible to file on as much as 80 acres but they had no mechanical equipment and filed on only as much as they could take care of.

Three sons were born to Henry and Emily in this stockade home. They were Milton, born December 13, 1883; Alvin, December 13, 1885 and John Grover in October, 1888. The children thrived in this new country. Maime helped Emily with the house work. Joe, an excellent shot, was the hunter for the family and kept them supplied with meat. The other boys did what they could to add to the family resources. It wasn't all work, however, at night after the day's work was done they wrestled and played games in the yard and often Henry and their boys would play cards. Sometimes it was "Seven-Up" and other times "Jack." Emily never played. She was content to watch their fun and administer to their needs.

Arthur (as he was always called by his mother) disliked being nicknamed "Art." Perhaps this was one of the reasons he loved his mother so dearly; she always called him his proper name giving it a slight English accent.

His first friend was a Dahl boy who lived close by. The two boys played together constantly. When Arthur was six years old his playmate died. To Arthur, death was something mysterious and frightening and his life was completely torn and shattered for awhile after this death occurred.

When the ward outgrew the little white rock church all activities were moved to the Cluff Hall and theatre building which was located where the present drug store is now. Dances were often held here for the community. One evening, when a big dance was in progrss, Arthur and his friends were standing outside looking through the windows watching the crowd. They could hear the two harmonicas loud and strong, as they played the lively tunes. Everyone was enjoying the evening when two renegade cowboys rode into town yelling and shooting as they came. Shooting right over the heads of the boys, they shot out every light in the dance hall. Arthur and his boy friends were like little, frightened rabbits as they ran for home. The Indians and Mexicans caused the settlers worry and trouble, but these wild, white cowboys were the worst enemies. They feared no one and when they

were "liquored up," they seemed to get a thrill out of riding into small settlements and shooting at everything in sight. They had no respect for law or order.

By June 1884, Pima had mushroomed to a population of 520 people. John Taylor had succeeded J. K. Rogers as Bishop and, during the time he held this office, construction was started on the brick church located across from the present Pima School Home Economics Building. This was a big undertaking for the settlers whose means were so limited. However, they, like all other Mormon groups, wanted their church to be a thing of beauty. It was built of red brick and consisted of a large chapel with a balcony at the south end and a second story divided into class rooms. A tall spire held the big church bell which could be heard ringing half an hour before church services every Sunday.

The Saturday night ritual was always the same at the Lines stockade. It was bath night. Water from the well was carried in wooden buckets into the house and pots and pans were filled and heated on the stove. The wooden tub was pulled close to the fire place and filled with the hot water. Emily rubbed and scrubbed every child in turn. Arthur like the rest yelled and hollered that she was rubbing off more than the dirt, but they all went to bed clean every Saturday night.

Sunday morning after breakfast the lids on the little stove were flipped over the soot covered side up. The black soot, that collected on these lids, was the nearest thing they had to shoe polish and they smeared it over their shoes then rubbed and polished until they looked presentable to wear to Sunday School. When shoe laces were worn out, they were replaced with strips of cloth or a buckskin string. This makeshift was not unusual; other children in town usually did the same to keep their shoes laced.

At this time, Pima was the center of culture in the Gila Valley. It was the largest settlement of white people. The courthouse was centrally located in Solomonville, as Graham County then included what is now Graham and Greenlee Counties. Solomonville's business district, however, consisted principally of saloons and the I. E. Solomon store. The Mexican people had settled in Solomonville long before the white people came to this valley and they still exceed the white people in number.

Safford was just the embryo of the town it was to become. The hotel and Doctor Grosebeck's office were located in a square, red

brick building. Doctor Grosebeck was the only medical doctor in the valley. The valley's only flour mill was a two-story adobe structure located across from the present Safford Gin. Originally it was run by water power and was near the big irrigation ditch for this reason. Safford had a few saloons but very few families were settled and living in the town. Thatcher was not yet born. The only settlement there was Moody's Ranch and a few others.

Pima was proud of its educational opportunities. From its very beginning, the parents there tried to give their children every advantage they could. The children were taught as much as the most learned man in the community knew. The school had neither regular desks nor even chairs as lumber was scarce and what they did have was hewn by hand. The children sat on backless benches made from split cottonwood logs smoothed across the top and with cottonwood posts for legs. Paper and pencils were scarce and expensive so the pupils used slates. The school program was typical of that frontier day.

When Arthur attended school in the Cluff Hall, William Whipple was the principal and also teacher of the older children. The younger children were taught by Mrs. Jeeter. Each morning the children all met together for the opening exercises. Mrs. Jeeter then took her class up on the stage and drew the curtains, that separated the stage and auditorium, and formal classes began. Mr. Whipple, Arthur's teacher, had very definite opinions about the standards required of his pupils. The method and procedure for maintaining discipline was strictly his own. The children were afraid of him for it was sheer physical strength, with complete lack of any psychology, that governed their school days. A minor offense, such as coming to school late, merited a six to eight inch split stick pinched on the pupil's nose. The other children were encouraged to laugh and snicker at the child in disgrace. Arthur tried hard to keep in Mr. Whipple's good graces but his day came, as it did to all the others. One day, he let himself lapse into a moment of day dreaming and played with the red bandana handkerchief which was tied around his neck. Before he realized it, Mr. Whipple had jerked him from his seat and dragged him to the front of the class, shaking him all the way.

"Young man," spluttered the irate Mr. Whipple, "If you enjoy that bandana so much we'll just tie it around your head and let you stand in front of the class, then all of us can enjoy it." With that, he tied it in a knot under Arthur's chin. Arthur was shy and easily embar-

rassed and this horrible experience of standing before all his classmates in disgrace, with everyone enjoying his misfortune, was a moment he neither forgot nor forgave.

Often, during the morning and noon-day recess the children sat wide-eyed with amazement as they watched the Webb boys tame wild horses. In back of Webb's store (where the Relief Society hall is now located) the Webb brothers had a pole corral which was often full of wild horses. Fred Webb was the best rider and the school children were delighted when they came running from their classes to find him mounted on one of the wild ponies. Rare were the times that a horse outlasted Fred. One day while they watched, he rode a particularly tough one. The wild pony jumped and bucked, coming down on its stiff legs to bound back into a hard whirling jerk and buck. As it whirled and lunged, occasionally raring back on its hind legs, it came closer and closer to the school and toward the school well. Fred fearing the animal would fall into the well, jumped off just as the animal raised into a high rareback. The horse, with a keen sense of pride in losing the rider, raised his front legs high into the air intending to come down with a mighty snort of triumph but, instead, fell backwards into the school well. The boys were wild with excitement. It was a wonderful day and one they never forgot.

One recess, Fay Boswell and Arthur began a friendly wrestling bout. Soon, however, the holds and hits exchanged became harder and more severe and with a little encouragement from the side lines a real fight was in progress when the bell rang. Art and Fay broke up the fight, brushed themeselves off, and ran to class. This fight was too good to keep and, of course, one of the children tattled to Mr. Whipple. Immediately Art and Fay were called up in front of the class and Mr. Whipple questioned them. They knew, when they admitted they had been in a fight, a punishment was forthcoming. They were sent to get two strong tamaris willows. (A tamaris willow is similar to the tamarack but much stronger and is unexcelled for whips and switches.) The curtain was pulled and the stage cleared of Mrs. Jeeter's class. Art and Fay were put on the stage where all could see.

"If you like to fight so well, you can demonstrate for the school. Now start hitting!" commanded Mr. Whipple.

The show began. Arthur was lucky for Fay's willow broke, after a few vigorous blows. The boys were sent to their benches to copy

their lessons and Mrs. Jeeter's class returned to the stage; the curtains were drawn and school went on as usual.

The weakling or under-dog always had a special place in Arthur's heart. He could never take advantage of another's weakness. There was a small boy in Arthur's class who was different from other children. His father had been killed the year before by wild avenging Indians and Arthur felt this boy needed understanding. He could not join with the other boys when they laughed at this unfortunate child. Day after day, the boy irritated Mr. Whipple more. One morning, even before class work started, the "split stick" was placed on his nose. As soon as work was in progress and, before the school children were hardly aware of what was taking place, Mr. Whipple walked over to the boy, jerked him out of his seat, shook him and turned him upside down. He pulled two of the heavy benches together and wedged the boy's head between them. The child was left in that position for a time. Arthur suffered almost as much as the boy did that morning. Mr. Whipple was a hard man to please.

The Lines boys excelled in sports and athletics. They were fast runners and outstanding in outdoor games. Emily always said they inherited this trait from their father. Joseph was one of Pima's best baseball pitchers. Then Sam and Arthur joined the game and gave him some keen competition. As the years passed Milt and Alvin joined in the activities. Alvin for many years was one of the best baseball players in the valley. They all loved the game.

The small community of Pima made its own entertainment. Celebrations usually included foot races and baseball games on the square. Every child in town lined up when his age was called. Sometimes it was a hundred yard dash, sometimes a sack race or a potato race. It was fun for parents and children alike. At noon, families grouped together and ate their picnic lunches under shade trees. Ice cold lemonade was always sold by one of the Church organizations. The lemonade booths were generally under brush-topped sheds located near the baseball diamond.

The first time Arthur participated in a foot race was at a July 4th celebration held on the square. All of Pima was there. They came in wagons and buggies drawn by work horses, shaggy of mane and fetlock, clip-clopping down the dirt roads. There had been the usual parade of floats and covered wagons in commemoration of Brigham Young's arrival in Salt Lake. The time dragged slowly by for Arthur.

His whole day was spent in anticipation of the foot race he planned to enter. The children's races usually came first thing in the afternoon. Finally the time arrived and he watched one of the men draw the starting line in the dry powdery earth and walk about fifty yards to designate the finish point. He saw three men stationed there to pick the first, second and third winners. He lined up with the other boys at the starting line. The heat from the hot Arizona sand burned into the bottom of his bare feet. His throat was dry and every muscle tense and alert as he awaited the final signal.

When he heard Billy Burchfield's voice announce, "first place winner, Arthur Lines," he could hardly bear the strong feeling of elation that overwhelmed him. Like the wreath of Athens in all its splendor was the shining five-cent piece placed in his hot, grimy, small hand. He fairly flew to his parents, pausing here and there to let friends see and marvel at his fortune.

Primary was held in the rock school house. Sister Jeanette Ferrin was Arthur's primary teacher. All the children loved her wonderful stories and their voices echoed loud and clear as they sang the church songs.

The clothes for their family were all made by Emily and Maime, usually from heavy denim-like cloth. There were a few sheep in the community and the women carded the wool, spun it into thread and knitted warm, wool sox for everyone.

Henry was the family barber. When Emily thought the boys needed a hair cut, they all took their turn. At times they looked very respectable, but other times the notches of inexperience were very evident.

In the summer of 1888, although he was only eight years old, Arthur felt very important to be able to work for his board and room. Lizzie Birdno's husband was away from home and, since she lived quite a distance from the main settlement, Arthur was employed to live with her and do the outdoor chores. At night, he slept outside. The quiet darkness gave him a strange and hollow longing for home. When fall came he was glad to return home for the beginning of the school term.

One morning the town of Pima was aroused by the Galaghers who lived back of Cluff Hall. They had found huge bear tracks by their garbage dump. The men of the town got their guns and went on the hunt. The children spent the morning discussing and adding to the bear tales that were already in circulation. The men searched and searched

but the bear was not found. The incident was soon forgotten and the little town returned to its work.

Summer nights in Arizona were hot. Often the Lines boys, looking for cooler sleeping quarters, took quilts and pillows up on the cow shed to sleep. Henry and the boys had made the shed of poles with a roof of brush, straw and mud. During the long summer evenings, the boys lay on the shed and talked and laughed as the bright Arizona moon cast its magic glory and transformed everything into silvery splendor. One night the boys were awakened from a sound sleep to discover that Arthur had walked in his sleep. The roof of the shed, although slanting and steep, evidently presented no problem. He had stepped off into mid-air and landed in a manure pile below. As a result, Arthur was the victim of much teasing but they all enjoyed a hearty laugh.

Emily became very ill in 1887. She and Henry were alarmed for fear she would never be well again. When she at last recovered, she was so grateful she asked the Bishop if she could be re-baptized into the Church. Previous to this time, while they were still living in Goshen, all the adult members of the Goshen Ward had been excommunicated from the church, including Henry and Emily. The incident occurred in this way: The town of Goshen had filed on and established a water right in a creek which was located south and west of the town and emptied into Utah Lake. This water was later claimed by parties who, it seemed, were rather prominent, in a Church-way, in the stake in which Goshen ward was located. The townspeople were persuaded to submit the controversy over the water to the High Council of the Stake. They did so, never doubting but that the decision of the High Council would be in the town's favor. The High Council, however, decided in favor of the other claimants. The town was now in a tough spot. Without water it was doomed. Feeling that they had not had a square deal, the townspeople did what they should have done in the first place, took the matter into the Civil Court, won the case with ease and thus secured the water for the town. The High Council, feeling somewhat nettled because the ward had failed to abide by its decision, proceeded to excommunicate the entire ward. All who wished, however, were permitted to be rebaptized and thus the wounded feelings of the High Council were healed and the Ward membership was again in good standing. Henry and Emily Lines refused to be rebaptized, feeling they had done nothing to justify excommunication and that they had

been unjustly deprived of their membership.*

The church meant so much to Emily that she cared little who was right or who was wrong. This second baptism seemed to give her added strength and a new desire to live. She was sustained as a Relief Society teacher and became active in the ward again.

Nearly nine years had passed since Henry and Emily had arrived in Arizona. The stockade home had served them well but it was hard to care for and if a bad storm should come they were afraid it would be washed away for the water ran high all around it. In 1889, Henry made several transactions which included trading the stockade, the cattle he was running on Mount Graham and thirteen of his forty acres for the Martineau home located on a small tract of land near Cottonwood Wash.

The home had originally been built by S. S. Wilson, who was at one time the school teacher and postmaster in Pima. It was a comfortable home; at first the best in town. The two front rooms were made of adobe and the two back rooms were made of white rock. Henry added a lumber lean-to across the back which he divided into a kitchen and a boy's room. The house had a fine shingle roof and, most important, a pine wood floor. There was only one other house in Pima which had both of these excellent features—the Eli Dodge home. The living room faced north. It was large but always quite dark as there was only one large window in the front. (The house was located just west and south of the cement house now standing on the lot.)

The large fig trees in the front yard were already bearing when the Lines family moved in. On the lot was an excellent well and a large fruit orchard which included apple, apricot, plum and peach trees and one almond tree. Like all the homes in Pima, there was a fine garden plot. Henry always kept fresh vegetables growing, but would laugh and say, "It does no good to plant watermelons because Maime always picks them before they are ripe." Citron too was a popular plant and was used for preserves.

The family was very proud of the new home. Emily was an immaculate housekeeper. New rag carpets were made every year from all the discarded clothing and laid over clean, sweet smelling straw. The white, unbleached muslin bed ticks were emptied of their year old straw or corn husks and washed by hand. Then they were taken to a newly

* *Taken from the History of Henry Lines by Joseph Lines.*

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harvested field and filled again. Every wall was white-washed with lime and unpainted furniture and floors scrubbed clean with white sand. The steel knives and forks were scoured after every meal and the pewter silver always shown like new. On the fireplace mantle were her favorite ornaments. Large framed pictures of both their mothers hung on the wall. Crisp white curtains hung at the windows.

Shortly after Emily and Henry came to the Valley, Emily's mother, Elizabeth Gould Weech, came from Utah and lived with them. She lived in the stockade and for two years after they moved into the new house. She always wore a little, black bonnet when she went out and, since the other grandmothers in the community didn't, the Lines children looked upon her as quite an individual. Two years after the Lines family moved into the new house, Hyrum built Elizabeth a small red brick home just north of the old Lines stockade. This house was built with money Elizabeth had received through the sale of her property in Goshen. She was like all good grandmothers and usually had a small "treat" waiting for the Lines children when they visited her.

One day the whole community became wild with excitement and fear. Raiding Indians had invaded Cluff's ranch and killed a beef. The townspeople kept close to their homes for fear the Indians would return. The Indians were vicious in their attacks and many freighters and traveling white people had been killed by these war-loving Apaches. The children knew this was no idle scare and like the adults dared not leave their own door yards. The Indians never returned and the town gradually became normal again.

Liverman and Meyers, a large business concern in Willcox, was owned and operated by Jewish people. They had the contract to deliver coke and all other merchandise from Willcox to the mines and the residents living in Globe. Wickersham's had a similar contract in Bowie. The valley freighters did their hauling and transporting for one of these firms.

In the summer time, the Lines boys often went with their father to Willcox on the freight wagon. Usually, Henry drove six head of horses. On Arthur's first trip, he saw a new kind of life with luxuries and eye tempting delicacies that he had never dreamed existed. He saw his first banana and was quite perturbed to find that one cost a whole nickle, his entire fortune. But after due deliberation, he weakened and made the purchase. Never had he tasted anything so wonderful. The mild,

delicious flavor grew more tantalizing as it melted and disappeared down his throat.

The trips to Willcox were big days for the Lines boys. The freighters camped around the blacksmith shop and burned ties found along the railroad tracks for their cook fires. If the weather was bad, however, they ate in one of the Willcox restaurants. This was a rare privilege and the Lines boys certainly thrilled to the luxury of "eating out." Willcox had a population of five to six hundred people. Both Willcox and Bowie grew rapidly because they were the nearest railroad junctions to Globe.

Every spring with methodical regularity, Emily insisted that every member of her household have their spring tonic. Each child took this spring primer whether he needed it or not. For three consecutive mornings they took a teaspoonful of sulphur and molasses. The next three mornings they did without it, but the following three mornings they each had a teaspoon of the sulphur and molasses again. Then the three day rest came again, and on it went until each child had consumed nine teaspoons of sulphur and molasses. Arthur often doubted the wisdom of these treatments. He was also skeptical of the asafetida bags that he had to wear around his neck for with all these precautions, he still had whooping cough, measles, mumps and even small-pox.

Sundays were busy days. There was always Sunday School in the morning and church at two in the afternoon. Often Arthur attended the stake conferences which were held in Pima. Christopher Layton was the Stake President. He had been chosen by the leaders of the Church in Salt Lake City and sent down with his families to preside over the Church in this section. He drove a beautiful span of horses which always caught Arthur's eye. Arthur looked at him with admiration and pride. Since the Lines family had never practiced polygamy, Arthur was always a little surprised to see him ride to church with such a young wife.

President Layton was a wonderful speaker and it was said that his strong, loud voice could be heard for a block. Arthur could never quite agree with him, however, when he consistently admonished the men to give up their freighting jobs with this phrase:

> "Don't go out and work for the Jews;
> they killed Christ and they'll kill you."

President Layton was referring to the Liverman and Meyers business

houses in Willcox and Bowie. He wanted the men to stay in the valley and work their farms and be self-sustaining. Arthur always felt the freighting business was a blessing given from God. With the extra money earned by freighting, the settlers improved their farms and made life much more pleasant for their families.

Chapter V

THE HAAKON ANDERSON FAMILY

Hakan's father, Haakon Anderson, Sr. (as it was spelled in the old country), was born in Heron Skoone, Sweden, May 4, 1822. When Haakon, Sr. was twelve years of age, both his father and mother passed away; so a friend of his father's, who was a noble man and a rich land owner, took Haakon, Sr. into his home and reared him. When Haakon, Sr. grew older, the nobleman made him the foreman of his large farm enabling him, like his father, Andrew Olson, to become an excellent farmer and trainer of horses.

Sweden required all its young men to have military training between the ages of 19 and 21 and also required that they learn a trade. Haakon, because of his love of horses, joined the cavalry and, due to his outstanding fitness in physique and intelligence, was placed in the King's guard. For his trade he served as an apprentice flour-miller. During his service, he met a young Swedish girl, named Elnora. They fell in love and planned to marry; however, this never happened. Elnora's sudden death crushed him deeply and he felt he no longer desired or had a reason to live. The kind nobleman realized and understood Haakon's sincere grief and begged him to join him on a trip around the world. They traveled extensively through Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Austria, Egypt and France for several years. Often they stayed in various ports for long periods of time. Haakon soon became a noted linguist; he mastered six languages and had a comprehensive understanding of the Slavic Dialects.

It was while they were docked in Copenhagen, Denmark that Haakon attended church and met a lovely girl who reminded him of Elnora. September 14, 1853 Marie Neilson became his bride and Copenhagen became their new home. Haakon was thirty-one and his beautiful bride Marie was just twenty years of age.

When Marie graduated from school, she found she must "work out" to pay for her board and room because her father had been an invalid

for many years and there were no family resources left. Marie, at the age of thirteen, was placed in a wealthy home as a cook's aid. She had a natural talent for preparing and serving food; after three years of apprenticeship, she was put in complete charge of all the cooking. She remained there for the next four years where she met Haakon and was married.

Their marriage began very successfully; Haakon was made manager of the Copenhagen docks and shipyards because of his knowledge of various languages. His position was highly respected and provided a good income which afforded them many luxuries not common to all. One day, while inspecting a ship that had just arrived from America, he met Erastus Snow. It was this meeting that led to his first interest in the Mormon Church. Haakon and Marie were very devout and strong members of the Lutheran Church which was the dominant religion in Denmark. Marie did not quite approve of Haakon's interest in the Mormon religion, especially, when the Mormon missionaries were invited to make Haakon's home the headquarters for proselyting religion. The missionaries used their home as a school where they taught the English language and the Mormon doctrine. Haakon was very interested and learned rapidly; he was soon anxious to become baptized. Marie, however, found there were many obstacles and points of doctrine she could not understand. It was all so foreign, so new and so different. Although it took her longer (two years) Marie finally became just as strong in her convictions and as anxious as Haakon to become a member of the Church. They were both baptized in 1858.

As soon as they embraced this new Gospel, they began to suffer for its sake. The persecution of the Mormons in America was also experienced in the foreign lands. Haakon lost his job. Even Marie's family turned against them. Only their deep love for each other seemed to help them through this period of persecution. The following four years they were baptized and worked toward leaving Denmark, the home of their fathers, to join with the Saints in America, the home of their Church. April 14, 1862, Haakon and Marie embarked from Denmark on the vessel Eureka with their four children Oscar, Elnora, Hakan, Jr. and Augusta. When they arrived in Liverpool, England, Haakon was placed in charge of all the Scandinavian converts. They were all transferred to another ship and set sail for America. Charles Dickens, the noted author, interviewed many of these zealous converts.

He was, at that time, acting as a reporter for the Millenial Star, a newspaper of Liverpool. He questioned the converts as to their reasons for leaving their homes, families, friends and apparent security for this new unproved Church. Haakon was one of the converts interviewed. Dickens, in his newspaper articles, stated, "He was surprised to find they were very intelligent people who were giving up much and felt it a privilege to go to this new land." Charles Dickens was so impressed with the faith of these people, that he later included these interviews and impressions in one of his books.

The seven weeks of ocean voyage brought sorrow to the Anderson family. Their baby, Augusta, became fatally ill and was buried at sea. The Andersons loved one another deeply so this loss was a great sorrow to them.

Their ship landed at Castlegardens, New York City, New York. They then went by rail to Florence, Nebraska, where Haakon purchased a good wagon and a team. Along with his wagon, he also used a church wagon to carry their few choice possessions and abundance of warm clothes that they had brought from Denmark. When they joined with the other Saints to make the long trek across the plains, Haakon was placed in charge of the food for the company.

With the arrival of each wagon in Salt Lake City, Brigham Young, the great colonizer, met and interviewed each family. When President Young learned that Haakon knew the trade of a miller, although Haakon had never worked in a flour mill, he asked him to settle in Fillmore, Utah, and run the flour mill. September 4, 1862, as they stopped their wagon in front of the church house in Fillmore, Haakon commented that it had been just 6 months since they had left Denmark.

Wheat was very scarce in Fillmore and Haakon could not mill enough white flour to fill all of their needs; so they all learned to eat and accept bran bread every day except Sunday. During the two years that Haakon operated the Fillmore mill, he found that the physical work was easy for him to handle; however, it surely was a strange experience for a man with a background such as his to now be required to live by the "sweat of his brow." All this he did willingly, for he had a testimony that there was a God who lived and guided his every action and this testimony was more valuable than all that he had forsaken.

The church members of Fillmore were poor and few had sufficient clothes. One Sunday, as Haakon attended the church services, he

became conscious of the Bishop's clothes; they were shabby and very worn. Immediately following the meeting, Haakon went to the Bishop's home with one of his best suits and insisted the Bishop keep it. Haakon was well dresed and very meticulous about his own personal appearance. His every-day, work shirts had stiff, starched fronts. It was said by the townsfolk that "Haakon looked well groomed and better dressed when he was baling hay in the hayfield under the hot sun, than most men did when they went to church."

The Andersons had found their niche; they had become leaders in the community; they were doing well financially and their family had been increased by the birth of a baby girl, Wilda Josephine. As it so often happened in the building up of the West, the leaders of the communities were asked to start one settlement and, as soon as that was going well, they were called by the leaders of the Church to leave all they had acquired and go out and start all over again to build another settlement. When the Church authorities decided to colonize on the Sevier River, they called Haakon and Marie to help build the town of Deseret in Millard county. This venture proved very unsuccessful as the soil was poor and the river was swift with crumbling banks that made it nearly impossible to make a dam. The men built five dams before they could make one that wouldn't wash away. The dam that finally did hold was named "The Anderson Dam" in honor of Haakon. After three years of combating the natural elements, staving off starvation and living on "grease wood greens" and bran, the leaders advised the abandonment of the Sevier Project; so Haakon returned to Meadow where he received his allotment of the Church owned land.

Pioche, Nevada, was a thriving, mining town with a demand for farm produce. Haakon saw the possibilities and began to haul supplies and fresh farm products to the stores and families of the mine workers. He did well and soon he had seven teams on the road. His church allotment of land was small; so he filed on a homestead of 160 acres at Dry Creek, Utah, located four miles north of Kanosh and two miles south of Meadow. There he built a new home and fenced in all his land with cedar posts. Once again, he began to give Marie a few of the nicer things; among these were a sewing machine and a cook stove which were the first of each to be brought into Meadow; nevertheless, Haakon still had difficulties. In this Western Frontier the water rights were more important than the land and Haakon had the first priority, but with no water laws in effect, he

had to be constantly vigilant to keep it.

The Church Presidency asked the members to practice the United Order; so Haakon, with his unlimited love for his church, freely put into this project the very best he had. His contributions included a new wagon, a new plow, a good team and several cows. When the Presidency realized their members were still made of human clay and the attempt was admitted to be a failure, Haakon was given an old wagon, a worn-out plow and a pair of jaded oxen in return. The failure of the United Order was a great disappointment to him. He considered the material things he had given to the Church something that he could not accept now for he had given them to his God. He personally could not use them; and so he took them to Indian Chief Kanosh and his tribe. He spent many hours with them and taught them new principles and methods to improve their farming.

As the building of the Union Pacific Oregon Short Line Railroad tracks reached Utah, contracts for the section from Leamington to Frisco, Utah were let out. Haakon was made foreman over all the Mormon men and since boys grew up early on the frontier, he took his sixteen year old son, Hakan, with him to work on this railroad project. At night as they all sat around the fire, the young boys would beg Hakan to sing. He loved to sing; and he did so willingly; he always included his two favorites: "Marching Around the Coal Pits" and "Old Mother Greenhall's Party." With his cheerful disposition and jovial laughter he also kept them entertained with his stories. Not only did he entertain his listeners but himself as well. He had a good mind, a truly kind heart, a love for justice and fair play and a high sense of humor that won for him the lasting respect of those who knew him.

Four more children were born to Haakon, Sr. and Marie in Dry Creek. They were Joseph John, born 1868, Albert William, 1871, John Edward, 1874 and Evalena, 1877. The Andersons were once again financially secure. Life was easier for them and they had a very happy home life. Marie, the wonderful cook and fine housekeeper, opened her home to everyone. Their friends and relatives came often and stayed long. Marie's sons teased their mother saying, 'she wouldn't even turn a beggar away until she had fed him.'

Hakan, Jr. and his sister Wilda loved to attend the Church dances and socials together. Often they dated with boys and girls of their own age group, and it was not long before they began pairing off with

special partners. Hakan, Jr. usually chose Sarah Barney as his partner and Wilson Woodard escorted Wilda. Sarah's parents were very interested in young people and their home became the gathering place for the young of the town. Naturally, Hakan and Wilda spent many evenings at Sarah's home.

Sarah was very popular and pretty with her flashing, black eyes, her curly, jet-black hair and light gay spirit. She loved to dance and like her father joined in every schottische and quadrille. School was a pleasure, especially spelling and penmanship. This high-spirited miss won Hakan completely. Sarah was equally impressed and "smitten with her tall blond Dane." He was considered a very good catch but, most important, she was in love with him and he in love with her.

Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1881 was a day of feasting and dancing for the entire town. It was a glorious day at the Anderson home. As Sarah Elizabeth Barney and Hakan Julius Anderson, Jr. repeated their vows, their loved ones could not refrain from expressing the statement that they made a very handsome couple. Petite Sarah was dressed in a sheer white wedding dress through which could be seen an elaborately embroidered slip. Around the scalloped bottom was a wide strip of eyelet embroidery. Sarah had spent many hours doing this work herself. The design was a grape leaf pattern. The leaves were done in satin stitch and the grapes worked in eyelets. In contrast to the bride, Hakan, the bridegroom, was fair and blonde, about six feet tall, and his merry twinkling eyes and contagious smile showed his pride at winning such a lovely girl's hand. Following the wedding they were honored with a big chicken dinner at the Barney home. Walter, Sarah's father, engaged the Hinckley Orchestra from Fillmore and invited the entire town to their wedding dance.

Hakan took his young bride and her red trousseau box to his father's homestead farm at Dry Creek, which he was renting. This red trousseau box, which Walter had made for his daughter, was filled with home-made quilts and pillows that Sarah and her mother had made. The wagon was loaded high with wedding gifts from Hakan's parents and their many friends. Their new home was a small adobe house. It had two special features not often found in the homes in the West: a nice front porch and the rooms had more windows than most which made the house light and airy. In back was a dirt roofed cellar and the corrals and sheds.

Sarah and Hakan were both industrious and energetic. They worked

hard to keep up with all the demands of their farm. As winter passed and summer came, the days grew hot and long. They were busy with the harvesting, the drying and storing of the fruits and vegetables and Sarah had baby clothes to make for they were expecting their first heir. Sarah spent many hours on the pieces of finery for the baby's layette, especially, the dress for their first born to wear to church when it received a name and blessing. The dress was of the finest cotton material available. Down the front was a panel of tucks and fine delicate insertion and around the bottom of the long skirt was a border of scalloped embroidery and matching insertion. It was full and long for it must touch the floor when the baby was held on the mother's lap. The long hours and many stitches were worth the effort as every child born to this couple was blessed wearing this lovely christening dress.

When the eventful day came, everything was ready. Mrs. Hunter, a good friend and mid-wife, was there to see that all went well. Sarah Evaline arrived Sunday, August 13, 1882. She was a lovely, beautiful child with black hair and blue eyes; as the days passed her full eyes turned to a hazel brown. Hakan named the new daughter Sarah, for her mother and Evaline, in honor of his baby sister Evalina, who had died at the same time his brother Joseph died during the diphtheria siege of 1879.

The day of their daughter's christening they drove from Dry Creek to Kanosh because they wished all of their friends and relatives to see their wonderful child.

While Hakan had been leasing his father's farm at Dry Creek, Haakon, Sr. was in charge of the Co-op Store in Kanosh. Under his management it paid dividends to its stockholders for the first time.

In 1883 Haakon, Sr. was called by the Church leaders to preach the Mormon doctrine in Denmark and Sweden. The members of the Co-op could hardly accept his resignation but Haakon, Sr. was happy at the prospect of returning to see his family and friends in the old country once more. Unfortunately, the extreme change of climate damaged his health. He became very ill and was forced to return to Utah. Even there, his condition did not improve. A year and a half later he died, August 26, 1886, at the age of 64.

Through his close, spiritual communion with the Lord, he knew the day and the hour that he would pass from this earth. Since his illness did not confine him to his bed, he called his children to him one at a

time and gave to each a father's blessing. Nora was the exception since she was away from home. The day before he died, he called his family together and bore to them his testimony to the truthfulness of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. He died the very hour he stated he would.

The great love and kindnesses he had shown others had made him many friends. At his funeral they all came to show their love and respect for him. There were so many in attendance that a big brush shed and platform was built to accommodate the crowd. Indian Chief Kanosh and his entire tribe came to honor their true friend. They had never forgotten their brother and counselor who had been thoughtful of their needs many years before. The funeral was held at his home on Dry Creek where he was buried in the family plot.

While the family was stricken with grief over the loss of their father, financial loss resulted also. Haakon, Sr. had acquired a fine blooded stallion and other purebred cattle. These animals broke into a grain field and were poisoned by prussic acid from 'drouthy' grain. Not only did the family suffer the loss of their loved one but, now, much of their capital investment was wiped out.

Chapter VI

THE LEWIS BARNEY FAMILY

In the early 1600's Sarah's progenitors had come to America in search of freedom because they had experienced the religious opposition in their native homeland. Perhaps the tale is a bit of "Irish Blarney"; yet the very name Barney gives credit to the tale that three brothers bearing the name of Barney left Ireland many years before and went to England; however, the first actual record that we have is that of Jacob Barney who was born in Bradenham, England. He was the son of Edward Barney who was born in Bradenham, England and died August 18, 1665, and of Christian Barney who died March 1639, in Bradenham, England.

Jacob Barney felt the urge to find a land that was not religiously oppressed; so he came to America as one of the original colonists of Salem, Massachusetts. *Jacob was a merchant and an extensive land owner and acted as a representative to the King of England for the town of Salem during the years of 1635, 1647 and 1653. He was very active in colonial affairs, often serving as Selectman and Deputy to the General Court. Salem was the family home and here the family lived, even during the Witchcraft Hysteria which Hawthorne made famous with his "Scarlet Letter." Jacob died and was buried in Salem in 1673.

As the early colonies in America grew and developed in the next 200 years, expanding and conquering the wilderness with its hardships and gaining an unknown strength, so grew and branched out the children and grandchildren of Jacob Barney. Five generations later we find one of his grandsons, Lewis Barney,* living on the edge of the frontier in Sangamon County, Illinois, with his wife Elizabeth Turner Barney. Their first son, Walter Turner, was born here at Lake

**Taken from Lewis Barney Diary*

Fort on September 18, 1836. Lewis' father's family and his two brothers Lucien and Henry had adjoining farms.

In the year of 1838, Lewis and his father each bought a 1000 acre farm in Iowa located about sixty miles from Nauvoo. Here they first heard of the uprisings against the Mormons in Missouri. From the various reports received, Lewis and his family were sure that these Mormons were about the most outragious and hardened class of vicious people that had ever lived on this earth. To satisfy a greatly aroused curiosity, Lewis attended one of their meetings. He was surprised and highly embarrassed to learn they were a very religious Bible loving people. After a year and a half of intensive study, in May 1840, Lewis and his wife, Elizabeth Turner Barney were baptized members of the Mormon Church by Alva Tippets and confirmed by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Lewis became an intimate friend of the Prophet Joseph. He recognized and acknowledged him as a true prophet of God. Often he contributed financial asistance to the Prophet in which he found a great joy and was especially grateful to do this for his beloved friend.

With his acceptance of the beliefs of this most ill favored group of people, Lewis and his family became subject to the hysteria of the mobs. To Lewis it was shocking and disgraceful to find such religious intolerance among the citizens of Illinois and those who once were his friends. One evening while he was attending a church service the church was surrounded with an infuriated mob. As they came in armed with clubs, bowie knives and pistols, Lewis jumped to his feet and calmed them by saying, "Gentlemen! Don't be excited! I am an American citizen and presume you are too! I was a volunteer in the Black Hawk War and ventured my life to wrench this country, the Iowa territory, from the hands of the Indians, even this land on which you have your homes! My father was also a volunteer in the War of 1812, and ventured his life for the protection of our liberties! My grandfather was a Commodore on the seas and commanded a large fleet! He fought in one of the most decisive battles in the Revolutionary War! We, as American citizens are enjoying the fruits of their sufferings and labors! We wish you to enjoy the privilege of living on your farms unmolested! We have not come here of any evil motive! We believe in the Bible! Now I ask you, if you have any objections to our having a little prayer meeting this evening?" The hatred and animosity of the mob seemed to vanish and they became docile and agreed to let them continue and asked to join in the service.

As the Mormons grew in strength, the hatred of their enemies grew a thousand fold. Lewis and his family were forced to move into Nauvoo for protection. Although the Governor's honor and the faith of the State pledged Joseph and Hyrum protection, the mob's lust for vengeance was satisfied. The Prophet, their leader, with his brother, was murdered by their enemies.

In the heart of each member of the Church there was a deep mourning, likened to the loss of one's greatest comforter and dearest loved one. Walter, Lewis' eldest son, was eight years old. He had attended Conference in Nauvoo, and had learned to love this Prophet of God. He felt and witnessed the great sorrow of their loss when he viewed the bodies of Joseph and his brother Hyrum as they lay in state at the Mansion House in Nauvoo.

With their Prophet Leader gone the enemies of the Church expected Mormonism to lose its power. Instead, they saw it grow and flourish much like Christianity after the death of Christ. These true followers of Christ's teachings as directed by the Prophet Joseph, found their Church most precious and hung tenaciously to it. In retaliation, new hatreds and more severe persecution was begun by the mobs until their very lives and homes were unsafe. Thus with Brigham Young as their Prophet Leader, they began their self imposed exile.

In 1846 Lewis, his wife and their three children, Walter T., Henry, and Joseph, along with Lewis' father's family, his brother Lucien's family and other departing Saints left Nauvoo. This procession of wagons made a pathetic picture as it slowly wound its way west leaving all their material possessions in the hands of their enemies. Their wagons were poorly equipped, overloaded and unprepared for a long journey. The caravan was composed of people from all walks of life but many were not prepared or experienced in making a new home in untamed virgin land. It was winter, snow was deep on the ground, and the winds were cold. Their wagons reached the summit between the Mississippi and Des Moines River and halted. All the men, women and children crawled down from their wagons and turned to take a last look at their beloved Nauvoo Temple that they had built and dedicated to their God. It seemed this sacrifice was almost more than their souls and hearts already burdened with sadness, could endure. With the rivers running high, the intense winter cold and the difficulties from inexperienced drivers and travelers, their journey was tedious and hard. After trials and sorrows of all kinds, the exiled

Saints reached Council Bluffs, Iowa. Some of the company remained there while the majority went on to Winter Quarters in Nebraska to make preparations for the long journey westward.

It was while they were at Winter Quarters in 1846, the true test and strength of character of these people was shown. They had been driven from their homes and lands. The Governor of their own state, Illinois, and the Federal Government had watched as these citizens were deprived of their property rights. Now this government which had provided them *no* protection asked these same people for 500 of their "young, strong, brave men" to leave their families and fight to protect other American citizens from similar injustices. Walter, the brother of Lewis, volunteered as a member of this now famous "Mormon Battalion" which went so freely and earnestly to defend their country and homeland they loved. The families of these boys needed these young men to help with their own movement westward, but felt the call from their Country came first. The Mormon Battalion marched on foot from Iowa over the wide, rolling plains, down to the border of Mexico, on through the hot dry deserts of Arizona, and on over the Sierras to the Coast of California. Here the Battalion, now consisting of 350 souls, was released and discharged when the treaty of peace between Mexico and the United States was finally signed.

While at Winter Quarters, the first wagon train began to make preparations for its journey westward. Heber C. Kimball requested Lewis Barney to join the first company as a member of Colonel Markham's company which left Winter Quarters April 9, 1847. Their company joined Brigham Young and the other Apostles April 14th; then began the long trek across the vast plains and into the mountains in search of a home. President Young and Heber C. Kimball traveled about three miles ahead of the company in order to choose the best route for the wagon train. As the wheels turned and the miles slipped back into the horizon, the game and wild life became scarce. Since Lewis always managed to get game when others failed, Heber C. Kimball asked him to be the hunter for his Company. July 22, 1847, Lewis in the advanced division drove into the great Salt Lake Valley and camped on the left side of the mouth of the canyon. Brigham Young's division followed two days later. There was great rejoicing, July 24, 1847 when President Young proclaimed "This is the Place" and promised that the Latter-Day Saints would find peace and safety in these mountains. The creek was dammed and every man in the

company was baptized, renewing their sacred vows and devotion to their God.

While the majority of the Saints remained in Salt Lake, arrangements were made for the return of this first caravan to Winter Quarters. Lewis was appointed captain of the twelve hunters who were to supply the game on the return journey. With only 60 pounds of flour as their entire food supply, they began the 1200 mile eastward journey, at noon August 12, 1847. Among their many problems were: troublesome Indians, petty human frailities, wagon break downs and insufficient game. When Lewis arrived at Winter Quarters, he found his wife and children completely without food. He felt providence had been kind by allowing him to be home when they needed him so desperately.

Lewis found Elizabeth Beard Tippets, the wife of the elder who had baptized Lewis and his family, very ill. She had been living with Lewis' father's family since the death of her husband. Lewis ask her to come and remain in his home until she regained her health. The next five years all worked with one aim; to acquire the necessities to go west. March 12, 1851 Lewis took Elizabeth Tippets as his second wife. The following June 15, 1852, the Barney family in the Bryant Jolly Company made the long, hot journey to the Rocky Mountains, arriving in Salt Lake City September 11, 1852. The lots and farming land Lewis had selected on his first trip west had been erroneously given to someone else. He was advised by the Presidency to settle in Provo, Utah. He moved his family into a small adobe house near his brother Walter's home. Walter had returned to Utah when the Mormon Battalion was disbanded and now, after seven years, the two brothers were reunited.

Lewis began a lumber mill in July 1853 in Peteteneet Canyon. His first born son, Walter T. was then seventeen years of age and a sinewy, frontier lad. One morning, just at daylight, two Indians decked in war paint came galloping up the canyon to the mill. They motioned for Walter T. and his father to come close to them. Angrily and with bitterness in their voices they pointed to Walter T. and his father and cried, "You kill one Utah, and we kill you." They wheeled their little ponies around and disappeared into the brush thicket of the canyon. With bullets from the Indians' guns flying all around, Walter and his father ran to arouse the camp. The families and men of the lumber camp had not heard, nor did not know, the Indians were enraged. They were helpless as they had no arms or any means of defending them-

selves. The women, men and children hid in the brush as Lewis and his brother, Walter, started up the mountain to give the alarm to the other settlements. Young Walter T., like the others, hid in the dense brush. He watched this band of desperately angry Indians drive off all the milk cows and horses in the camp. In their rage and furious pent up emotions, they accidentally over-looked one pair of yoke oxen. As soon as the Indians had gone and the camp felt it was safe, the yoke of oxen was hitched to a wagon, the women and children were put safe in it and sent down out of the canyon. As this loaded wagon went down the rugged trail, they were met by a band of men from all the surrounding little settlements who had come to help. The attack was not confined to their camp alone for a man in Payson had been killed the night before. Lewis explained to his family that it had been the foolishness and weakness of two or three white Mormon settlers whose actions had caused the Indians to feel rebellious and bring on the Walker War in revenge. The Mormons were sometimes weak and although they were earnestly seeking to worship their God many times their own actions caused them great sorrow. They were forced to band together again and live closer to one another for their on protection. In the East it had been the mobs, and now in Utah the Indians were making them depend on one another for their own protection. The Barneys with the other families moved to Spanish Fork where a larger settlement would afford them greater protection.

The next year Walter T. went with Sanders' Mule Team to San Bernardino, California. He was then eighteen years of age. He remained there and worked for two and a half years. When he returned to Utah he and some other men traveled with the United States Mail Carrier. As they traveled along some of the party became separated and before they realized what was happening they were surrounded by a band of unfriendly Indians. The party feared for their lives, but when they convinced the Indian Chief that they were traveling with the Mail Carrier they were released and allowed to go on peaceably. The Indians had made a treaty with the United States Government that they would not molest the mail carriers and were always true and faithful to this pledge.

When the Treaty of Peace with Mexico was signed, Utah became a possession of the United States. In 1851 Congress designated its boundaries, gave it Statehood and appointed Brigham Young as its Governor. The first few years of its existence as a state, Washington

officials cared very little about what happened or went on in this far away, dry, desolate, and undesirable state. As the years passed, the tales brought in by the trappers and few travelers of its progress made it more desirable and the government listened with greater interest. Naturally many false and untrue stories reached the Capitol. When the tale by some traveler brought the news that Governor Young was destroying all the state records, a detachment of 3000 men under General Johnson was sent to put Utah under military command until the new Governor, Governor Cummings, could reach there and take over. Brigham Young, received no official notice of this action, yet he heard by the scattered travelers of this large army that was marching toward Utah. The settlers in Utah knew no reason why the Government was sending this army. They feared the soldiers might be filled with evil intent and destruction in their hearts, like the mobs in Illinois. Naturally, the Saints were aroused with honest indignation. The Church called all the men and boys to leave their homes and go guard the various canyons where the army might attempt to enter the valley. Walter T. was called to serve as a guard under Lot Smith at the mouth of the Spanish Fork Canyon. Two and a half months passed, each day a long day, as they remained on constant guard watching for the movements of this well trained fully equipped army. They waited as a peace envoy entered the valley and met with Brigham Young. The Saints had prepared for any movement on the part of the army. They had even vowed they would put the torch to their beloved city and burn their towns to ashes before they would allow themselves to once more be driven from their homes. At last General Johnson acknowledged he was ill advised and the Mormons with Brigham Young as Governor were blameless. Peace was restored and the men and boys returned to their homes. The United States Army troops moved peaceably into the valley and began to build a large army fort near Salt Lake City which was named Camp Ford. It gave employment to the men and boys for which they were paid in gold, which was very scarce in Utah. This army, which came with destruction in its heart, was a "God given blessing" given in an undreamed manner.

Walter T. returned to Spanish Fork, after his months of watching Johnson's army. All that winter and the following spring and summer, he was busy because he had fallen in love with Sarah Matilda Farr. The 13th of October, 1858, they were married in Spanish Fork by John L. Butler. They were both young; Walter was twenty-one and

Sarah Matilda was only seventeen years of age. Yet their experiences had developed and matured these two children of the frontier. (By coincidence, the great grandson of Bishop John Low Butler, Ansel Wilson, married the great granddaughter of Walter T. and Sarah Matilda, Trelva Lines.)

Chapter VII

THE WALTER T. BARNEY FAMILY

The wedding of Walter T. and Matilda was a simple one; however, Matilda was happy, because she was not only marrying the one she loved, but she was thrilled with her beautiful, sheer lawn, wedding dress. Such a luxury it was and, it was not just plain white, for there were beautiful pink flowers on it. Later, when other girls in the community were going to be married, she was glad to let them wear her wedding dress.

Matilda had known few pleasures. At the age of eleven, she had led a blind woman across the plains in one of the hand-cart companies. Her mother arranged for her to do this, thinking it a good opportunity for one of her children to get to Salt Lake.

Matilda was the daughter of Sarah Russ and Elbridge Farr. She was born in Chatham, Medina County, Ohio, May 1, 1841. Chatham was a little village tucked in the rolling Ohio countryside about 40 miles from Kirtland, the hub of the church at that time. Matilda's parents, who were both born in Massachusetts, were married and had four children before they moved to Ohio. When Matilda was eight years old, her father died, leaving her mother with eight children to rear alone. Elbridge Farr had been a very religious man, but her mother, Sarah, had not taken much interest in religion. After his death, the great responsibility of her family started Sarah to thinking and longing to fill the spiritual side of her life. She began earnestly praying, fasting, and humbling herself that she might be worthy of God's guidance. Often, she would stay outside in the cold weather, husking corn so her children would not know of or interrupt her constant prayer. Her prayers were answered and she was inspired to go to a certain widower's home in Chatham and talk to him about his belief in God. At his home, she met two Latter-Day Saint missionaries and they gave her literature. They explained the doctrine of their church and discussed the Articles of Faith with her.

After prayerful study and further discussions, she became convinced that this religion was of God. When she told her children of her firm conviction in this faith, they, along with her husband's people, were shocked and bitterly opposed. They felt she was making a serious mistake and begged her not to join such a radical, unpopular church. Sarah had gone to her Father in Heaven in prayer before with her problem and now she went again after fasting. She pleaded that she would rather go to Hell a thousand years than join the church and then lose the love of her children and relatives. The answer to her prayer amazed her for a clear, firm voice, full of authority spoke, telling her that, if she refused to join the church when she knew and had a testimony that it was true, she would not only be held back a thousand years, but eternally; however, if she joined the church, she was promised that she could not only save herself but many others of her family. She felt she must heed this warning, no matter what the cost. The voice she had heard was too strong to ignore. She must become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

Sarah invited the Elders to hold a meeting in her home. Her brother, planning to embarrass her, invited everyone in town, including all her family and friends. Many came, but most of them came out of curiosity and were eager to see the show if one presented itself. Her home overflowed and some of the crowd had to remain outside. The missionaries and Sarah were not embarrassed but delighted to have such a number there to listen to the message they had. The missionaries stood in the doorway to preach, so that all could hear.

In 1851, Sarah and her three children, Franklin, Matilda and Martin were baptized. Sarah was anxious to go West and become an active member of her new church, but her eldest sons, Seldon and Ansel, and her husband's family refused to allow her to sell her property and she had no other way to get money sufficient to make the trip. It was at this time that she allowed her only daughter, Matilda, to join the hand-cart company and lead the blind lady across the vast plains of the United States. When they arrived in Utah, Matilda continued to live with the blind woman. This kind, gentle woman appreciated her and treated her as if she were a daughter. Matilda was only eleven years of age and so could neither know nor appreciate the kindness she was receiving. So when one of the families begged her to come and work in their home because of their promises, which sounded wonderful, she accepted. Very soon, she realized how foolish she had been for

they treated her like a slave. Even while she was ill and broken out with the chicken-pox, they forced her to gather snow, melt it and do the family washing.

Matilda watched even more eagerly now and with desperate longing for her family as each wagon train arrived. It was not until the next fall that her mother and two brothers came. Their prayers to be reunited had been answered. Then they made their home in Spanish Fork, where she worked for another family and recived better treatment.

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The first time Walter asked Matilda to go out with him, he took her to a stage play. It was held in a blacksmith shop. The door of the building was only a canvas cover and the stage curtains were bed sheets, but they thought it was an exceedingly good production. Although they had both crossed the plains in 1852, they did not meet until Sarah Farr's family settled in Spanish Fork.

Theirs was a happy marriage. Life had given them so little of the gay, carefree things that they appreciated even more keenly each spark of happiness that came their way. In the years that followed, friends sometimes enjoyed dancing in the Barney home and whether the music was supplied by someone playing a Jew's-harp or a harmonica they would dance and have a good time together.

Their first child, a son, died when only fifteen months of age. Their sorrow at his loss was lessened after they moved to Springville for a daughter, Sarah Elizabeth, was born April 9th, 1861. She grew to be a pretty little dark-eyed baby girl with curly, black hair. A second son was born in Sanpete County and then another baby girl, Delilah. Their joy at having a second son was short-lived for the baby died when just eleven days old from Scarlet Fever.

When the Indian War broke out in 1865, Walter's family, his mother and brothers, were living in Circle Valley. Walter joined the men who banded together to end the uprising. The Indians were very daring and belligerent. They killed five settlers, stole and drove off all the cattle they found. Two of the settlers killed were Walter's uncle, Jefferson Barney, and his baby brother, Orson, who was only thirteen years of age at the time. Walter was with Orson when he was killed. The two brothers were taking their cows and stock across the Sevier River to feed when they encountered a small band of Indians. The Indians began

shooting at them. Orson, an excellent runner, attempted to run away from the band. As he ran, an arrow hit him in the back. Walter, hiding in the brush, saw them beat Orson until he was lifeless, strip him of all of his clothing, including his new shoes, then exultantly jump on their ponies and ride away.

It was heart breaking to stand helplessly by during this cruel episode. Walter always felt that the only reason they shot Orson instead of him was because Orson was wearing those new shoes. As time passed, the Indians became more daring in their evil deeds and, finally, forced the Saints to abandon the Circle Valley settlement. The Barneys then moved to Beaver, Utah where they were never comfortable because of the extreme cold. In 1866, Walter and Matilda were able to go to Salt Lake where they were privileged to receive their endowments. They were grateful to have been considered worthy to have the blessing of this sacred ordinance.

In the fall of 1868, Walter T. secured an acreage of farming land in Kanosh on which he built a log house and settled. While here they were grateful to be among peaceable, friendly Indians. Chief Kanosh and his tribe were perhaps the most friendly Indians in this territory. The log house was mud-plastered inside. They kept the mud whitewashed with white clay from the wash near by. The wood work and furniture of the house was all unpainted, including the chairs, the tables and the floors. It soiled easily so had frequent scouring with sand to keep it looking good.

Walter's father, Lewis, was the wheelright in the sawmill that he and his sons operated. These men also built some of the log houses in Kanosh for the settlers.

Matilda was a good cook and housekeeper. She dried and preserved the fruits and vegetables from their orchard and garden. She cured their meat, wrapped it in cloth, then in heavy paper, after that it was buried in ashes to keep it cool and airtight. With Sarah and Delilah's help, she carded and spun their own wool, then wove it into warm, wool cloth for all of their clothing. Her days were full with just the ordinary everyday duties and, often, the spinning, weaving and sewing was done after night by a candle light or rather improvised candle light. The candle stick was usually a potato with a hole in it. In the hole grease was poured and a rag-wrapped stick served as a wick.

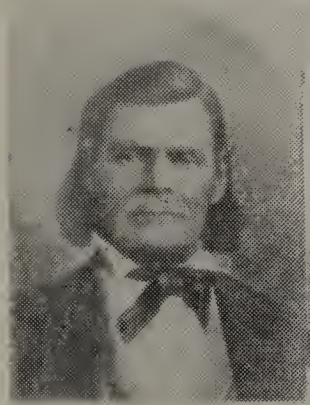
Matilda made all their soap and lye. In order to make the toilet soap a little milder and kinder to their faces and hands she had a 'special

formula' which included adding some pine gum to the grease. She, like many frontier wives, did extra little services to make a little 'pin money' of her own. Matilda made and sold cheese and butter. She added carrot juice during the winter months, when the cows lacked green feed that naturally furnishes the coloring agent to butter-fat.

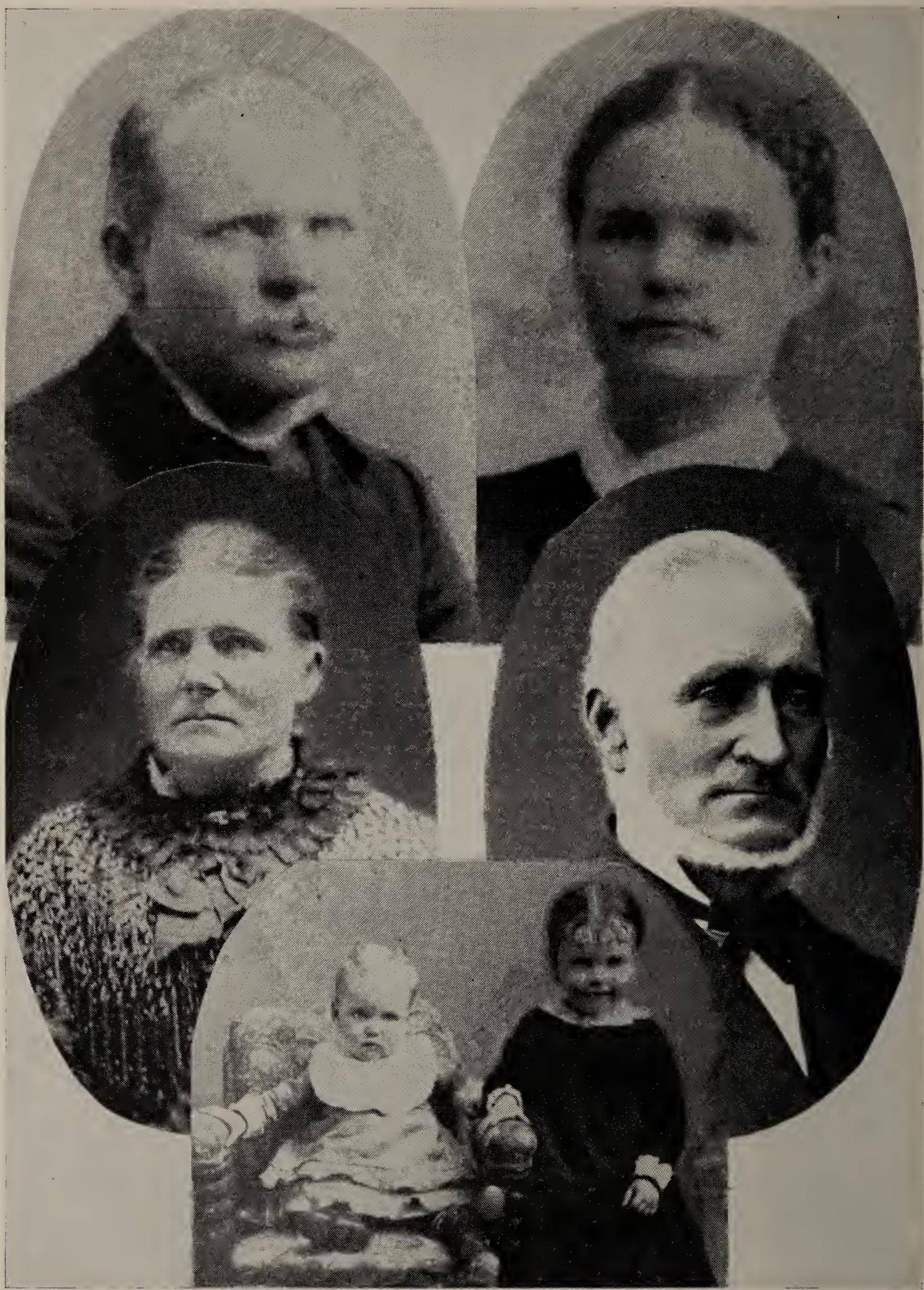
In 1884, like many others of the Mormon colonists, Walter T. was called by the church to move his family to northern Arizona and help in the settlement there. As they were making preparations to leave, disposing of their property and acquiring the necessary provisions to make the long journey and start a new life, their friends came from far and near to bid them good-by. There were many farewell parties. After all their business transactions were completed, the family left by covered wagon. When they reached Snowflake, Arizona, they stopped to rest their stock. Two of the Apostles of the Church were visiting there. They released Walter from his asignment to settle in Snowflake and permitted him to go to the Gila Valley in southeastern Arizona instead.

When they reached the Valley, Walter bought a Mexican claim of one hundred-sixty acres of land near Solomonville. They began once more to establish themselves. A house was built, and land cleared of mesquites so that crops could be grown.

Their one regret was that they were again in hostile Indian country, in fact, the Apaches were outstanding for their treacherous and inhuman actions even before the white man invaded their land. Now they added the new settlers to their prey by raiding, stealing their animals and killing them, if they felt inclined to do so, as the covered wagons moved over the lonely, rugged trails.



(Top of page) Walter T. Barney Family; (Center, left to right) Lewis Barney, Elizabeth Turner Barney, Sarah Matilda Farr Barney, Elizabeth Russ Farr, Walter Turner Barney.
(Bottom) Sarah Elizabeth Barney Anderson.



(Top of page) Hakan Julius Anderson, Sarah Elizabeth Anderson; (Center) Marie Neilson Anderson, Haakon Anderson; (Bottom) Ella, 2 years old, and Eva, 4, the two oldest children of Hakan and Sarah.

Chapter VIII

THE HAKAN ANDERSON FAMILY (1884-1891)

Hakan and Sarah had been married three years when her parents accepted the call to settle in Arizona. They purchased the Barney's home and enjoyed living in Kanosh again. Hakan rented a large herd of sheep and ran a few of his own. Their first luxury was a beautiful span of horses and a "Bainn" wagon. To own such a wagon bespoke prosperity and Hakan enjoyed being able to afford one. The second year they were in Kanosh, they went to St. George to be married in the temple. They had been unable to go before although it would have pleased them to have gone there for their first ceremony.

Eva, their first born, was five years of age when they made the two day trip. To her it was a wondrous journey, sleeping in a bed roll and camping only added to the glamour. The trip was made in February, yet the weather was quite warm. When they neared the town of St. George, or Dixie as it was called, they thrilled as they beheld the beautiful, white temple with its sacred spire reaching toward heaven. With humility and anxious desires, the Andersons realized and felt the holy and sacred spirit which surrounded every part of the temple. Eva and Ella stayed with family friends while Sarah and Hakan went into the temple and made their vows to their God. Later, the girls were dressed in their little white dresses, then they joined their parents in the final sacred ordinance of sealing them to their father and mother for life eternal. They returned to their home in Kanosh full of joy for the blessings which would come from such an ordinance.

Hakan was a diligent and ambitious worker. His work with the sheep kept him away from home a great deal. Willie Whittaker, an orphan boy, lived at their home and helped Sarah with the farm chores of taking care of the cows and other farm animals. He was a lad who appreciated this opportunity and the Andersons learned to love him almost as their own.

February 27, 1888, a third daughter was born to Sarah. She was

named Mary Arrilla. It was at this time that the Barneys, whom they had greatly missed, wrote long letters telling them of the rich, fertile land, the warm, healthy climate and the many opportunities to be found in the Gila Valley. Their letters tempted Hakan. He longed for security and an assurance that he could provide well for his beloved family. When he had a few reverses with the sheep, he and Sarah decided to make the move to Arizona.

By the fall of 1888, they began to make preparations to leave Utah. Hakan sold his property and went to make final settlement with Almon Robison, the man from whom he had been renting sheep. When he told Mr. Robison that he was leaving the state and would no longer be able to handle the sheep, he was startled to have his friend say, "Hakan, you need not ever return those sheep if you feel you are interested in my proposition. Let me adopt your eldest daughter, Eva, and rear her as my own. You know I can give her many opportunities and advantages. My wife, Josephine, and I love her. Let us keep Eva and you consider the sheep as a gift from me to you." "But Almon," Hakan said in surprise, "you can adopt a child from any orphanage. How can you ask me for my child?"

To which Mr. Robison replied persuasively, "Well, you see, we are selfish. We want a child badly, but we must know its heritage. Please talk to Sarah and consider my offer."

The discussion was brief, they knew these two would do well by her but they could not give up one of their girls. They had faith that they would eventually be able to provide well for their children. Later, when life in Arizona presented many hardships and Hakan realized he could not yet give his girls the opportunities he had hoped for, and they were even required to do hard physical work, he questioned the wisdom of their decision. He could not help thinking that it would have been different if he had the sheep for a financial start, but the thought was short-lived and all were grateful that the family remained together through it all.

Sarah's grandmother, Elizabeth Barney, made her home with the Andersons while they lived in Kanosh. Hakan paid her to knit and darn their stockings and she enjoyed having a little money of her own to use just for the few things she liked to buy herself. She was in her eightieth year when they prepared to go to Arizona. She could hardly allow them to go without her but knowing the trip would be hard and desiring to be buried in Utah close to the hub of the church, she

decided to remain there. They regretted leaving her behind but could understand the reason for it.

The day before their departure, Hakan's mother, Marie, came and stayed over night. She feared she would never see her beloved son, his wife and children again. Eva always remembered her grandmother's advice as she impressed upon the child the value of 'always acting like and being a lady!' To keep her in their minds, Marie gave Sarah and each of the girls a piece from her set of very thin, Danish bone china. They were exquisite and decorated by hand with a moss rose design.

The idea of taking a trip delighted Eva and the afternoon before they left, when no one noticed, she slipped out to the straw stack close to the barns and some distance from the house. She crawled to the top of the pile of slippery, yellow grain straw. Standing on tip toe and waving with outstretched arms, she called to all her known world, "Good-by, good-by, we're leaving Utah. Good-by, good-by, good-by." Her adieus were now made.

The Anderson family slept little the night before they left. They were all anxious and curious to be on their way to the greener pastures of Arizona. Hakan had traded their home for a band of wild horses and the balance in money. Horses, at that time, were more valuable than money. They were rather scarce and very necessary in pioneer life. Orson, the eighteen year old son of Joseph Barney, was hired to drive the horses. All were up early the morning they were to leave. The men helped Orson start the band of twenty-nine unbroken horses on the road. When the horses were well started and the men thought Orson would be able to manage them, they returned to do the final loading and tie the last ropes on the family wagons.

It was November 1st, 1888 that this adventurous family with seven covered wagons, all clean and in good condition, loaded to the bows, their horses sleek and well fed, started on their way. Traveling was really living to little Eva, the love of which she never outgrew. As they drove away, childlike, she could not understand why everyone seemed to feel so sad. She could not know or realize that she would never see her grandmother Anderson or great-grandmother Barney again. In the years that followed the picture of Willie Whittaker watching them as they drove away, this grown boy with unashamed tears running down his face, never faded from her memory.

There were six freight wagons and a spring wagon in the wagon

train. The spring wagon was the Anderson's pride. Hakan had put a small stove in it to help keep the family warm. It was late fall and they knew the weather would grow colder as they traveled. The spring wagon was driven by Jim Woolsey, who also acted as cook for the camp. In the spring wagon were some of the family's personal belongings. The red trousseau box, which had once held Sarah's trousseau linen, now held all of the family clothes and was used for a seat as they traveled. The soft bed rolls on the wagon floor made a clean, warm place for the children to romp and play when the journey grew tiresome.

The two other Anderson wagons were loaded with hay, grain and food. In one of them was a big flour box which filled the entire end of the wagon. In this were all of Sarah's best china dishes that had been carefully wrapped in her linen. Folded on top of the china were some of their best clothes. It also held a large picture of Hakan's father who had recently died.

The two other outfits were owned and driven by Joseph and Henry Barney. They both drove double wagons which were equipped to haul freight. These two men were not going to Arizona to live, but hoped to make some money freighting for a year.

Their first few days of travel, the weather was beautiful with the last hint of the warm, fall days clinging to the midday hours, but, as the winter came on, the winds grew colder, the mornings more brisk and traveling more laborious. The wild horses were not accustomed to the constant travel, therefore their feet became tender and sore. The mothers of the little colts grew pitifully thin as the grass became less and less plentiful. They pushed on because they must reach Arizona before the really cold weather stopped them. Hakan let the wild horses graze for their food, but his work horses, the teams which pulled the wagons, he kept well fed with grain and well shod all the way.

At the Colorado River, the Andersons' wagons were the first in the train to be ferried across the river. The ferry was a raft-like affair that was carried principally by the current. Despite Sarah's fears, Hakan ,because he was so proud to have Eva be a brave sport and she wanted to do it, allowed her to make each trip with the ferry as it brought their wagons and supplies across the deep, muddy river.

Getting the horses to cross was handled by a few Indians who lived near the river and made their living by taking the travelers over the

turbulent stream. They drove the horses into a narrow gorge which led down to the river, then the Indians, astride their ponies, began yelling weird and strange 'war whoops' and lashing at the band of horses with their long whips. Gradually the horses were forced into the swift current. With only their heads above the water, the frightened animals fought their way across and not one animal was lost. Hakan and Orson rounded them up and started them on the trail south as soon as they straggled out of the water.

They soon came to the most dangerous part of the entire journey which was a ridge called 'Lee's Backbone'. Over this they made slow progress. It was feared by all traveling between Utah and Arizona. They had clear, beautiful weather while they were near the river, but as they reached the high mountains, the rainy season had begun. While riding over Turkey Flat, the mud and mire became so sticky and heavy that it clung to the wagon wheels. The men had to make huge wooden paddles which they used, when they were forced to stop, to scrape the mud from the wheels. Their rate of progress was slowed down during these days. One evening, as they made camp, they could see across the valley the campsite they had left that morning.

The mountains were heavily wooded with pines, scrub cedar and brush. Often the fog was low and so thick and heavy that they had difficulty finding their stock in the mornings. One morning the fog was so dense that even the work horses hobbled close to camp were not visible. Joseph Barney went in search of the stock and Jim Woolsey began breakfast. Joseph had not returned by the time breakfast was ready. They ate slowly expecting him to arrive any minute. When the hour of eight passed, they felt fearful that Joseph was either lost or had been harmed by Indians. Some wanted to begin searching for him but it was agreed that they might lose their sense of direction in the fog and be unable to find their way back. After another hour of waiting they decided to seek help from a higher power and in humility and faith they stood in a circle and prayed earnestly to God that Joseph would be protected and would return unharmed to camp. They sat quietly and waited, listening intently. After ten o'clock the fog began to lift and soon after Joseph walked into camp with all of the horses. He had become lost in the fog; so he waited until it began to clear to find his way to camp. Their prayer had been answered and they were most thankful.

They had some discouraging days for each day seemed much like

the one before. At times when they came to good feed and water, they would stop over for a day to let the animals rest. This gave Sarah a chance to wash all of the camp's dirty clothes.

'Little Eva' enjoyed most of all the evenings for she liked to watch Jim Woolsey put the big, black dutch oven in a bed of coals and cook the bread cakes for their supper. Ella and Eva sat almost hypnotized as they watched him pop each cake into the grub box and then sit on the lid. The sweet odor of the hot bread tormented their empty stomachs. Even though they gazed at him with wide, hungry eyes, it was only when he called, "Come and get it," that they could appease their appetite.

After the evening meal, quite often, they would sit around the campfire and talk and sing. 'Ors', as Orson Barney was called, loved to sing and, as he drove the band of wild horses over the trail, he sang and sang. His voice floated back to the folks in the wagons behind and was enjoyed by them. When they sat around the campfire in the calm, peaceful evenings, the entire camp would join with Orson in the songs they loved. Sarah's sweet soprano voice joined with the men's in the still night air. Their songs seemed to crowd out all the shadows lurking in the darkness.

The Andersons and the Barney brothers had expected to complete their journey so that they could be at the Walter T. Barney ranch in Solomonville by Christmas, but the days of bad weather had put them behind in their schedule and on Christmas eve they camped at Fort Apache. For days, the girls had been discussing the probability of Santa Claus finding them if they were camped out on the trail in southern Arizona. As they scrambled out of their bedrolls this cold, bleak Christmas morning, they looked to see if their stockings had been filled, but instead they lay empty. However, as Eva pulled on her little high-laced shoe, she felt something in it and, when she reached her hand inside, she found a smooth worn nickel. Eva had seldom had 'real' money of her own. The girls were thrilled for Santa *had found them* and left each one a nickel.

The thirty-first day of December, as the wagons approached the town of Safford, they were delighted to see Azelia and Orin Barney coming on horseback to meet them. Eva could not take her eyes from her Aunt Azelia for she was dressed in a long, black riding skirt and riding side-saddle. Orin told them they had come down the valley each day since they expected their arrival and that they had almost

given them up. (Ella questioned the year of arrival because Nora in her book, "Sarah Elizabeth Anderson," had given the year 1889, but in checking some papers she had belonging to her Mother found that Eva had remembered it correctly.)

When they all reached the Barney ranch, there was a happy family reunion. They all sat down to a big dinner. The meal consisted of 'Arizona strawberries,' as Walter T. jokingly called the Mexican pinto beans, chili sauce, fresh-baked bread and butter and home-canned fresh fruit preserves for dessert. The Barneys had learned how to make the chili sauce from their Mexican neighbors. It all tasted and looked wonderful to them.

The Barneys had worked hard during the few years they had been in Arizona. They had a fine garden which included 'pie plant' (rhubarb). Because of the hot sun, Walter had knocked out part of the staves from a barrel and placed this over the plants to protect them. Their young orchard was beginning to produce and on the farm he was growing hay and grain. He always grew some rye so that he could have rye bread.

Hakan and Sarah with their children and few possessions moved to Pima, February 1, 1889. The house on the 160 acres of land they had purchased was not anywhere near as comfortable as the log houses they had left in Utah. It was just a plain, one room adobe which measured about twelve by fourteen feet. It had a slanting roof. There was a small opening in the west wall where six adobes had been purposely left out. The south wall had a six-paned window and a front door made of three one by twelve boards. The north side had a back door of two one by twelves and in the east wall there was a square, adobe fireplace. The floor was of rough one by twelves but the hearth of the fireplace was just dirt. This was so hard to take care of that in a few days Sarah made a hearth by cementing together flat rocks with a mud mortar. Next to the fireplace was the big, blue flour box. This box had been ordered by Hakan to be well-built so that their year's supply of flour could be stored in it in Utah. It now had become the one and only storage place they had. It was about four by five feet and had a sloping desk-like top which was attached with metal strap hinges. Inside this lid there was a shelf near the top and the rest of it was just a big box. Their few precious books and choicest things were kept on the shelf. Sarah had a time keeping the underwear, clothes, bed linen, sewing and almost all they owned in this 'flour' box. Of course, the

red trousseau box still was used to keep their best clothes in but this was a small chest.

The two beds were in the end of the room opposite the fireplace. One was a big carved mahogany bedstead with sheet springs, the one for the girls had a low head and foot and no springs, only slats with bed covers used as a mattress. The glass window was over the children's bed. Between the window and the front door, Sarah had a small shelf built to hold her eight-day Seth Thomas clock. The hole in the wall, where the adobes were missing, was at the foot of the big bed. At first, Sarah wanted this filled in; however, when the hot summer days came, it seemed to catch the only cool west breeze, so it remained. They would cover it during the cold of winter.

Their well was one of the most desirable assets on the ranch. Its water was the best in town. The well was located north of the house about one hundred feet. It was thirty feet deep and bricked up six feet above the water-line. At the time Hakan bought the ranch, there were no water rights for the land so this well was their only water supply. (During the writing of this book, Guy questioned the spelling of his father's name so the records at the courthouse were checked and showed that he had used the signature, Hakan Anderson or H. J. Anderson. It is believed that previous to moving to Arizona he used the spelling, Haakan instead of Hakan.)

As the weather grew warmer, Hakan hauled cottonwood branches and made a brush porch around the east and north sides of the house. This gave the family additional room and a shady place for them. They enjoyed the days of spring. The deep blue sky emphasized the vivid colors in the wild flowers. As the days passed, they felt their hearts sing, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." Then summer with its hot, dry, breathless days suddenly followed the pleasant days and cool nights of spring. Day after day with ruthless vigor, the sun blazed down. Hakan worked and watched with pride as the vegetation grew full of strength and vitality and Sarah worked and watched too, but, as the bright sun speeded the growth of their crops, she begrudgingly noticed her beautiful cameo-like complexion was taking on an Arizona tan. Like her youth, which was slipping from her, she realized this was one of the many sacrifices required in this new land.

Hakan's first improvement on his farm was a large pole corral. The poles were peeled cotton-wood and some were used as bars across

the openings. He made a partition in it, using about two-thirds of the area for the stock and the other third for storing his hay and grain. They began acquiring farm stock to help feed the family. Sarah made a little coop and bought a dozen Plymouth Rock hens and a rooster. From Ed East, Hakan bought a cow which he erroneously named 'Pet,' but, despite her acid disposition, she was a good milk cow and that was more important than her attitude toward two-legged humans. After 'Reddy,' a gentle dark red cow, was purchased, Eva started her daily chore of milking which continued until she was married.

As fall approached, Hakan added a new room, a lumber lean-to, with a shingle roof and pine floor, to the one room adobe home. Then they were able to more safely use the Charter Oak stove which Hakan had bought in Willcox at the same time he bought their two beds. It had been under the brush shed and protected by a canvas, wagon-cover curtain. But such an exposed position did not permit it to draw properly. In the new room, she could get full use of the stove and it made her daily life easier. The lids to the stove were of tempered steel which was a great improvement over the cast-iron type which were easily broken.

Both Hakan and Sarah were thrifty and industrious. It was with a great deal of pride and a real thrill of ownership that they purchased forty acres of land from Eli and Lyman Dodge. This land joined their first acreage on the north and was already partially under cultivation. It had good water rights under the Dodge ditch. With this addition of land, it seemed they had a very large farm, as large a farm as they could afford to keep going and as large as they would need to provide for their family. Mexicans were hired to 'grub' out the black willows on the uncleared land.

It was at this time, after Hakan had remained home to put in a corn crop, that the family's food supply became very low before he returned from a freighting trip with supplies. The family had the same diet for each meal. They had plenty of milk, bread, butter and peach preserves day after day. Even Sarah grew weary of the sameness and she said one evening, "I didn't know anyone could get so tired of good peach preserves."

Eva had helped Hakan plant the corn and pumpkins right after the summer rains and before Eva's ninth birthday. Hakan made the furrows by pushing a walking plow with the lines of the team tied behind his back. He taught her to follow him and drop three kernels of corn

in the furrow each step, while remembering to drop three pumpkin seeds also, every third step.

Hakan was quite a trader and enjoyed the association with other men that was part of the trading. He had traded and sold his wild horses until he had a freight wagon and two trailers with four span of horses. He soon found that six horses and two wagons were easier handled on the narrow, winding roads so used that number on most of his trips. His was not the biggest outfit on the line, but it was among the best. Hakan loved his horses and they responded to his handling. Although 'Old Boots' and 'Old Ben' were the smallest, they were his lead horses. When Hakan hitched the team to the freight wagon and called "Gitty-up," cracked his long blacksnake whip, and gave the jerk-line a jerk, Ben would instantly drop into the collar, bow his neck and pull forward. Boots on the other side would follow suit and each span of horses would then follow in quick succession to tighten their tugs, which were hitched to the leader's chain. The wheelers, 'Britch' and 'John,' the two largest horses, would add their weight and strength to the lead horses to start the wagon rolling. Hakan mounted the saddle on Old Britch and the freight trip to Bowie or Willcox was begun.

Occasionally, Sarah went along on these trips and there was a purpose in her going. She had seen the material that some of the freighters had brought home for their wives and children's clothes. She especially remembered how one bolt of cloth had attired an entire family for a year or more. She loved Hakan, but such an important purchase as cloth for her girls' dresses she liked to choose herself. She would have her parents or a neighbor stay with the girls while she was gone.

Since everything used in Globe had to be hauled from the railroad at Bowie or Willcox, there was a great demand for freighters. Hakan and Sarah meticulously saved every penny possible from his freight money and with it they were able to acquire not only added acres and stock but other things to improve their position in the community.

Hakan realized they were actually beginning a new way of life. He had come from Denmark with his parents, Haakon, Sr. and Marie Anderson, when he was four years of age. The government of the United States seemed to take little, if any, heed of the thousands of emigrants who had been coming to their shores and soon were lost in the vastness of its country without becoming naturalized citizens.

Hakan, Jr. found he loved this new land which offered so much of everything to everyone. He wanted to be assured that he was entitled to its fullest blessings; so he applied for and soon became a United States Citizen. Sarah thought perhaps it was rather foolish since the Government made no effort to deport or even suggest that these individuals become citizens.

The days were full of toil with little compensation except for the joy and pleasure they derived from their family. The Anderson children were reared to respect and love their parents. Their parents' authority was never questioned. Hakan was a jovial and doting father. His gay stories and hearty laughter kept the days full of spice and happiness for his family. He loved to play jokes and tricks on them and did so as often as the occasion presented itself. He was constantly teasing them also. In his spare time, he would keep them engrossed with the tales of his youth in Deseret. He would tell them about his own home life, when the Anderson family was helping colonize that settlement on the Sevier River, and how very poor they all were then. So poor, in fact, that the boys slept between sheep skins on an earth floor. Or stories about his mother, Marie, who could never say the word cabbage correctly except when the boys teased her. Then she would become exasperated and finally say, "Dammit, you know I can't say cabbage," and in her anger would pronounce the word exactly right. Her sons would really laugh at that and she, too, would forget her anger and laugh with them.

With the coming of cool weather, the formal schooling of Eva and Ella began. They did not attend school until after making their home in Pima. The school terms were not governed by any law. The pupils were taught as many days as the county had money to pay the teacher. Most terms started around Thanksgiving and ended in February. Their first teacher was Mrs. Jeeter. She taught all eight grades in the little one-room, rock school house which had formerly been the church house. The nearest similarities to the modern, progressive school of today and this early Arizona school was that the hours of daily attendance were about the same, from nine a.m. to four p.m. and that they taught the fundamentals to the children, but with limited material. Reading, writing and arithmetic were carefully drilled into the children's minds.

Their teacher, Mrs. Jeeter, was the most cultured person in town. She was a southern lady, who radiated southern charm and rearing.

She had experienced the cultured and leisurely life that these early pioneers were striving to attain. She was well groomed and dignified and she refused to let the Arizona sun defile her lovely complexion. Whenever she was outdoors, she carefully protected her face and wrapped her hands in her apron. Her home was near the Andersons' and the Anderson girls learned to love her. It was a shocking revelation the first time they saw her chew a mesquite twig, until the end was almost brush-like, and then use it to dip snuff. They thought it was a strange habit and all the more surprising for a *lady* such as Mrs. Jeeter to dip snuff.

Three years after they reached Arizona, a fourth baby girl arrived on January 21, 1891. They named her Elnora Juliet. Ann Holliday was the mid-wife for Sarah and Etta Reynolds stayed with her to help with the new baby and the housework. Nora was a pretty baby and they loved her. Hakan slept on the girls' bed during Sarah's confinement and, when he found how hard the bed was without springs or a mattress, he determined to buy both on his next trip. They were delighted with the soft bed they had from then on.

The J. A. Mack farm was beyond the Anderson's farm and the two families were very good friends. Eva and Ella usually walked home from school with Mattie and Johnnie Mack. The school teachers had not yet started having a frilly red and white valentine box and party to be enjoyed by the children at school. When Eva was eleven years old the 14th of February had been just another day of working diligently in school. As usual, the Anderson girls and Mack children began the long walk home. As they walked down the winding trail, Eva noticed that Johnnie was lagging far behind. She and Ella bid Mattie good-by when they reached their home and went in the house.

While the girls were changing their clothes, getting dressed to do the chores, Sarah noticed Johnnie through the open window. She thought he was acting strangely. She watched him as he cautiously came slipping up the path to their door. She waited for a knock—none came. 'How queer,' she thought to herself. Then she saw him go running down the path toward home. "Why, what's wrong with Johnnie?" she asked, as she went to the door to open it in an attempt to untangle his strange movements. In a glance, she understood it all. There on the ground in front of the door was a beautiful, real lace, 'store-bought' valentine with Johnnie's boyish inscription, "To Eva Anderson." She called Eva to come and see her wonderful surprise.

Eva's eyes sparkled with delight as she beheld her *first* valentine. A real 'store-bought' one, too. That evening she told her father in detail of the wonderful event and they carefully examined the rosebuds, cherub angels and tiny red hearts so artistically arranged on it. At bedtime this cherished treasure was placed with her choicest possessions. Eva kept and treasured this token of affection for years.

This same year, Mrs. Jeeter offered a prize for scholarship in her class. The two vying contestants were Johnnie Mack and Eva Anderson. As the interest in the contest grew and developed, Eva's throat began to swell, accordingly. Eva had a good case of mumps. She assured her mother that she felt fine and begged to be allowed to continue to go to school. Since it was a common practice for children to attend school, even though they had a contagious disease, Sarah permitted her to continue. In a few days, however, she developed a severe cold and became very ill. The usual precaution was taken. A black silk string was tied around her throat. This was supposed to keep the mumps from 'going down.' Eva's case seemed to be the exception for she grew worse, not better. Day and night, her parents tried to ease her fevered body as she tossed fitfully. They became only more alarmed as they saw a larger red swelling begin to protrude on the right side of her throat.

The swelling grew and grew. Patiently they waited for the swollen mass to break and release the infection. However, as they saw Eva become weaker and more listless and the red fever-ridden protrusion show no sign of rducing, Hakan could no longer endure the sight of his child suffering. Desperately, he sharpened his pocket knife and dipped it in boiling water. With a prayer in his heart, he plunged the sharp point into the swollen spot on her throat. The vile, yellow pus shot out. Improvement took place rapidly and Eva was soon well again. Her white throat carried the bright red scar long after and. when the redness left, the scar remained as a vivid reminder of her case of mumps.

To Eva, having the mumps was bad enough but it was even worse having been eliminated from the school contest. Johnnie Mack won the prize. To soften the hurt in Eva's eyes, and since it had been her illness that kept her out of the contest, Mrs. Jeeter rewarded her with a beautiful valentine. Eva was happy, little did it matter that Valentine's day had long since passed.

Chapter IX

THE HENRY LINES FAMILY (1890-1898)

February 14th was not the big day in Pima that May Day was. May Day called for a program and sports in the square. However, on Valentine's Day there developed the custom of dropping little home-made love notes. The children seldom could buy valentines and so in most of the homes the children huddled around the kitchen table making their own valentines for a few nights before February fourteenth. In the Henry Lines home it was a double occasion for it was celebrated as Henry's birthday. It was nice to think of their father being a real valentine, in fact, a twin valentine, for twin boys had been born to the John Lines family in Birmingham, England, February 1846. These babies, wiggling, squirming, and blue-eyed, must have been wonderful valentine presents.

The Lines home, in contrast to the Andersons with their four girls, was full of boys. There was Joseph, Samuel, Arthur, Milton, Alvin and John. There had been the two girls born following Joseph but Emma Jane had died in Utah so Maime was kept busy helping her mother care for and feed this family of men and boys. Maime also helped the boys making valentines. They used colored pictures cut out of seed catalogues, white writing paper and flour paste. The boys were rather awkward in their cutting and pasting so Maime would gently show them how to do it better. She taught them to fold and cut the white paper into lacy designs of all sizes, shapes and patterns. The boys then printed the trite verses in bold letters, declaring their love and the valentines were finished. At dusk on Valentine Day the boys slipped around the little town dropping their love notes, then hurrying home to see if they had been remembered in return. This done, Valentine Day was over until the next February.

For at least the first year after Joseph and Elizabeth Ferrin's marriage, they lived with Joseph's family. Maime and Joe's wife, Lizzie, as she was called, enjoyed the companionship of each other.

Emily's favorite but old brown bonnet was not a thing of beauty, so the two of them connived to see no more of it. One day, while Emily was away from home, they dropped it in the wood stove and watched the fire consume it. Meticulous Emily looked for her bonnet. She would not believe that it could so mysteriously disappear. When the girls realized her annoyance they did not dare admit their complicity.

The evenings at the Lines home were usually very quiet. As the boys grew up they worked away from home. The two youngest boys were enough to remind Emily that she had a family. Al and John owned a little, woolly puppy. Of evenings the boys would bring the pup in the house, rolling and romping with him on the parlor floor. The fresh straw used as a matting for the rag rug, rustled and squeaked as they romped on it.

One evening they came home with their pockets bulging with ripe sugar cane joints. They sat down in the middle of the parlor floor peeling and chewing the juice out of the hard white sugar-filled fiber. When Emily came in and saw the mess they had made, her only reprimand was her actions. Without one word, she hastily began clearing up the clutter. Sugar cane was really quite a treat, since candy and sweets were scarce and expensive. All of the children of the community enjoyed sugar cane time.

It was seldom that Emily ever became cross with her sons. She seemed instead to enjoy cleaning the house and picking up after them, but when the garden needed weeding and they slipped off to town without finishing the job, she let them know she was very displeased. Whenever the boys returned to visit the family, after they began working away from home, she made them feel it was a special occasion and such a pleasure to have them home again.

The Lines boys were all very dependable and, therefore, could always find and keep work. Joseph taught school. Samuel, when he was only sixteen years of age, went to the little Mormon community of Mesa where he worked very successfully for several years. When Arthur was fourteen, he went to live with Jacob Burns and his wife, an elderly couple living in Pima. Arthur did their chores and cleared their land. He received ten dollars a month and his board and room. Arthur grew to love this couple. They were spiritually minded, truly honest and very devoted to each other. Their home life included family prayer, morning and night. This humility impressed Arthur deeply. Seeing brother Burns walk with his cane and hoe his garden made

Arthur admire his courage and ambition. They both treated Arthur as they would a son and allowed him to sleep in the front room of their house.

Arthur had always been interested in and loved horses. While working for the Burns he acquired his first mount, a dun mare. From this time on he continued to trade or buy a better looking and better riding horse. After working for them about a year, he quit in order to work for Will Webb. Three times a week, he rode the pony express, delivering the mail to Bryce and Eden. The mail bags were carried on the back of his saddle. The Pony Express route crossed the river at the end of the Anderson lane. Sarah noted with approval that her daughter, Eva, always managed to find a chore that needed to be done outside the house at the exact time he passed on his way with the mail. Besides delivering mail for Mr. Webb, he helped in the Webbs' store.

Arthur did not enjoy being idle. He was determined to eventually have a few of the luxuries which life offered others. That would mean hard work and careful savings. During five months, while he worked for Will Webb at the salary of twelve dollars and fifty cents a month, Arthur saved fifty-five dollars. He admitted he was mighty stingy and scotch to be able to do it.

The Lines boys worked at various tasks and trades. Sometimes it was in the hay fields pitching hay, feeding the baler or riding the horse on the baler for their Uncle Hyrum Weech. They usually received fifty cents a day and their noon day meal. For several summers, Arthur hauled lumber from Mt. Graham at thirty dollars a month.

The West was growing rapidly. Small towns were springing up all over the Arizona territory. Shortly after the Southern Pacific laid railroad tracks from Bowie to Geronimo, providing daily train service to these small towns, Arthur began driving a freight wagon for Charlie Carricrow. He was eighteen at the time. He usually drove three or four span of horses, using a jerk-line. Arthur would haul merchandise from Geronimo to the stores in Globe. Once when he was making this trip alone and riding the wheel horse, he cracked his whip and broke the jerk-line. Four of his horses got loose and in their fright went running into the desert of mesquite and cactus. Arthur was most of that day finding the horses. He would find one at a time, bring it back to tie to the wagon, then go out into the dry, hot sand searching for another. Alone and very tired, he mended the jerk-line and continued

on to Globe. He knew the stores and customers would be annoyed at the delay caused by the broken jerk-line.

In between jobs, Arthur often rode the freight line with his father. One trip, as they were driving two teams along the road near San Carlos, a young Indian brave rode up. He was riding a pretty bay mare and had a big Winchester rifle. He motioned for them to stop and then asked them for water. Henry stopped, took down a barrel of water and gave the Indian and his horse a drink. Even though Henry and Arthur had never before seen the Apache Kid, they both knew this was the notorious 'Kid.' He had been a Carlyle school graduate and was arrested and captured for misdeeds and crimes against the Indians. It was when the government officers were transferring him to Yuma that he escaped and then became a vicious killer and desperado. He was known to have attacked his own tribesmen as well as the white settlers. Henry and Arthur felt blessed to have met him in a peaceful atmosphere. It further convinced Arthur that the 'Kid' wasn't as bad as many believed him to be.

By the year 1889, Pima was quite a town. It was the largest settlement in the valley. A few families already had built nice brick homes. During the nine years it had been in existence there were many signs of its growth. In fact, the original families were proud and almost smug as they mingled with the new settlers in poorer circumstances. The later arrivals, like the Andersons, had to prove themselves before they were accepted into the small, but select, social whirl of Pima's society. The original settlers felt justified in their pride for had Pima not been one of the earliest Mormon communities in Arizona? Had they not had a United States Post Office since 1880? (W. R. Teeples had set up the first post office in one portion of his first stockade home.) Hyrum Weech, at this time, had space in the back portion of his "Weech Mercantile Store" for the post office. His store was the trading center of the town. He carried a few main staples including beans, rice, sugar, soda, slab bacon and a small stock of cloth, which usually was calico, percale and flannel. In addition he had a limited hardware supply. Occasionally the townsfolk would find his stock low and have to wait for him to return from Tucson with a new shipment.

Pima was not only a town proud of its growth but confident of its abilities. When they found themselves without a necessary part of life, they would remedy it. Neither Pima nor the Gila Valley had a dentist. Mr. C. H. Haynie had no medical training but he possessed the fortitude

and courage to help out his fellow men when they were suffering. When a resident had a toothache, there was only one remedy, the tooth had to come out. Mr. Haynie was recognized as the authority and expert in the art of tooth pulling. He owned a pair of forceps and possessed the strength and self-command to pull the agonizing trouble maker. Naturally, an extraction was made without anesthetic and, just as naturally, Mr. Haynie did the pulling without pay. He received only the respect and gratitude of his fellow men.

The red brick churchhouse and its inevitable ties governed or affected every individual in the community. Baptismal days were not held often. Maybe a year or two would pass, then, when quite a number of children were of age, the Bishop announced the date at the Sunday church services. Arthur was fourteen when his big day came. Bishop John C. Taylor set the date, May 4, 1893. All the families, who had children or older persons desiring this ordinance performed, rode in their wagons to the Johnny Holliday crossing of the Gila River. This crossing was located one-half mile due north from the center of town, one-half mile due east from the Warner Mattice home and then one-fourth mile south. The Gila River was a virgin river. It had a good stream running in it the year around. To the right of the crossing, a whirlpool had cut a deep hole which was just the right depth for complete immersion.

Arthur had anxiously anticipated this event. Being baptized was something like losing your first tooth. Until you had experienced it you felt left out. Crawling out of his father's wagon, he had a strange feeling in his stomach. A tightness which seemed to inhibit his breathing, yet it was a proud moment and he was eager to participate in it. He heard the Bishop call out his name and went unhesitatingly wading into the cold water, even though it curled his toes and the fine sand slipped under his feet as he moved on. Bishop Taylor held his hand and began the prayer of baptism; Arthur's proud mother and the crowd on the bank humbly bowed their heads, while the prayer was uttered. Following the prayer, he was grasped strongly and completely immersed. He came up gasping and coughing, as the water tried to run down his nose, and he tried to get a full breath of air. He was then confirmed by Brother William Ballard. At that time the confirmation did not take place in the church service on Fast Day, it was done immediately after the person was baptized.

Dripping and shivering with cold, he ran to Emily for his dry

clothes and for her modest, shy smile of approval. With the other boys, he ran up the bank of the river, among the thick willows away from the crowd to peel off the sticky, wet garments. He hastily rubbed himself dry and put on clean, dry Levis and a blue work shirt. Wet feet were no problem as the boys were all barefooted. The clean, sunbleached sand clinging to their feet soon dried and dropped off as they walked. By the time they returned to the crowd, the service was over. The fathers and mothers with their many children were getting into their wagons. The afternoon had passed quickly. Now they must hurry as Emily must get home to feed the chickens. Emily never missed throwing the grain to the chickens at four o'clock every afternoon. Arthur's big day was over. With satisfaction he scuffled with his brothers that evening. He now, like his sister and older brothers, had been baptized and become a full-fledged member of the church for which his grandparents had given so very much.

The first day of May was a holiday loved and celebrated by these pioneers of Pima. For weeks previous to the first week of May 1894, the townspeople had been planning and working on the program. Arthur's brother, Joseph, had written all of the speaking parts. The mothers of the children had all been taught their speaking and acting parts. There had been many rehearsals. This year, they were atempting something new. They planned to have the children dance to music and the leaders did want it to be well done. Teaching the children just when to skip and when to bow had taken many practices and much patience on the part of the leaders and the children. Davy Cluff had spent days getting the church ready. The two most beautiful chairs in Sims Furniture Store had been borrowed to serve as the royal thrones in the raised bower on the stage in the south end of the church. Eva Anderson and Arthur Lines had been the ones chosen to be the king and queen and they were both proud of the honor.

Arthur was a good looking frontier lad of fourteen and Eva, a well developed girl of eleven. The afternoon of the final rehearsal, Arthur, who had money from working at the Burns' came, as usual, dressed as after the baptism but in his pocket he now had a big surprise for Eva. He approached her when she was standing with some of the other girls. In his most dashing way, his eyes twinkling, he handed a bag of real 'store-bought' candy to Eva and said, "Help thyself and pass it on to others." Eva felt the blood rush to her temples as she accepted his gift. Completely thunderstruck and embarrassed at this signal

honor, she finally managed to put her hand in the bag. Never had such a simple task seemed so difficult but after an awkward moment, she pulled out a wee, little piece of candy and then hurriedly passed the bag to the larger number of girls who had now gathered around at the sight of such a luxury. While the girls were eagerly taking the candy, Eva managed to regain some of her composure and was shocked to see that they were completely lacking in modesty and were fast eating up all of the precious confection. Eva was elated with the sudden knowledge that Arthur knew she existed and he must think her a little attractive. The sudden attention she was receiving from her girl friends as well, made her realize how fortunate she was being chosen Queen of the May.

When the long awaited May Day of 1894 dawned the people of the town were delighted for it was a beautiful, sunshiny, mild day. Occasionally, the weather turned cold again and could even freeze the fruit later than May first. The parents of most of the children, who would participate in the program of the day, were up long before the sun arose that morning. Davy Cluff had gathered the town's most beautiful roses, long before the sun had stolen the dew from them, and he arranged them among the little limbs of the black willows which he had used for a background on the stage, and in front of these the royal chairs formed the throne.

By a quarter to ten that morning, Mary Ransom, the director under the sponsorship of the Sunday School, had checked to see if every child was present and had checked each child's costume. The church was filled with proud parents and friends, anxious to enjoy another May Day Festival.

At ten o'clock, the program began. 'King Arthur,' wearing his silver crown, came skipping and dancing from one side of the hall, followed by his 'knights-royal.' They each bowed as they met 'Queen-elect' Eva, who entered from the opposite side of the hall, followed by her maids of honor. These boys and girls then danced a figure-eight. When the dance was completed, the knights and maidens formed a line and produced large letters which they held up forming the words, "Our Queen." King Arthur escorted Eva back to the raised platform, then they stopped and bowed to the audience before he led her up the steps to the throne. A fairy brought in the royal scepter and a page brought in the Queen's crown. King Arthur majestically crowned Eva, Queen of the May, as he placed a silver crown, decorated with

artificial flowers on her head. The queen accepted the honor with a short response and they were both seated on the throne to be honored with a very nice program which ended with the braiding of the May pole that had been set up in the middle of the churchhouse.

Arthur had been well suited for the part of the king with his dark, curly hair, his grey-blue eyes that sparkled when his inborn humor overflowed, the erectness of his back, his shy manner and quick, graceful movements all aided his role. But never before had he seemed so handsome. All through the program, Eva stole shy glances at him. His King's apparel was really striking. He wore a white blouse and tight, black velvet knee pants. Over the blouse was a black bolero trimmed in gold braid and around his waist a bright red sash was tightly wound. Long white stockings set off the shiny black slippers with their huge silver buckles.

Eva's mother had spent weeks planning and making the queen's dress and Lizzie Lines had worked hard on Arthur's costume. Eva's dress was of white all-over embroidery with a scalloped edge which made a beautiful bottom for the skirt and finished the bottom of the short sleeves. With a tight fitted basque waist and a full skirt belted at the waist, the lovely white dress emphasized more than ever Eva's big brown eyes and luxuriant dark brown hair. Her hair was pulled back and caught in place with a bow of ribbon. The heavy loose waves of hair hung down her back and looked beautiful.

The formal program was ended at noon. Then the entire 'royal party' led by the King and Queen paraded the three blocks down the main street of Pima to the Susan Sims home, where they feasted at a huge table on the Sims' new screen porch. The parents of the children who rode in their wagons also formed a procession as they drove slowly down the street. Each mother and father with pride overflowing for the part their child had performed.

At two o'clock all the young people of Pima and the Royal Party gathered in Nuttalls' hall. They spent the afternoon dancing to the music of Al Walch's Orchestra. It was composed of a pedal organ, a violin and a guitar. Even though a brick had fallen on Eva's foot several days before and it still pained her when she walked, all pain and mortal weakness seemed to vanish as she danced and whirled around the hall. It was a glorious afternoon for Eva. Everyone wanted to dance with the Queen. Never had she been so popular.

When the afternoon dance ended, Hakan and Sarah proudly took

their daughter home. Sarah insisted that she must go to bed and rest so she would not be too tired to attend the dance for the grown-ups that night. This would be the first time Eva had been permitted this privilege. Eva didn't want to go to bed, she was excited and felt wonderful, but she dropped off in a heavy slumber. When they tried to waken her, she could not be aroused. She was just too sleepy to be interested in anything but her nice warm bed. Sarah was provoked and highly disappointed. Hakan stayed home with Eva and the two younger girls but Ella and Sarah went on to the dance. Arthur and his parents were also at the dance. The evening May Day dance was one of the big social functions of the year. It was like the Fourth of July or Christmas dances. People from all over the valley came to celebrate. By the next day, May Day was a thing of the past, to about everyone but Eva, who could not forgive herself for sleeping the dance away. For both of the leading participants, Arthur and Eva, this proved to be one of the most thrilling events of their lives. In fact, that May Day Festival was the very beginning, the setting of the scene for the future in which their lives became knit so closely together.

Chapter X

THE HAKAN ANDERSON FAMILY (1894-1900)

Hakan loved his daughters devotedly, and thrilled to give them every pleasure. Yet, like all fathers, he longed to have a son of his own. Six weeks after Eva's glorious coronation, June 22, 1894, they were blessed with another baby. Hakan had hoped this one would be his son, but, instead, it was another little blonde girl. They named her Laura Jane. She soon made a place for herself with her petite, gracious manner. As she grew older, Hakan lovingly called her 'Janie' or 'Switch-about,' although she went by the one name of Laura most of the time. A merry heart was Hakan's and he could not feel disappointed for long when he had five such wonderful girls. He loved to sing. As he did his chores his voice could be heard singing all the old songs. He sang as he walked through the fields. Often in the evenings he entertained his children by dancing them on his knee while singing his favorite songs.

Living in Arizona during this period of time was far different than the present, when there is concern over unemployment and leisure activities, but, as busy as they all were, Sunday was a special day. The only work done was the necessary farm chores which included milking the cows, night and morning, taking them to pasture and back, caring for the milk and the milk pails and feeding the pigs. But even these jobs did not seem quite as laborious when they knew that the rest of the day they could attend church and associate with their friends. Eva would put on her very best dress, her high-top, black shoes and start up the lane with her sisters. One of Eva's favorite hats, and you had to wear a hat, was made of honey colored milan straw. She wore it summer and winter for three years. One did not wear their clothes according to the latest fashions but wore instead the ones that were available and practical.

Sometimes the girls would meet brother Joseph Foster on their way to church and he would always ask them to ride in his light wagon. Brother Foster was the Sunday School Superintendent. Not all adults

in Pima recognized the children as individuals who had feelings and should be respected, but Brother Foster loved them all. He gathered them around him, like the Savior had, and inspired them through his own devoted love for them.

Sunday afternoons were truly wonderful. They either brought their friends home for dinner or went visiting. The Haynies, the Macks and the Taylors homes were always open to the girls.

Occasionally, on hot Sunday afternoons, as soon as Sunday School was over, two of the young boys would drive six miles to Thatcher in a two-wheeled cart to buy ice. While they were gone, the girls would scurry home and get their contributions of salt, sugar, eggs or cream. Then they would gather at the Jennie East home, for the East family owned the only ice cream freezer in town. They all took turns grinding the handle on the freezer until the ice cream was frozen. The opening of the freezer was the big moment. Even when the portions were small, because of the large number there, it was worth the effort, for ice cream was such a rare treat.

Each fall, when molasses was plentiful, the children had candy pulls. They would play games while the molasses cooked. When it was done, all the children came in and each one was given his share of the thickened syrup to pull until it became golden toasted light brown molasses taffy. Some had theirs eaten before it reached that point, however. Other evenings, parched corn would be the main attraction. The shelled corn was put in a hot, open skillet on top of the stove. As the children laughed and talked, the corn would be stirred. When it was golden brown, it was poured into a serving bowl seasoned with salt and bacon grease, and eaten.

By the year 1894, the Andersons were getting into the land-owner class. They had now become financially able to replace the old adobe home with a new brick one. The entire family had worked toward this goal and were happy knowing they would soon have a home they could be proud to call their own.

Globe was one of the biggest mining towns in Arizona. Eastern men in search of work, and perhaps adventure, drifted toward this new, growing town. Often, some of these men, seeking employment, rode with Hakan on his freight wagon and stopped over in Pima where they helped Hakan on the farm to pay for their transportation. When the Andersons' new, two-story brick home was finally finished, except for the painting, with the family moved in and settled, Hakan drove in

from Willcox with two such travelers. After staying a week, the two men, who had been helping with the farm chores and eating at the family table, decided they'd like to stay on there for the coldest part of the winter. The Anderson family ate well, for instance, breakfast usually included hot mush, biscuits, eggs, either ham or bacon and sometimes both, potatoes, plenty of milk, butter and Sarah's jam and jelly. These men recognized such good food was worth an extra effort on their part and so they made Hakan an offer. They agreed to paint the entire house inside and out, in exchange for their room and board and a small amount of cash. One of the men was a painter by trade and knew the art of mixing and making his own colors. He was a well educated Bostonian. The other man was a big help in other ways.

Hakan and Sarah hesitated, at first. Finishing the house had badly crippled their finances and they had not planned to spend any more money on the house at this time. They finally agreed that it would be possible to manage it. The men began and, despite the fact that it was mid-winter and the painting made it hard to keep the house warm under such conditions, it was continued until every room, fourteen foot ceilings and all, inside and out, received the coats of paint.

Sarah, like most other wives, was allowed to keep the egg money and she could really save when she so desired. For months, she saved the money to buy lace curtains, 'real lace' curtains for the parlor windows. With the new house painted, the new lace curtains hung at the windows and with a few pieces of new furniture, no house ever seemed more beautiful to Hakan, Sarah and their daughters. Before the rag carpets were ready to be put down, the Andersons gave several dances. The parlor was large enough that there was room for two sets of quadrilles. The dances were gay times and the girls felt it was a shame to put down the rag carpet for that meant an end to the dancing parties. However, from the minute the painting was finished, Sarah and her girls kept busy tearing and sewing rags to be woven into strips. After the rags had been woven by Louisa Rogers, they sewed the strips together to fit the rooms. Straw was then spread over the pine floor for padding and the carpet drawn and tacked at the base board.

Hakan and Sarah were such jovial hosts; the girls' friends loved to come to their home. The favorite game at their parties was especially enjoyed after the larger home was completed. It was called 'Evening Walk.' The girls were seated, when the game began, the boys standing across the room rushed to the girls and each said to the girl of his

choice, "May I take you for an evening walk?" Then arm in arm each couple walked outside, around the house and returned. Sometimes they competed to see who could be the first couple back or danced or did stunts on the trip. Next the girls took a turn choosing partners and invited the boys for an evening walk. Continuing to alternate with the game it became apparent to all of them by the end of the party who liked whom.

By this time little Arrilla as well as Eva and Ella had chores to do around the farm. Since there were no sons, Hakan had to have help from his daughters as soon as they were old enough to give it. They milked six or eight cows, night and morning, and just as regularly fed the many pigs that were fattened for the family's meat and lard supply. Each year, Hakan planted corn and pumpkins (until the concentrate from the mines got into the river water which supplied water for irrigating and damaged the pumpkin plants so that they could not be grown). These were both grown to feed the pigs. The schooner-type freight wagons that Hakan used to haul coke to Globe were used each fall to haul in the pumpkins. When they were piled near the barn, the pile was as high as the hay stack.

On cold frosty mornings, as the girls dug the seeds out of the huge pumpkins, Ella vowed 'that when she grew up she would never make her children save pumpkin seeds, especially for neighbors who would not bother to save their own!' Their neighbors all knew that Sister Anderson always had plenty of pumpkin seeds and was most generous with them. Of necessity some seeds had to be saved for the next year's planting and Sarah saved them all, just in case.

As fall approached, the girls were told to give the pigs more and more corn, to fatten them for the kill. The big kill, usually, was between Thanksgiving and Christmas. No other days on the farm compared with hog killing time, not even cooking for the hay balers or the threshers demanded so much of everyone. There was not a free minute. Sometimes it required the help of two hired men for, often, they would slaughter eighteen pigs at one time. Hakan was very particular and a bit finical in his method. When he had cleaned an animal, it had been cleaned by an expert. The procedure required a combination of skill and expert timing. The juggler vein was cut for the kill; then the carcass was hung by the hind legs, drawn up by a pulley and then lowered into the barrel of scalding hot water. At this point, the touch of an expert was needed. If the water was too hot,

the skin was scalded, if the water was not hot enough, the bristles set. With careful maneuvering on the part of the man handling the pulley, the pig was rolled around in the barrel until the test hair, which Hakan would pull, came out with just the exact amount of give that was required. The pig was then pulled out and lowered onto the board platform. Rapidly they began scraping the animal with Sarah's best butcher knives that had been sharpened to a razor like sharpness. Accurate and fast hands were prime requisites at this point. Then each animal was pulled up the scaffold and cleaned. Not a single part of the animal was discarded that could be used. The big hams and slabs of bacon were smoked and cured in the Andersons' own little smoke house; sausage was made, fried, put in great crocks and coated with a covering of lard to keep it from spoiling; huge pans were filled with head cheese.

Sarah and the girls helped with the sausage, head cheese, rendered the vast quantities of lard and made soap from the cracklings and scraps. The choice fat, which was to be rendered into the family's lard supply was handled very carefully. This fat was put in Sarah's big, four gallon, black iron kettles on her Charter Oak stove. As it cooked down, Sarah, occasionally, added a little water. She was very particular with this hot, boiling grease and watched it carefully to keep it beautiful and white. There was also some danger that it might bubble up and if it splattered out it might start a fire, which was another reason for the careful attention given the hot fat. When they were through rendering the family lard supply, every can, every crock, tin or container of any size or shape usually was full of beautiful, white lard. Their year's supply was then stored in their cool cellar. Making the soap was a big job, also. All of the scraps and trimmings were cooked with lye until it formed a thick consistency. It was then poured out to cool. Special care had to be taken that this soap, after it had been cut in blocks, did not freeze before it had had time to harden.

Even when these people were so industriously working to provide their every day physical needs they yearned for knowledge and made great efforts to obtain knowledge. These pioneers were full of dreams and willing to make every possible effort to see their dreams realizd. They looked forward to the time when their territory would be recognized as one of the states of the United States. Already they began to prepare themselves to take their place in this glorious new, free democratic country. They were mostly self-educated people, starving for

opportunities to increase their understanding. They had no free adult schools, no night classes, no extension services from universities. There were not even learned men to guide them, but, there were a few, who, like Thoreau and Emerson, like Patrick Henry and Abraham Lincoln, were striving to teach themselves.

These men were instrumental in establishing evening classes for all who were interested in attending. These classes were continued every Wednesday evening for about five years during the fall and winter seasons and were called Civil Government Classes. Joseph Lines and W. T. Webb usually conducted these discussions with the help of Fred Webb, W. E. McBride and Phil C. Merrill. Every meeting and every discussion was governed and guided by "Robert's Rules of Order." These classes developed a form of cultural life not to be found elsewhere in the valley. The citizens of Pima were actively kept up with world and church affairs by debates, lectures and panel discussions. From such a program, they developed a thinking group of individuals. Through this experience, Joseph developed into an excellent speaker. He was in demand as an extemporaneous or 'stump' speaker as they were called. He was so studious that every minute possible was spent in earnest study.

One Wednesday afternon as Eva and Ella were returning home from school, Arthur and his friend, John Beal, overtook them near the Cottonwood Wash and asked the girls if they could take them to the Civil Government Class that night. The girls accepted their invitation and, when they reached home, they fairly flew doing their chores, preparing the supper and getting it on the table. They did not mention their date to anyone. When Hakan called them to eat, they said they were not hungry. This was most unusual as dieting had not yet become a fad among young ladies but Sarah explained to their father, "Oh, these girls are too excited tonight to eat, I guess. They are going to that Civil Government Class." Just about dusk, the boys arrived. They found the girls waiting for them at the door, and they all left quickly. Not until they were brought home and Sarah heard them talking at the gate did she realize that her two daughters had been escorted home, that they had had their first dates. Sarah was especially fond of Arthur so was pleased when Eva told her about the excitement of the evening. The classes were regularly attended by all of the young people in the town as well as the adults. It added to their education as well as to their social life.

Even as the people in the valley were becoming more interested in their civic responsibilities, they were actively engaged in church duties and the membership grew as settlers continued to arrive, for all but a few had membership in the Mormon church. Christopher Layton was called by the leaders of the Mormon church to settle in Arizona and lead the people in their religious affairs. He was set apart as Stake President of St. Joseph Stake when it was organized February 25, 1883. By the time he asked to be released because of poor health the membership had increased to some six thousand but the area was so large and transportation so poor that it was impossible to keep in close contact with the outlying wards. When his release was effected January 22, 1898 another man was sent from Utah to lead the Stake. Andrew Kimball was set apart as Stake President by President Joseph F. Smith assisted by Apostle Heber J. Grant. He was in charge of the entire church membership from Miami, Arizona to El Paso, Texas, a stretch of 342 miles.

Soon after the change in stake leadership was made, a change also occurred in the Anderson family for when their sixth child was born, instead of another girl, this one was a boy. Hakan Walter, the baby was named in honor of the father and grandfather. His birth, May 31, 1898 was more than just an answer to their many prayers for a son. It seemed to be a means of fulfilling a promise made Hakan in a Patriarchal Blessing two years earlier for he was promised that the priesthood should not depart from his household. This blessing was received by Hakan during the time he visited his family in Utah and with them did some needed temple work. The new baby was always the special favorite of the family for he seemed to have inherited the best qualities from both parents. In physical features, he had the dark, wavy hair of his mother and her quick, easy movements; in disposition, he had the jolly, love of life of his father and he too gave his love freely to others with his friendly ways and then received their love and admiration in return.

Sarah and Hakan continued to give their children the few advantages that were possible. An organ was added to the family possessions, even though it was necessary to give a cow and a horse for it. Quite a price for just a pedal organ, they all felt, but the pride of ownership and the pleasure it gave them seemed to justify the trade. Ella was soon called by the Bishop to be organist for the Sunday School. This call included her attendance at Gila Academy to receive special instruction.

The only other lessons she had had were a few from Sylvia Sessions, who had given the older girls some lessons on their new organ.

Each evening, after supper, while Eva and Rilla did the dishes, Ella was now allowed time to practise on the organ. The men working for them usually joined Hakan in a game of cards after supper. One evening they were short-handed and before Ella could get to the organ, Hakan suggested that she join the card game. The next evening, he again asked her to play with them. This continued for about a week.

The Andersons had stacks of dishes every meal for, besides the eight members of their family, there were usually two or three hired men and one or two extra men who boarded and roomed with the family. Clearing up and washing the dishes for twelve or more people was an unwelcome chore. Eva and Rilla had been willing to heat the water and wash all of the dishes when Ella really practised but each evening as she played cards with the men their indignation increased. They decided exactly how they would end it and so with great determination they walked into the parlor. As they reached the big round table, where the men and Ella were seated, Eva angrily said, "We've had just about all of this we are going to stand." Then Rilla bitterly added, "How is it we wash all the dishes and Ella never touches the organ, but can sit down and play cards night after night?"

Their voices were wild, as were their hands that never stopped until they had pushed and shoved every card off the table. Ella astonished to see her sisters so angry, rose for a quick retreat but her two strong sisters reached her and, spluttering even louder, they backed her up against the wall giving her head some sound bumpings. Hakan and the men were startled and shocked. At first, they hardly knew what was happening. Then, as Hakan grasped the situation, he began to laugh. He doubled over, his hearty laughter booming over the voices of his irate daughters.

Just as suddenly as the storm arose, it subsided with Hakan's laughter after the girls' feelings had been fully vented. Ella quickly went to the organ, the girls returned to the kitchen and the men hastily went to their bunks. The only comment was Sarah's, who had watched it all seated at the fire, as she said, "Well I've watched and I've seen this go on night after night. The girls are perfectly in the right. I wondered how long they would take it."

Among the hired men there was another flash of anger over the quarrel. One was quite smitten with Rilla and one with Ella. Each

defended the girl of his choice and a few hot words flashed between them. As the days passed time healed the breach, yet never quite all the way. From that night forward no card games were ever played in the Anderson home but the organ received more and more use.

The church realized the small communities had very little medical aid from properly trained doctors and nurses and in order to help their members care for the sick and injured, they sent out doctors to give classes in practical nursing and obstetrics. Dr. Ellis R. Shipp was sent to Arizona to conduct such classes. She was a well known, pioneer woman physician. The bishops called certain women and grown girls to take the classes. Eva was one of at least six from Pima who attended the course at the Gila Academy. They were required to purchase a ten dollar, 'up to the minute' Doctor's book and to use it as a text. The classes went on all day, every day, for about eight weeks. Those completing the course were permitted to wear little caps at their graduation. They received certificates and a group picture was taken of them.

The church and the schools both increased their interest in the development of their members. In school, the teacher began to include, besides the teaching of reading, writing and ciphering, the building of character. Eva's teacher during her last school year was Mr. J. J. Anderson. He was the Principal of the Pima school and one of the first teachers in Pima, who tried to teach character building along with and as a part of the school curriculum. (He was not a relative.)

In the fall of 1899, the Graham County Teachers' Institute was held in Clifton. Mr. Anderson prepared a play to be presented before the assembled teachers. Eva was cast as the leading lady. She went with the other members of the cast and the teachers on Green's stage to York where they transferred to the narrow gauge train to reach Clifton. This was Eva's first look at the world beyond the mountains that surrounded the Gila Valley since she had arrived with the family from Utah and being small at that time she didn't remember much of the country beyond. This trip she would always remember. After her first train ride, she stayed at the Abrams Hotel for her first nights in any hotel, the luncheons and dinners were her first meals in any public eating place and she heard her first toasts and after dinner speeches. It was her first glimpse, too, of the dairy where Arthur was working. They were together as much as possible during these few days. He took pride in showing Eva the sights and she seemed to see them all

with rose colored glasses. It all seemed wonderful, the towering cliffs, homes hanging to the sides of the steep hills, the throbbing, noisy concentrator, the fine business houses, and the better homes, some with pretty porches, where the stylish ladies sat and visited with nothing to do but enjoy themselves. These days and nights in Clifton were some of the most romantic dates for both of them. Eva saw him as a man of the world and this was his world, a world in which he appeared to be very much at home. They enjoyed each other's company so much that there was no doubt in their minds that they were in love.

To Eva, the whole trip was the greatest thing that had ever happened. It was an educational experience that opened her eyes to all that she had been missing. She felt like Cinderella at the Prince's Ball. The play they presented was a grand success and seemed even more so when they saw how stylishly some of the men in the audience were dressed. Some wearing stiff-bosomed white shirts and dinner suits. Eva felt as though she were riding on a beautiful, silver cloud; she was treated with the same honor and respect and received the same privileges as the teachers.

The third and last day of the Institute was the most breath taking of all. The entire group was entertained by Mr. Charles C. Calhoun, President of the A. C. Copper Company. He had had the 'Baby Gauge' ore cars fixed with seats and the guests were hauled from Clifton up Chase Creek to the Morenci Hill, where the best teams, drivers and hacks from Websters' Livery Stable were waiting to take them up the steep hill to the mine. The sixty teachers rode the hoist down to the four hundred foot level. They were shown the inner working process for obtaining the ore. This underground depth had been lighted by candles which were placed at regular intervals along the mine, making it easier to see the blue veins of copper. Upon their return to the entrance level, they were amazed to find the mine transformed to a banquet hall with a beautifully set table and excellent food ready to be served. The walls of the shaft had previously been white-washed and now reflected the candle-light that danced on the gleaming silver. A Mexican orchestra was hidden in one of the alcoves. It played soft Spanish music. Mr. Anderson escorted Eva throughout this strange, stimulating event. Mr. Calhoun presided as Master of Ceremonies. Eva watched him closely. With all of his knowledge and culture, he inspired her and increased her intense desire for a better education. The desire became so strong and so full within her heart that it almost

became a complex.

When the teachers and the cast returned to their homes in Pima, Eva felt quite like Cinderalla sitting in the cinders dreaming of the glass slipper, the Ball and the Prince. Eva's Prince remaining almost out of her world; Clifton was a long way from Pima. She knew it would be six months before she would see him again. Their courtship must continue by correspondence. Every evening, as the train whistle sounded with its sharp, shrill tone when it passed near the Anderson home, Eva knew she would just have time to walk to the post office and the mail would be sorted with her precious missile in their mail box. His letters were always enjoyed, every word of them, but a few times they contained a surprise, a shiny five dollar gold piece, as an actual reminder of Arthur's love.

When Arthur did get to Pima he made quite a flashy appearance after he bought the buggy in 1900. It was a beauty, a stylish rig for a boy to come courting his girl in. About the only time he could spare to leave his work was for the Fourth of July and Christmas. They enjoyed these trips to the fullest. The buggy was always left in Pima between trips so that his parents could have the use of it.

The people in Pima had to provide their own entertainment. The operettas, plays, dances, picnics and big ward outings became not only a part of their lives but a way of life in which all were urged to actively participate. When the Weech Opera House was completed it provided the type of building most suited to the needs of such community activities. The building included the Weech Mercantile Store on the first floor and upstairs was the big hall with a fine maple floor for dancing, then there was a big stage with adequate scenery, props and four dressing rooms as well as a dining room for dinners. At the time of its use, it was the best in the valley and, besides using it for local entertainments, the St. Joseph Stake Conferences were held there and most of the funerals. (The old Nuttall hall was bought by Hakan and made a wonderful barn on his farm.)

When the question of Local Option became a community problem, the town folks decided it was not good for their family life to have saloons selling liquor there. They voted unanimously that it should be discontinued. Sheriff Marshall and Joseph Foster, the co-owners of the only saloon in town voted themselves out of business. This seemed to turn the tide of business to Safford, the next largest town, for as more saloons opened there, other business also developed.

(Top) Pupils attending school in the Pima Churchhouse. (Center) Ellis R. Shipp's Class for nursing. (Bottom) Eva and Susie Merrill (Crockett). Dinner given for Pioneer women of Pima in 1910 at the Teeples home.

(Top) Baling hay on the Anderson Ranch in 1917; Hakan (front left), Walter (second from right). Baling hay on Anderson farm, 1895 (center). (Bottom, left) Hakan delivering milk. Hakan and his white stallion.

Section Two

Building For The Future

Chapter XI

THE STORY OF ARTHUR, THE DAIRY MAN (1895-1903)

Man is not the creator of circumstances, but circumstances are the creators of men; and so it was with Arthur and his first real business venture. Sam, Arthur's older brother, had been working at William Whipple's dairy in Clifton. In March of 1898, Sam quit so Arthur went to ask Mr. Whipple for Sam's job. Mr. Whipple had been one of his schoolteachers and he hired Arthur as one of the dairy hands with a salary of $35.00 a month and his board and room. The work required getting up at four in the morning to milk the cows, peddling the milk, returning to the dairy for a short nap, then the afternoon milking and delivering. This was the daily routine. After a year, Arthur's pay was increased to $40.00 and, at the end of the second year, he leased the dairy from Mr. Whipple, paying a cash rent of $100.00 a month and by good management clearing $125.00 a month. The business agreement went along smoothly and Arthur felt well satisfied.

Having had to do with so little, as a boy under pioneering conditions, had given him a burning desire to be a success. His early life had made him fully aware of the effort necessary to get very far. By his frugality he was able to gradually acquire a few possesssions including a few head of cattle on Mt. Graham and a two room house on an acre and a quarter of land in Pima. He rented the house for three dollars a month. Now, with his savings from the dairy he felt he was doing well enough.

Arthur missed his family and home, and did not forget them. When the Abrams Hotel, the only hotel in Clifton, was being remodeled, he bought a maroon, velvet carpet for their home. It was used in one of the bedrooms and Emily was very proud of it with its floral design of red roses entwined among the green leaves.

His feeling of security and well-being took a sudden turn and his brighter future appeared shattered like a child's beautiful soap bubble, when one day Mr. Whipple arrived at the dairy defiant and angry. He demanded that the lease be broken. Arthur was astonished to learn

that the seed of the trouble was that Mr. Whipple had heard and been
and run it in competition to the Whipple dairy.
led to believe that Arthur was planning to buy a Mr. Warden's dairy

Arthur was stunned and a little frightened for Mr. Whipple made threats of going to court with charges. Arthur acknowledged that he had tried hard to make friends and had worked up a good trade all up and down North Clifton, Chase Creek, and in the Hills Addition, but he insisted that he had never considered going into business for himself. In the first place, he was still very young, just 22, and he surely did not feel that he had the finances that such a business venture would demand. Then, too, he had not had sufficient training in management to want to make such an attempt all on his own. Most of all, he was building for the future and his immediate plans were to get enough for a 'wedding stake.'

Peace at almost any price had always been Arthur's policy, but, even for him, there was a limit. When he was tried too far, he would try equally hard to see that justice was done. These false charges were the last straw. However, the two men agreed to conclude their business relations by arbitration. Each man would choose a man to represent himself and the third man would be chosen by mutual agreement. Mr. Whipple must have been surprised to have Arthur choose as his own representative, John Tyler, who was Mr. Whipple's brother-in-law. When Arthur discussed the problem with his good friend, Mr. Tyler, he was advised to let Mr. Whipple have the dairy back, there was such a short time remaining in the lease, anyway. Although Mr. Tyler recognized that the accusations were ungrounded and that terminating the lease at this time was unfair to Arthur, he felt that it would be wise to close all dealings with Mr. Whipple.

To have Mr. Whipple accuse him of planning to buy 'old man' Warden's dairy, which was located three miles above Clifton on Chase Creek, hurt Arthur's pride. To think that Mr. Whipple would accuse him of being disloyal in his business relations cut deep, but forcing him to break the lease left him feeling insecure. He was ambitious, industrious and determined to succeed. Dairying was the only business he had had much experience with so he drove up to Warden's Dairy to see what its possibilities were, as it was the only other dairy in the vicinity. He found it located on a rather level section of land on the north side of Chase Creek and on land leased from the Ornett mining claim. There were a few buildings and a shed which were in poor

condition and a rock corral. The dairy herd consisted of twelve cows and a bull. Mr. Warden had bought these good grade cattle in Phoenix but they were very thin and certainly not giving much milk, further proof was a barrel of chalk and a measuring cup. Arthur was surprised to see this. He had heard rumors in town that Warden's milk was chalked but had discredited them for he had never seen such practices before. Since there were no State and Federal pure food and drug laws, such tricks were not illegal. Besides the cattle, there was a horse, the milk wagon, a few milk cans and measuring cups and, of course, the milk route. However, the most essential and valuable asset was the stream of fresh water coming from the mining tunnel.

Mr. Warden was anxious to sell and offered to include everything for $1300.00 with a deposit of $500.00. Arthur left with the promise that he would let Mr. Warden know his decision in a few days. As he drove away he wondered just what he should do. He felt he lacked sufficient capital to start a dairy and wondered if he also lacked the courage. It seemed a good opportunity to make a start and he did not want to let any such chance pass his way without doing something about it but he hesitated to do it alone.

Arthur had discussed his plans and dreams with Eva's father, Hakan, many times. He placed great confidence in Hakan's opinion and judgment, and so he made a trip to the valley to get advice. Arthur was still in charge of the Whipple dairy for he had been given two weeks to make collections and wind up his business. His brother, Milt, was left to keep it running while he was gone. Hakan with his self-assurance and his confidence in Arthur said, "Arthur, I think money can be made up there. I have no cash to offer you but, if you want me as a partner, I am more than willing. I do have a few assets here on the farm that could help get us started." And so it was that the Lines and Anderson partnership was formed and what was known as the Rock House Dairy had its beginning.

Arthur had his savings, $1300.00 on deposit at the J. A. Smith Store in Clifton. There was no bank in Clifton and so Mr. Smith permitted some of the people to keep their money in his safe. With these savings, Arthur bought Mr. Warden's dairy. N. J. Porter, the President of the Safford bank, knowing Hakan, accepted a note signed by Hakan and Arthur for $500.00. With this cash, they were able to add to the dairy herd and have enough to cover immediate needs.

When Mr. Whipple and Arthur divided the calves, which were joint

property, Mr. Whipple suggested drawing straws for first choice. As he won, and being an older, more experienced man, Arthur always felt Mr. Whipple was able to select the choicest calves and so get much the better of the deal. Arthur had learned a hard lesson, and realized that it would have been wiser to have had a disinterested party divide the herd equally.

The last few days of his lease, Arthur was very busy. He stopped along his route and told each of his customers that he was starting a dairy of his own and did want their patronage. The good milk and excellent service, which he had been giving his customers, paid high dividends for almost every one of them continued taking from Arthur. This made their new dairy business successful from the very start.

Hakan had never seen Clifton but he had great faith and respect for Arthur's business acumen. Hakan immediately began adding his assets to the dairy. He shipped a carload of alfalfa hay and sent his best cows and a load of bran up there with his hired men. The cows were not heavy milkers but they were the best Hakan owned. The trip was hard on the cows and by the time they reached Clifton with the steep grades and winding roads they were tired and footsore. From that time on they were given the best food and care possible. Hakan then sent up an open buggy and his best horse, 'Old Maude' and supplied additional farm produce until his contributions equaled Arthur's investment in the new dairy partnership.

The Rock House Dairy began delivering milk in February of 1902. The men took turns running the kitchen and preparing the food for the five who were working there. In March, Arthur became very ill with the dreaded disease of smallpox. They moved his tent about a half mile back up on the hill and prayed that his illness would not put an end to their proud venture. Fortunately it did not because Arthur soon recovered and none of the others had it. With him ill, the men needed more help badly and so Hakan brought his two daughters, Ella and Eva, up with him so that they could do the cooking. They were paid $12.50 a month for the work they did.

With women folk there, the cook house had to be improved. It was a long, adobe room with a tin roof, two windows, which had canvas coverings, and two doors. It possessed neither a ceiling nor a floor. The men built a wooden frame of one by fours forming a partition and framework to tack muslin to. Eva and Ella set to work. Using a worn out treadle sewing machine, they sewed strips of muslin to-

gether to make a covering for the ceiling and walls. The partition in one end of the room separated that part off for the girls' bedroom. Then they covered the dirt floor with a heavy layer of soft hay and stretched tightly over it heavy brown denim which was tacked to the bottom boards of the wooden frame. The larger part of the room was used as the office, the living room, the dining room and the kitchen. It was always full of bustle and activity. But these people were in dead earnest, and they made little complaint about anything. They were all anxious to make this dairy a success.

The kitchen end of the room contained Sarah's big old Charter Oak stove with its water reservoir on the back. The reservoir had to be filled with water and, when it was used, the water had to be dipped out but it did help to have an extra supply of hot water. Large wooden boxes served as cupboards. Oilcloth covered the tops of these boxes and they were used as work tables. On one side was the ice refrigerator, in the middle of the big table and around it the chairs were placed.

The girls baked bread, pies and cakes every day in the big cook stove. The men worked hard and required big meals. In mid-summer the thermometer sometimes hovered around one-hundred-fifteen degrees. The tin roof of the kitchen retained all of the sun's heat so that the room would have been warm without the heat from the wood range. The stove hardly cooled from preparations for one meal until another fire had to be started to get the next meal ready. As a result, being in the room in the summer was often like being right in an oven. The girls were good cooks so the fine food compensated for their discomfort. During the building of the steam laundry across the canyon, the construction crew arranged to eat their meals at the dairy. They praised the girls cooking and said the food was surely a lot better than they could get in any restaurant. This helped to satisfy the girls for the extra work made by them.

In the year 1902, Clifton was a busy, prosperous, yet typical mining town, with a population between 2000 and 2500 persons. The three companies: Phelps Dodge, Shannon and A. C., were each straining to become the sole owner of the vast copper deposits hidden in the deep recesses of the mountains. Its business district contained many saloons, a few chinese laundries and two main stores, J. A. Smith's Grocery and the A. C. Company Store. Arizona was still a frontier and a U. S. Territory. All of this section of it was one county, Graham County. Clifton was the headquarters for all of the cowboys and cattle men in

this part of Arizona. During elections and celebrations, whiskey flowed freely and the votes were as numerous as the whiskey jugs on the courthouse lawn. The men all wore side arms and, on rare occasions, a dispute was settled with guns. Careless talk in those days was unwise for they knew that a slip of the tongue might lead to bloodshed.

The schedule at the Rock House Dairy was a demanding one and besides the long hours the men had to work, the location of the dairy three miles out of town served to isolate them from the rough element that was there. A typical day at the dairy went as follows: the milking of the cows for the morning delivery was started at one a.m., by three o'clock the milk was in the ten, five and two gallon cans and loaded in the delivery wagon. Then Arthur, changed to fresh, clean clothes, was ready to start on his route. The roads through Clifton were poor and few. Most of the homes were built on the sides of the hills with trails leading up to them. Arthur would follow these trails and when in the Mexican section his call would be, "Leche! Leche! Leche!" On the other side of town it would be, "Milk! Milk! Milk!" He carried the two gallon can and measuring cup ready to pour the milk into whatever container the customer supplied. Sometimes it was the wife's best pitcher but more often it was a small pail. To keep the customers happy they delivered the milk early enough for the family's breakfast. When Arthur had delivered the last pint, 'Old Maude' pulled the wagon and its empty, rattling cans quickly over the three miles back to the dairy. Then, the dairy hands immediately helped wash and scald the cans and measures. Good milk demanded absolute cleanliness. It was nearly eight o'clock before Arthur had time to eat breakfast, then he worked on the books, checking and posting all extra, regular and unfilled orders. Arthur took a nap and rested for awhile before time to begin the afternoon milking and then delivering. Because refrigeration was limited, the milk had to be delivered after each milking.

When the Rock House Dairy had been operating a few months, Arthur and Hakan felt the urge to expand their route. And so, one morning, Hakan loaded the buggy with cans of milk and went to Morenci to find customers. When he reached the D. C. Store, where the road ended, he unhitched the horses, Puss and Darby, from the buggy and loaded two ten gallon cans of milk, which had spigots near the bottom, on Puss and, despite his age, Hakan climbed on Darby's back. He led Puss by a rope up and down the foot trails of the steep hillsides, and sold all of the precious milk. Hakan's jovial personality

acquired customers rapidly and so the deliveries to Morenci continued. One day as they went up the winding trail, Puss made a careless sidestep and she and the cans of milk landed in the kitchen of the house below them. The dairy gladly furnished a carpenter to repair the kitchen. The following day, Hakan and the horses were back on their route the same as before. After a little more than a year, Arthur's brother, Milt, took Hakan's route. Hakan spent most of his time on the farm after that.

Neither Arthur nor Hakan had drawn any money out of the business. They had not even taken out monthly wages for the work they did. All of the surplus, over running expenses, was used to improve and enlarge the business. As the business grew, it was necessary to hire more men. Milkers did all of the milking and deliverymen did all of the delivering.

Late in July, Arthur took Eva and Ella back to their home in Pima, so that Ella could get ready to attend school at Gila and Eva, although she wanted to go on to school, was pleaded with by Arthur to marry him soon. The setting of their wedding date was a tremendous problem for both of them. Arthur and even Eva's father was in favor of an early wedding. They felt that she should give up the idea of going further in school since her help was needed so badly at the dairy. Eva was deeply in love with Arthur but her thirst for knowledge and culture had only been quickened and made keener by the few contacts she had had with it. They both knew the question had to be settled before Arthur returned to Clifton.

The following night after their arrival home, Arthur took Eva for a ride and then to Wightman's Drug Store for a treat. It was almost eleven o'clock when they came back to Eva's home and stopped in the lane, northeast of the Anderson place. Each felt strongly that the plan should be according to his own wishes. Arthur contended that he had been in Clifton for so many years, away from every one he loved making their wedding stake, that now, surely after all he had done, Eva should want to come and help him make a success. Eva had been at the dairy for several months and saw it in its true picture, knowing it would not be a dream world. But, loving him so dearly, Eva gave in and said she would marry him soon under one condition, he would have to build them a private bedroom. Never was Arthur so surprised. He had not dreamed she would make such a request. He had pinched and saved and the thought of using his limited savings for something

right now that could be done without was not a light matter. *It just couldn't be.* With such a firm stand on his part, Eva became just as firm in her request and said, "If you cannot afford to build a bedroom now, we should not get married until you can afford to do it." The hours passed, the animals on the farm began to awaken, faint rays of the sun began to tinge the horizon, still Eva and Arthur talked. Arthur wanting their marriage to be financially secure but not wanting to wait and Eva knowing that love and happiness could not grow and even remain without a little privacy of their own. At last, Arthur's love for Eva overcame the strings on his pocket book. He'd work it out some way. Some way he'd manage the money. She would get a private bedroom and a nice one too. They then set their wedding date. They would be married on Eva's parents' wedding anniversary, the 27th of November. The sun was up and beginning to warm the earth as Arthur left Eva at her front door.

When Arthur returned to Clifton, Rilla and Laura went with him to cook for the men until school started. While the girls were there Laura's dresses became so worn that Rilla decided to do something about it. She bought some material and, after ripping one of Laura's old dresses apart, to use for a pattern, she made her sister a new dress exactly like the old one. Doing this showed Rilla's initiative and ability when she was a girl of fifteen.

Al Barney was hired to build the room. Arthur had him make it of rock stone, so that now the dairy would be a real rock house dairy. The original one, for which the name had been given, had served at first to store feed in but was cleared away when the corral was enlarged. Arthur specified that the roof should have a good pitch and be shingled, no more tin roofs for living quarters.

Eva and Sarah were busy in Pima planning a simple trousseau. They finished making an Irish Chain quilt which was made of red and green 'genuine boilfast' material. This quilt was Eva's greatest pride. They had made four muslin sheets and planned to make more. Some dresses, petticoats and other personal clothes had been made for Eva. The nicest dress was made of woven mohair, which had a nice sheen. The wedding dress had been planned for 'Aunt Cindy' to make when, to her surprise, Arthur came down, unexpectedly, to claim his bride. He had fulfilled his promise. The rock house was finished, and, also for a surprise, he had bought nice new furniture for it.

The men had been 'batching' since Rilla and Laura left for school

in September. With the room finished now, Hakan and Arthur, both, decided that an earlier wedding date would be best for everyone. It was the tenth of October when Arthur came and he was very insistent that the wedding should take place immediately. The big wedding, all of their plans and Eva's wonderful dreams were cast aside. Eva's father could not even come down from the dairy to give his eldest daughter away in marriage. In spite of these disappointments, Eva, with joy and love in her heart, returned to Clifton. This time as the bride, the mistress of the little Rock House Dairy.

All too soon, her wedding was only a lovely memory, like the sweetness of a mother's lullaby and like the radiance of a brilliant sunrise which once enjoyed is remembered with pleasure. With her now was the satisfaction of loving and being loved, but the struggle to succeed and the effort to make Arthur's dream a living reality had become uppermost in her life now.

Life at the dairy went on as before except that now Ella was not there to share the work with Eva. Arthur insisted that she be listed as cook and allowed a salary of $12.50 a month. Their social life consisted almost entirely of the greetings between them and the dairymen when they came to eat their meals on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and on each day, week after week. There seemed to never be an end to the work that had to be done.

At Christmas time, Eva went home for a week's holiday. She left the dairy with Arthur at three in the morning and rode with him on his milk route, until they reached a home-eating-house near the railroad station. It was the only lighted house in the early morning hours. Because of the eight hour shifts of the men who ate there, this house was always lighted. The woman who ran it, was one of Arthur's customers and Eva asked permission to stay there until seven, when the train was due. She went on the train as far as Guthrie, then changed to the stage coach at Solomonville. She transferred to another train to reach Pima. Although this was the fastest way to travel from Clifton to Pima, she was from three in the morning until six in the evening reaching her destination.

The Andersons were delighted to have Eva home again. They were so proud of her beautiful, navy-blue dress with its red trim. It had been bought at the A. C. Company Store in Clifton, especially for her to have for this visit, and Sarah thought it was the prettiest dress she ever had. Eva gloried in being home and away from all of the de-

mands of the dairy for a few days. It was good to be with her sisters and laugh and talk with them. Being home was almost all she had planned it might be but there was something different. It was hog-killing time and there was a mighty stir and bustle around the house. Never before had the strong, heavy odor of rendering the scraps and fat pieces into lard nauseated her. Without warning, it caught her whenever she came near the kitchen. Such a little thing as that could not mar her visit. She enjoyed her old associations. The week passed quickly, before it seemed possible the little respite had ended and she was back on Chase Creek. She now realized this was her home for where love is home is also.

The dairymen, but most of all Arthur, were happy to have Eva again preparing their food. Five meals were necessary because the milkers and deliverymen could only eat one meal, supper, together. In the evenings, when her work was done, Arthur had to work on the ledgers. Night after night, with the coal-oil lamp turned high, he systematically and laboriously posted his record of each quart of milk and cream delivered that day. Eva felt that the few hours Arthur might have had for rest or pleasure, he spent huddled over them, but Arthur thought the only conceivable way to run a business was to keep a complete and accurate record.

Arthur and his brother, Milton, had a closer companionship than most brothers. Arthur depended on Milt for so many things. Without him, Arthur would have had a more difficult time getting the dairy on a paying basis. Milt went to the valley for a visit in February 1903 and when he returned he surprised Arthur by announcing that he had been married and that his new bride, Mary Lambert, would join him later at the dairy. Although Arthur approved of his choice, the fact that Milt had not made any preparations for such an important step, made Arthur furious. There was no room for her at the dairy. The air was tense and electric between them for several days, but finally, the breach healed and the bond between them grew stronger than ever. Their father, Henry, brought Mary to Clifton after a place had been prepared for her and Milt. When Henry returned to Pima it pleased Sarah to have him say to her, "I'll tell you, Arthur's going to be a success. He's working hard and Hevvie's really helping him." To have a compliment from Henry was truly a compliment.

Early in May Eva confided to Arthur that they were going to have a baby. In the first part of June, Sarah with her children, Walter,

Rilla and Laura, came up to the dairy to take Hakan and Eva back to the valley. Hakan was needed on the farm and Eva was to stay until after the birth of her baby in August.

Womanlike, Sarah and Eva wanted to do some shopping in Clifton in the larger stores there. They rode to town in the white-topped buggy in which Sarah had driven to Clifton. Hakan and Walter went with them and Walter was allowed to drive the team. After their many errands had been completed and as they climbed into the buggy, Hakan pointed to a tremendous cloud in the sky and said with concern, "Whew! Look at that big black cloud! It's the roundest, blackest looking cloud I ever saw. Looks like we're in for a real storm. We'd better get back to the dairy in a hurry." With that, Hakan urged the horses, Maude and Buck, and they went up the canyon at a fast clip. These horses were two of Hakan's best travelers and they galloped swiftly along, seeming to sense that they were responsible for the safety of their owner and his family. In almost minutes, they arrived at the dairy. Eva, her mother, and Walter dashed into the kitchen, their arms full of bundles. Hakan hurriedly unharnessed the horses at the wagon-shed and took them to the protection of the rock walled corral. With all of their rush, they still felt some of the heavy force and weight of the cloud as it unleashed its torrent of rain.

As they came running into the room, Arthur rushed out and ran up the draw to bring the cattle down under the protection of the rock corral. It took only a few minutes for him to reach them but, even so, as the family watched in dismay, they saw the cow path had turned into a wild, flooding river. Only the heads and horns of the cows could be seen as they tried to reach higher ground. After swimming desperately and fighting for their lives, the cows gradually reached the corral, exhausted and frightened. Arthur recognized the viciousness of the storm and did not attempt to return on the trail but came back to the house over the hill. The family stood spellbound, watching the fury of the cloudburst. They saw the little stockade chicken coop, on the bluff above the cow trail, float away like a duck on a pond. Away went coop, chickens and all down into thick, swirling waters. As Art dashed back into the house, Hakan shouted, "Art, Art, come quick! There goes the well all to hell. Before their eyes, they saw the wall of thick, rushing water envelop the well and the little tin house that sheltered the gasoline pump engine. Like a dreadful nightmare, it all vanished and became nothing. There was instead only a wild,

roaring mass of boulders, torn trees, uprooted mesquites, floating pieces of wood and debris of all kind intermingled in the muddy, surging flood waters.

This date, June 10th, 1903, the day of the terrible cloud-burst, was a day written into their hearts like few other things would ever be in their entire life. Clifton, the town made by man, was all but washed from the earth. The giant, chugging concentrator, throbbing the pulse of the town was left a mass of twisted steel and broken pipes. Homes, big cafes, whole sections of town disappeared. A few people who tried to save their possessions were washed away without a trace. The Metcalf train was swept off its tracks and the coal-fed engine lay on its side in the mud and boulders. The railroad tracks, which ran along the canyon side across from the dairy, were badly damaged. It seemed a miracle that the Andersons and Eva were safe for, had they remained in Clifton only a few minutes more, they would have been right in the middle of the storm and in the path of the flood.

An important event took place that day in Morenci besides the storm that so demolished the neighboring town of Clifton. Morenci was just beginning to feel the power of the working masses. With their union organizer, the union workers were gathered in a body near the Morenci mine on strike. Sheriff Sparks was there to keep them under control. The leaders and friends were feeling a sense of power. They demanded higher wages, less hours and more benefits for labor. All of these demands were washed from their hearts as the heavy cloud burst upon their heads. They realized it was no ordinary storm. The strikers fled for their lives. Like a judgment from God, it sent them home penitent and thankful for life and the ability to work and live in this wonderful country. It was a few years before labor, again, could or had the courage to raise its voice and strike in Morenci.

During that summer, the huge dairy barn was built. To make the barn stronger, a contract was let to Mr. Harper to deliver extra long timbers from the Blue River Lumber Company. A track with a pulley was installed which permitted hay to be delivered to whichever part of the barn they wished. The barn also had self-feeding bins for the cattle. It was a beauty of a barn, with fifty stanchions for the cows. They built a shed for the new, up-to-date, specially built milk wagons, and an ice cooled aerator which they used to cool the milk. With these facilities the dairy was one of the most modern and best equipped dairies in Arizona.

(Top) At the Rock House Dairy in 1902. (Center pictures, left) Ella, Rilla and Eva. (Center) Hakan Anderson family in 1900. (Right) Walter in 1899. (Bottom) Vearl, Phyllis and Opal on Banty. Milt Lines delivering milk in 1902.

(Top) At the Concentrator after the flood. (Center) Miners gathered in Morenci June 10, 1903 before the Cloudburst. (Bottom, left) Homes damaged by storm. (Right) Metcalf train swept off the tracks.

Arthur was well pleased when he saw the Souvenir Edition of the "Arizona Bulletin." In it was a complimentary write-up that had been written by a reporter who had met Hakan and later wisited the Dairy. He wrote as follows:

"MORENCI AND CLIFTON DAIRY—Situated half-way between Clifton and Morenci, in an ideal spot, sheltered by the surrounding mountains, is the Morenci and Clifton Dairy, which was established in January 1902, by H. J. Anderson and his son-in-law, Arthur Lines.

"Mr. Anderson previous to that time lived in Pima, in the Gila Valley, where he still has one of the finest ranches in that fertile section, and from which they obtain hay and feed for the cows of the dairy.

"Forty-two head of stock are kept here, and something like eighty gallons of milk delivered daily in the two cities, which is delivered in Clifton by wagons and in Morenci by pack animals. Many a mile will have to be traveled before as fine a herd of milk cows are to be seen as those at this dairy. Fat, well kept, sleek and cleanly, it affords one pleasure to even see them.

"Anderson and Lines understand the dairy business thoroughly, devote their entire time and attention to it, look after every detail and are especially assiduous in pursuing all the best known rules of sterilization and the adoption of all that will render their product absolutely pure."

With all of the affairs of the dairy going well in spite of the damage from the flood, Eva was glad to return to the valley with her mother and father to have her baby. Life was not easy for her even at home, though, for a woman who was going to have a baby was neither to be seen nor heard of but, like a butterfly, suddenly emerged with a normal figure and a lovely baby. The time of hibernation was dreadful for Eva. She had been so starved for a little social life among her friends but Sarah curtailed her by saying: "Oh, no, Eva must remain at home while the rest of the family go to church." She could not think of attending one of the dances. "Goodness, what would people say?" She could not even go for a ride in the buggy. "Such a thing would be dangerous and most unladylike." It was a martyred Eva who sat home and waited and waited.

At last, on August 28th, 1903, a black, curly-haired baby girl was born. Arthur chose the name of Opal for her. Dr. Root attended Eva. The birth was difficult and Eva and her new baby were exhausted by it. The friends and relatives were particularly interested in the baby

as she was Eva and Arthur's first child, Hakan and Sarah's first grandchild and the Barney's first great-grandchild. Arthur had never been around a small baby before. It was a strange, new role for him to now be a father but, each day Eva noticed he enjoyed his baby daughter more. He would hold the wee one on his lap and think she was charming. After ten days enjoying this enrichening of their lives, he returned to the worry and work of the dairy.

With the baby's arrival, Eva soon felt the great love of her family that she had questioned when they left her at home alone. They were wonderful to her and she needed them, yes, every one of them. For, although Opal was a beautiful, fat little darling, she was "colicky" with all that the term implies. Her constant crying became so bad that they called in the Doctor for help. Doctors were seldom consulted then, unless the illness was critical, but they were desperate. It did little good but the doctor comforted them with the assurance that she would outgrow it. Ella and Rilla would wrap her in a little Indian shawl or navajo blanket depending on the temperature and take turns rocking the baby to relieve Eva. By the time she was four months old, Opal weighed 18 pounds and had four teeth but had never slept a full night without disturbing the family. After the Christmas holidays, Eva returned to the dairy with Arthur. Opal gradually improved. Her parents' love and devotion for her increased as she developed. Soon she was toddling around and was the pet of every one of the men.

These early days in Arizona were days when hard work and careful saving paid well. Those who worked and saved were able to acquire property and become independent. There were no big state or federal taxes to be paid to the government. Hakan and Arthur had done so well that Hakan and Milt started a dairy in Metcalf about a year and a half after the dairy in Clifton was purchased. These proved good investments for Hakan. When he sold his interest in the two dairies to Art in February 1904, he received eight thousand dollars in cash. Hakan felt that this was a nice return for his interest in the partnership and for his two years of hard work. It did include pay for feed furnished from his farm. Both Hakan and Arthur were well pleased with the dealings they had had together. They were sure that there had never been a more congenial partnership for there had not been one word of dissension between them.

Chapter XII

EVA AND ARTHUR (1903-1910)

The next few years of their married life, Arthur began to invest in other things besides dairies and the first sizeable investment was the purchase in 1903 of a herd of goats from Eb. Bryce. He rented these to 'Old Man' Warden who ran them with a herd of his own up in the hills near Metcalf.

When Opal was nearly two years old, all had been calm and quiet one afternoon as she played near the kitchen until she suddenly let out a frightened scream. As Eva rushed out of the house, she saw Bill Hundley running toward her holding Opal in his arms.

"My God," he cried, "It's bit her! A big black tarantula! It bit her!"

Eva could see the bright red gashes. Horrified, they all wondered what to do, for they realized the seriousness of such a bite. Eva acted quickly as she collected herself. She slashed the gash on her baby's thumb and the one on her pointer finger and squeezed and sucked on the gashes. The men helped her tie a string at Opal's wrist for a tourniquet and they twisted it with a nail. The only medicine they had that might possibly be helpful was H. H. H. Liniment and they continued to squeeze and massage the wounds and pour on the liniment. When Arthur arrived in about a half hour from his route and learned of the poisonous bites, he whirled the horse and cart around and raced for town to get a doctor. The three doctors were all busy on cases. In an hour he returned without a doctor but one of them had given him some medicine to use and told him if the child had not had spasms or convulsions when he reached home that she would probably be all right and that they could bring her to his office the next day if she needed further atention. By the time Arthur returned, Opal was feeling and acting perfectly normal. In her childish way, she was explaining to her mother that she had picked up the big bug because she thought it was her little pet, 'Black Biddy.' Black Biddy was Opal's favorite of the few little baby chickens Eva's hen had at the dairy.

They were grateful the crude first aid saved her life. Burns caused by the liniment were quite deep and slow to heal.

Both Eva and Arthur met and talked to a lot of people in the next few months and heard from them stories of the wonderful things that were to be seen and enjoyed in large cities. As they worked long hours each day, they found themselves dreaming of trips they might take to see some of these wonderful places. The weekly newspaper, "The Copper Era," lured them on with a series of articles telling of the exciting events to take place during the Lewis and Clark Exposition, which was to be held in Portland, Oregon that August. The final and most tempting 'come-on' was made by the Narrow-gauge Railroad and the Southern Pacific Railroad Company for they announced special excursion rates with a 30 day grace period for sight seeing. The railroad fare was to be $50.00 per person round trip for coach travel. They wanted to go so badly but weren't sure they should. After careful study of their finances, Arthur announced that they could afford to take the trip and for Eva to start getting the things she would need. Hakan and Sarah hoped to make the same trip later in September.

Eva went to Pima to have some clothes made for the wonderful vacation and trip they were going to take. While she was at her parents' home, Sarah had her seventh and last child born to her at the age of forty-four. On the 24th of May, 1905 was born a second most welcome son. He was named Almon Guy for Hakan's old friend in Utah, Almon Guy Robison. Guy's birth truly proved an added joy and blessing to his parents and family.

The morning of the Lines' departure on the excursion, it seemed the whole town of Clifton was at the railroad station. Art and Eva pushed their way through the crowd after getting their luggage checked and found empty wooden seats on one of the coaches. By the time the train pulled out of the station, there was hardly standing room inside the cars. At Lordsburg, New Mexico, they changed to a main line train and Arthur, who always liked to go first class, bought pullman seats. This was their first experience with such new fangled affairs. It was terribly hot in Lordsburg in August, but these three did not mind the heat since they were quite used to it. They were thankful for the beds, such a luxury to sleep while you traveled, and the breeze as the train rolled along was pleasant. This pleasure was short-lived, for just as they reached Tucson, there was a jerking and groaning of brakes. The train stopped and didn't move again the rest of the long, hot night.

The brakes had suddenly developed a 'hot box.' In the early morning, the train was able to move on toward California.

When they reached the Los Angeles station, some of the leading hotels had busses to provide free transportation for the tourists. The Rosslyn Hotel was the one the Lines family went to because it was one of the best hotels in Los Angeles and they were impressed with the Hotel Barker who called out, "The Rosslyn Hotel, fine, large rooms, dining room service of the first class, careful attention given to all their customers, etc." Marco Polo in his many trips to the East Indies could have been hardly more impressed with the wonders he saw than Arthur and Eva were in the wall mirrored dining rooms, the tables set with gleaming silver on beautiful white linen. The service was excellent and they enjoyed the luxury of it all. They soon realized that these exciting experiences were costing money for Arthur told Eva, "It's costing us about ten dollars a day, but it's worth it." And Eva agreed.

While in Los Angeles they took a side excursion to Catalina Island. They went in a party with Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Webb and Mr. and Mrs. Pearl McBride. They stayed two nights and had time to enjoy swimming at the beach, riding the glass bottom boat and seeing the natural beauty of this uncommercialized island which lay basking in the sun. It had been rough when they went on the boat to Catalina and so many were sea sick there weren't even enough places for the sick ones to lie down. Coming back was smooth and she was relieved for Eva thought she wouldn't want to ever be as sick again as she was going over.

They stopped next in San Francisco and saw some of the sights. They rode the cable cars to China town and Nob Hill. The steep winding streets and the mixture of races reminded them of their towns of Clifton and Morenci. When they reached Portland, they went everywhere and tried to see everything. The Exposition with all its wild elaborate programs and exhibits; the huge crowds; the vendors selling everything including little Japanese silk handkerchiefs with bright pictures of Lewis and Clark and the Centennial gaudily printed across them. These handkerchiefs took Eva's eye. She bought several of them to take home for mementos. They took a river boat trip up the Columbia River past the locks and from there went by train to Le Grande, Oregon where they visited with Uncle Hyrum Weech's family. He showed them a wonderful time and even took them fishing. Hyrum Weech had left Arizona because, after pioneering there with the very first, he felt the Union Ditch Water Company usurped the water rights of the original

settlers and so he said he would go to Oregon where the rainfall would keep things growing, and they would not need water rights.

From there they went to Berkeley, California and visited Emily Lines' oldest sister, Sarah, and her family. They were shown all the sights possible and enjoyed meeting these relatives. When they reached Utah, they visited Hakan's relatives and each one of them extenedd themselves to show their Arizona relations a good time.

In early September, Arthur, Eva and Opal returned to Pima filled to over flowing with the thrill of all they had done and seen. Both the Lines and Anderson families gathered together at the Henry Lines home after meeting them at the station in order to hear an account of their travels. They were all very interested in hearing of the sights and places that had been seen by their loved ones and specially the wonderful visits they had had with relatives. Their description of the Exposition at Portland made Hakan and Sarah even more eager to take the same trip at this time. They had discussed it some before and were partly responsible for Arthur and Eva becoming interested in going.

Ella was planning to be married in the Salt Lake Temple at the time of October Conference and they wanted to make quite a trip of it and go with Ella and Isaac Blake, the young man who had been almost like a son for several years and was now going to be their son-in-law. Isaac had come to Arizona from his home in Provo, Utah with a Richardson family and he lived with them at first. About 1898, he started living at the Anderson home and working for Hakan. After two or three years, Isaac returned to Utah for awhile but Arizona appealed to him more so he came back to the Andersons. He had been interested in Ella before but there had been nothing serious and they had both gone out with others. After his return, they seemed to realize quite soon that their feeling for each other was love and so were to be married in October.

Eva offered to return to Pima when they were ready to leave so as to help Rilla take care of things. Eva had appreciated all the help they had given her when Opal was a fretful, 'colicky' baby and she was willing to try to help them now. When the family started on their trip the middle of September, there was quite a variety in ages from Hakan, who was forty-seven to baby Guy, just four months old. Besides these two Sarah, Ella, Isaac and the two other small children, Laura and Walter made the trip. Nora was very hurt that they should permit even Laura to go and not her. She had desperately wanted to see the sights and ride on the train. Childlike she refused to help with the work while

her parents were gone. She took her vengeance out on the ones left behind with her. Her sisters sympathized with her to the extent that they thought it easier to let her have a vacation than to force her to help them when she felt so abused.

While they were all gone, Eva and Rilla decided to give the house a thorough cleaning and surprise the travelers on their return. They sold the butter, eggs, vegetables and even the watermelons and with the money bought paint and calcimine. When they were finished the house was clean from top to bottom. Every inch was either scrubbed, painted or calcimined. For some of the windows, they even made new curtains. They were proud of all they had accomplished and anxious for their parents to return and see how fine the home looked.

On the approximate date that they expected Hakan and Sarah to arrive home, they cooked a big chicken dinner and went in the buggy to meet them at the station but their loved ones were not on the train. They made the same preparations the second day but they did not arrive. The third day, they were reluctant to do it but again prepared for their arrival and still they didn't come. On the fourth day, the girls were so tired of chicken and of waiting unrewarded at the station that they agreed if their family arrived that night they would just have to manage their own way home from the depot and so they did. Andy Carlson, the mail carrier, drove them home and told them as he did about the girls' disappointment the other nights when the girls had been there and they had failed to arrive.

Hakan and Sarah had been gone seven weeks. As they walked into their home, they proudly looked over the house and said, "Well it's all ours." Neither of them made any comment nor seemed to notice the results of all their daughters' work. As the days passed, Sarah and Hakan became more like themselves, praising and thanking the girls for all they had done. The girls told them, "Why you didn't even act like we had done anything, the night you came home." To which Sarah said, "Well I was just too glad and happy to be home to realize that I didn't mention how beautiful the house looked." And Hakan added, "I was thankful to be back in our very own home and back on the farm so I could get back to work again. You girls had everything so nice, I guess, I didn't tell you how good everything looked." The girls forgot then their disappointment.

Ella and Isaac returned from their honeymoon a few days later. They had been married October 4, 1905 after they had all been to

California and Portland. After the marriage they all visited the relatives living in Utah. Hakan and Sarah enjoyed seeing again old friends as well as members of their families. They also met Isaac's family. Ella and Isaac prolonged their stay somewhat because they did not expect to see these folks very soon again. After they returned to Pima plans were made for a big wedding reception to honor the bride and groom. The house was already shining and when Hakan purchased a few pieces of new furniture, it had a far different appearance than just three years earlier at Eva's simple wedding. Seventy-five guests attended the reception and included in this group were President Andrew Kimball and his wife, Olive. One number on the program, at her parents' request, was a reading by Eva. She had stayed in Pima until after the party was over so that she could help them make preparations for it. They were all well pleased and happy with the success of this party.

Now that the reception was over, Eva returned to the dairy with Opal. They didn't have long to stay away from Pima though for Arthur decided they should rent a livery outfit and drive down to Pima in style to spend the Christmas holiday. They paid three dollars a day for the fine rubber-tired buggy drawn by a span of the best trotters from Jud Webster's Livery Stable so it cost them thirty dollars for the ten days but it was well worth it. Arthur needed the rest and he took pride in bringing his family home in style.

Eva did not go back to the Rock House Dairy again to live but went instead to the Metcalf Dairy for Milt had sold his interest in that dairy to Arthur as part payment for a half interest in the Rock House Dairy. As sole owners of the dairy in Metcalf, Eva and Arthur for the first time since they were married had a private little home of their own. The dairy was small but as a business it was a little gold mine. It only required one helper and they enjoyed happy days there because they enjoyed more freedom and lived less strenuously.

Arthur did all of the delivering. He rode one horse, 'Old Blue,' which was a beauty and so gentle, and led another horse packing the milk cans. Each morning about seven, as Arthur returned from his delivery, he would find waiting for him his little brown eyed daughter, Opal. When she wakened she wanted to hurry and get dressed so she could go meet papa. Eva would help her and as soon as her clothes were on and the snarls combed out of her thick, almost black curls, away little Opal would run, never stopping until she had reached the

farthest spot from which her mother could still see her and there she would wait patiently. When her papa rode around the point of the hill Old Blue would stop at Opal's side as Arthur leaned down and lifted the little girl up into the saddle and, as they rode to the house, Opal would chatter on to her papa. Just the sound of her voice, so happy to have him home again, gave Arthur joy. Old Blue seemed to enjoy his part in their daily meeting.

Arthur's next investment was the purchase of one hundred and fourteen acres of land from his Uncle Hyrum through Dave Weech, Hyrum's oldest son. This deal was concluded May 10, 1906. The farm was located just east and across the lane from the Anderson ranch. Part of the land was under cultivation, planted to barley and alfalfa; but most of it was uncleared, unleveled and covered with underbrush and mesquites. The price paid was $3100.00. Very soon he and Eva decided to make their home in the valley, in Pima, their old home town. They arranged to rent the William Ransom house but had to repair and repaint it before they would move into it. Arthur told Eva to order everything she thought they would need from a catalogue. They took possession in July and with a house full of new furniture, a 52 piece set of porcelain dishes and their beautiful, little Opal. Eva felt it was all wonderful. The worst drawback was having to carry every drop of water they used from a well a block away. However, Eva with her 'side winder' washing machine, for which the power for the agitator and the wringer was furnished by the arm of the operator, felt she had quite a luxury.

They were very pleased to get settled in this house at this time for there was going to be an addition to the family in September and Arthur, true to his English background, thought boys had a slight edge. Eva, knowing how much she had been required to do in the absence of brothers, also hoped for a son. They were both happy when their wishes were fulfilled by the birth of Vearl the second of September, on a Sunday afternoon. Sister McFate and Sarah helped with the birth. Arthur had come down from the dairy to be with Eva and he, like Hakan, waited anxiously until they could see this new baby boy. To say which was more pleased, the father or the grandfather, would be difficult. Arthur beamed with pride and Hakan sat by Eva's side and patted her hand. Tears of gratitude and thanksgiving were running down his cheecks like raindrops on a window pane. She was tired and needed rest, but Hakan was so full of happiness to have a grandson

as well as a granddaughter that he could not leave her. In the afternoon, after church service, all their relatives, Arthur's father and mother, his brothers and sisters and all the Anderson family came to see the new-born son. He was named Vearl Arthur for his father and grandfather Anderson.

Unlike Opal, who had been so miserable and difficult to take care of the first four months, Vearl seemed to be perfectly adjusted from the beginning. He was a healthy baby and easy to take care of. His eyes were as blue as the early morning September sky but it took months before even a sign of hair appeared on his little bald head. It then came in very blonde. During the following winter, Arthur spent much of his time at the dairies. He came to the valley as often as he could to see his family and supervise the farm. One of his specially planned trips was for Christmas holiday. Opal was three and a half and she hung her stocking eagerly anticipating Santa's visit. When Arthur saw Opal's toys, he scrutinized them and said to Eva, "Are you sure that is all Opal wanted?"

The weeks sped by; as baby Vearl grew more active he rode in the wicker buggy when Eva made her trips to town while Opal skipped along the side or ahead of them down the path. Vearl was never still a minute and Eva sometimes found when she reached her destination that the baby had kicked and rubbed his feet together so vigorously that one shoe or both had been kicked off and then tossed out of the buggy. Even though she watched him carefully he managed to do this quite regularly.

Eva's rearing had taught her to be economical and practical above all else. It sometimes required real self control to pass Aunt Cindy's Dress and Millinery Shop that was now on the north side of the Weech store building. The beautiful dresses and hats displayed in the window were so attractive. She knew she could get along without these material things while they were making such an effort to buy a home but her desire to have beautiful clothes while she was young was strong within her. Just to have given in to this yearning once in awhile would have been deeply satisfying.

Just a short time before Eva and Arthur moved to Pima, Hakan had made a purchase in Globe of some land for him and Isaac Blake to establish a dairy there. He sold some of it for homesites as he had more than was needed for the dairy's use but the biggest sale was to the

railroad for its right of way. Ella and Isaac made their home in Globe for several years running this fine dairy.

The following year Arthur purchased the George Sims home, July 1907. This was located on the corner of the old original Henry Lines home. Hyrum Weech owned the adjoining lot and had saved this location for his sister Emily's family. It was on the main street and the house that was now on it had first been built and used as the S. J. Sims Furniture Store. George Sims later remodeled it and used it for his home. However, before Arthur and Eva took possession, they stored their furniture in Aunt Cindy's old Millinery Shop for she had moved her business, they packed their clothing and took their two children with them on a trip to San Francisco to attend the Fair. Rilla went with them. Her parents tried to give their children equal opportunities and they thought it was her turn to have a trip.

Hakan had always wanted his children to take in all there was to see and enjoy, this was particularly true if they were going on a trip but it surprised them when he bid farewell this time for he cautioned them, "There is only one thing I want to warn you against and that is those new fangled contraptions called automobiles. I hope you'll stay out of them. I think they are dangerous."

When they were in Los Angeles, a barker came in the Rosslyn Hotel enticing the guests to take a sight seeing tour in a horseless carriage. In spite of everything Hakan had said they went to see the sights. Eva and Rilla were quite nervous all of the trip and conscience smitten too. It seemed the bus flew over the ground so fast that they hardly dared breath. They feared the bus would go smashing into one of the wobbly horse drawn vegetable carts that were numerous on the streets and they were so frightened for their own safety that they hardly saw any sights. It was with great relief and a prayer of thanksgiving that they climbed out of the noisy, open air bus. Rilla expressed the feelings of both as she exclaimed, "Oh, what would we have done, what would Pa have said, if anything had happened to us while we were riding in that contraption?" Later when they told Hakan of their frightening experience he had a good laugh.

After their stay in San Francisco, they took a train for Salt Lake City and attended the October Conference of the Church. The children had to be taken care of so that Eva could only go part of the time when Rilla stayed with Opal and Vearl. It was inspiring to see the church in action. To see the church leaders who had in many ways

directed their lives. They stayed in a hotel and Aunt Nora Ross, Hakan's sister, and her husband Andrew Ross came to Salt Lake City to visit with them and show them many points of interest including the Salt Lake Playhouse where they attended plays. At one of these they sat behind George Q. Cannon, one of the Apostles. The Rosses were well acquainted with many of the leaders who had visited in their home when fulfilling church assignments in Joseph City and they introduced their relatives from Arizona to Elder Cannon. Eva and Rilla admired their Uncle Andrew and were impressed with his poise. To them it was very evident that he must have a great deal of money to do the things he did.

This experience of taking the children with them on the trip involved so many problems that it taught Eva and Arthur a well learned lesson. They promised themselves that they would never again go any place with small children. They kept this promise with only one exception later on Eva's part.

On their return to Pima, they moved into the house they had bought and began having it made more comfortable. There were four rooms and a good sized storage closet. The worst handicap was not having water piped in the house or even on their lot but there was a well on the adjoining lot and much nearer than it had been at the Ransom house. A carpenter finished the rooms off better to make the house more comfortable and put a spindle railing around the front porch with a gate, this was to help take care of the little children. A painter painted the woodwork inside the house a light green and all of the outside was painted a light cream. The papering of three of the rooms was done by Arthur and Eva. When they had finished it was far from being one of the best homes in town but it was as nice as most of them and they were delighted with it and they felt very proud to have it for their home.

When they first moved there the yard was weedy and unkempt but they worked together and soon had a nice garden growing which produced most of the vegetables they needed. Eva was pleased when one of the neighbor girls said, "This yard was so weedy when you came here that I didn't think you could grow a garden ever but I believe it is the best in town."

The irrigation ditch in front of the house was one of the largest in Pima. Day after day it ran full of water for the farms below to irrigate with. Eva depended on the white picket fence and gate to keep Opal

and Vearl from falling into this ditch. With men working on the house it was harder than ever to keep her eye on the children and also keep the gate fastened. One day while the outside was being painted, Vearl who was then about a year and a half old, came toddling out. The gate was open so he seized the chance to wander through on out to the ditch. In a moment he had fallen into the swiftly moving water. Like a guardian angel the painter, Wallace East, glanced that way just as he fell in the ditch. He jumped from the top of the porch and ran to the ditch, waded in and pulled out the child. Eva and Arthur were humbly grateful that their baby had been saved from drowning. It was more firmly fixed in their minds how fortunate they had been when two years later a small child was drowned in that ditch.

Just after the work on the house had been completed and the rug laid in the living room, a delivery wagon arrived from the furniture store in Safford. They unloaded from the wagon an elaborate Victorian desk, four big comfortable rocking chairs and a round center table. This furniture was Arthur's surprise gift to Eva for their home. She was never more surprised or more pleased with a gift.

In 1908 Arthur was appointed road inspector for Graham County which included what is now Greenlee County. This required so much of his time that he could not devote much of his attention to the dairies. He had Dave Matthews, who had married Eva's Aunt Chloe Barney, run the Metcalf Dairy and Roy Kelly to whom he and Milt had sold one third interest in the Rock House Dairy, help manage that dairy. The name of the Rock House Dairy had been changed and was now called the W. A. Lines Company. Arthur rode in a rubber tired one-seated buggy driving a span of thoroughbred, brown trotters as he went between his several interests. He was still a young man, only twenty-eight, and most of his efforts had rewarded him well.

As the fall season arrived with the frost nipping the vegetation, Arthur remained in Pima anticipating the arrival of their third child. Eva had labor pains begin and stop two nights in succession but the third night when Sister McFate, the mid-wife, who had assisted at Vearl's birth, came for the third time the pains continued all night and, although they became intense the following day, Eva was still not delivered. Her mother, watching and suffering for her, grew fearful and anxious. She could see that even Eva's life as well as the unborn child's might be taken. She questioned Sister McFate, asking her if there wasn't something she could do to give Eva relief, but the mid-

wife replied that 'she was not licensed to administer an anesthetic so she could do nothing more, that Eva was in the hands of God.'

Now Sarah's faith was firm and strong but she felt there were times when you had to help yourselves to enable God to help you. In desperation she rushed to the Pima Drug Store and bought some chloroform. She herself administered to her daughter through a gauze funnel over Eva's nose the rest and sleep giving liquid. After a period of relaxation, the birth was accomplished. The new baby born the 27th of October, 1908, was a second girl with dark hair. Eva had a very slow recovery. She had needed the help of a good obstetrician but she had not even had a good doctor to make this difficult birth easier. Safford seemed so far to have a doctor come and the mid-wife had managed well with Vearl so she had felt confident this birth would be the same but never again did she deprive herself of the best doctor available. Time and nature improved Eva's health and when Dr. Dryden moved to Pima a few months later his care also helped but it was at least a year before she felt normal again.

Opal and Vearl stayed at their Grandpa Anderson's until after the baby was born. When they were brought back home, Opal, who was always demonstrative, rushed in holding a little tin picture and said, "This is for my precious baby sister." Rilla stayed with the family until Eva began to regain some of her strength. The name Phyllis was given to the baby girl by Arthur. He had seen a stage play in Clifton in which the leading lady was a nurse named Phyllis. It had impressed him so much that he wanted that name used now for his new daughter. When the name was written on her certificate of blessing they spelled it 'Filis' supposing it was spelled the way it sounded.

The little tin trunk that had so gaily held Eva's trousseau was in almost constant use. It was the proud holder of the baby clothes, both before and after the arrival of each baby. The baby carriage had more rugged use so there were several of those. They were each of wicker and served in many ways to help in the care of the babies. Each baby was rocked and wheeled to sleep in a buggy as well as transported to town, to visit and to church in one.

By this time Arthur's brothers, Joseph and Milton, owned the store that had formerly belonged to their Uncle Hyrum. They had bought his stock and were renting the building from him. Joseph was in charge of it. In 1908 Milt and Arthur purchased the building and in January of 1909 Art bought one-third of the stock also. Instead of

being the Weech Opera House on the second floor, it now became known as the Lines Opera House.

Another purchase made by Arthur in 1909 was all of Mr. Warden's goats. He had bought a squatter's right on Markham Creek, which was located a few miles north of Bryce. The Warden herd and his own were then moved to this grazing land. Arthur had three camps for the herders to run the goats from. The only one accessible by any way other than horseback or afoot was the lowest one. Most of these next years there was enough rain for good feed so the goats did well.

Eva found that feeding Phyllis was indeed a problem. It was not that she had trouble getting her to eat her food, because she ate good and even learned to feed herself without too much trouble, but one day after she had eaten all she wanted, Phyllis began plastering her hair with what was left. It must have given her some sort of satisfaction to have her mother not only have to thoroughly clean her after this little trick but have to take the high chair outside and scrub it as well; for she would do it from then on after every meal unless she was watched every minute. Eva later remarked, "That might have been the reason her hair was so curly."

About May in 1909, Phyllis caught a severe cold which settled in the gland on the right side of her throat. The gland grew larger and larger until the doctor thought it wise to lance the swollen section. Instead of releasing infection this seemed to cause it to spread through her body and she, like Job, was plagued with boils. There was first a big one on the back of her neck which drained and drained, then the infection spread until her little head became a mass of them. Eva carried her around on a small pillow. The summer heat grew more intense as the days passed. With Phyllis very ill and the frame house very hot, Eva desired to go up in the foothills of Mt. Graham in hopes that the cooler climate would help the baby's health.

Ben Blake, Isaac's baby brother, was visiting the Andersons. Hakan suggested that Ben and Laura take Eva and her family up to the Flume Camp where they could stay until the baby improved. This place was used as a camping site and it was just a few miles past Cluff's Ranch. The wooden box flume carried the timbers down from the lumber mill in swiftly running water. It had been built years earlier by valley men who had dreams of becoming wealthy from selling the lumber they could get from these mountains.

Ben drove them up in Hakan's fine wagon with one of his best

teams. When they reached there Ben stayed until he had made a floor and boxed up the sides of it to fit a canvas wagon top then he and Laura returned to Pima. This tent room served as the bedroom and living room and the cooking was done over an open fire near the flume under some nice shade trees. The cooler days and nights helped baby Phyllis to improve rapidly but the three children kept Eva very busy.

One morning as Eva was cooking breakfast, Vearl, who had little fear, went seeking adventure. When he came to the flume, he climbed up the wooden supports to the top of the flume and crawled into the cold, rushing water. It was only a few minutes later that Winifred Moody, who was camped a little farther down, came running into Eva's camp carrying her cold and dripping wet son. He had been surprised to catch a glimpse of a little white head rocking and waving in the current of the water. Fortunately he was able to catch the child before he was dumped with the lumber. It seemed Vearl's guardian angel watched him well for this was his second rescue from almost certain death. When the worst summer heat was over Phyllis was so much better that Arthur came up after his family and took them home in his fancy buggy drawn by his fast trotters.

The beginning of the family's schooling was made that fall when Opal began the first grade. A few weeks later in September 1909 Arthur's youngest brother, John, was married to Mabel Allen in the bride's parents' home. It had been carefully planned and was one of the most beautiful weddings held in Pima. Opal and Clara Allen were the flower girls. Opal with her long, black curls and dark brown eyes made a picture her parents never forgot. Arthur and Eva's wedding gift was a Singer sewing machine.

It was this year that Arthur made a desert entry on one thousand acres of land at Red Knolls. He and a few other farmers dreamed of taking the Smithville Extension down through this desert waste land. Finally, after putting a lot of money into it, the project was given up. Even out of this failure came some good though, for the ditch had been extended beyond Art's farm in Pima and gave him much better water rights for that farm. He began to realize that even though you work with all your might you will not always succeed.

Hakan and Sarah had a wedding in the family this year as well as Emily and Henry when their son John was married. Rilla and Joseph Farley were married in the Salt Lake Temple October 7, 1909. They were accompanied by Nora for in an effort to be just and fair with

their children to a point that was almost extreme, they thought this would compensate for her missing the trip to San Francisco with them on the way to Salt Lake for Ella's wedding and the trip Rilla made with Eva and Arthur. The three of them stayed in Salt Lake for October Conference and returned home by way of Los Angeles.

For Thanksgiving all the Andersons gathered together for a big dinner and while there planned Rilla's wedding reception. It was given December 7, and Hakan and Sarah were happy they could honor their third daughter and her bridegroom with such a lovely affair. Arthur and Eva gave them a two year old heifer which, although unusual, was practical.

Joseph had worked at the dairy for Isaac before he married Rilla. After their marriage he started working in the railroad shops in Globe. They built a home on a lot adjoining the Anderson and Blake Dairy or as it was also known, The Pioneer Dairy. (Later he ran a dairy that Hakan bought on the other side of the wash. After that was sold the Farley family moved to Thatcher.)

Eva seemed to have inherited her father and grandfather's love for music. She and Arthur felt very proud that Christmas when they became owners of a Story and Clark upright piano. To make Eva happier, Arthur had requested that a hand carved wreath be added to the front panel. This little carving cost an additional fifty dollars, the price of a good cow then, but the joy it gave Eva made it well worth that. The piano cost six hundred dollars. It added a special thrill to that yule season.

There were living in Morenci, at this time, a large colony of Italians, who liked to buy goat meat. In February, an Italian butcher, a regular customer of Arthur's, bargained for a bunch of mutton goats. Art hired a Mexican to drive the goats from the goat herd on Markham Creek on over the mountains to Morenci and deliver them to the butcher. He took the Mexican out to help him get started. Days passed and he assumed the goats had been delivered until he received a phone call from the irate butcher wanting to know why they had not arrived. Art was very upset. He made preparations to leave early the next morning to hunt for the missing goats. As he slept he dreamed of seeing the lost goats feeding in a little meadow over a hill from the regular trail. The next day, as he rode over the hills tracking the goats, he remembered his dream and as he reached the hill he had seen in his dream, he rode up to the top and looked over, hardly expecting to

find anything. To his surprise, there in the exact spot were his goats lazily grazing. The Mexican never came for his pay but he returned the horse to the dairy. Art decided he must have overslept one morning and let them get away from him.

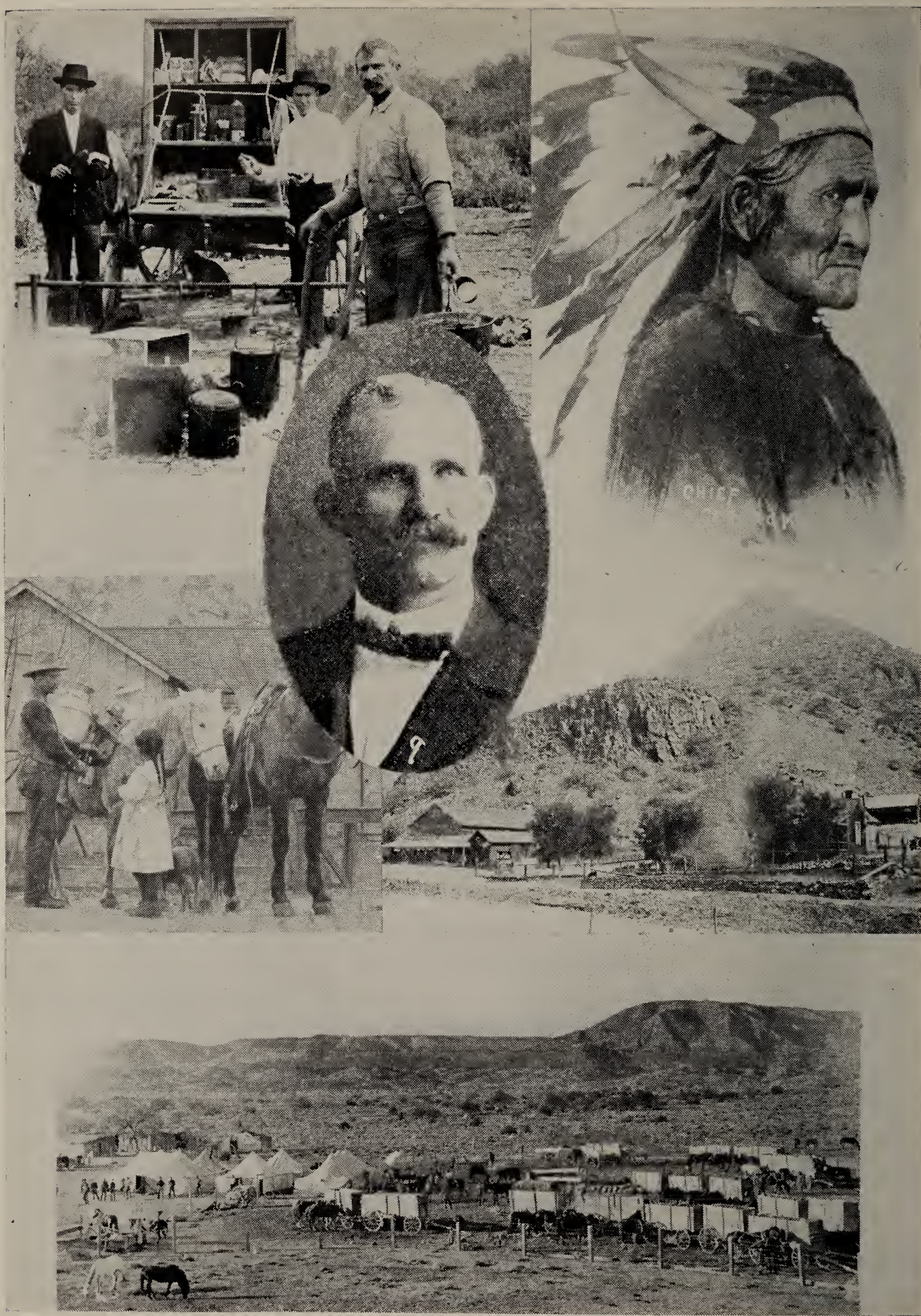
Arthur was not a man to believe in dreams and he always laughed and said this was the only dream he ever had that came true. Eva, on the contrary, had received from her mother's people the superstitious belief that dreams forewarned her of events. She was years in overcoming this but Arthur, with his disbelief in dreams and their power, finally helped her throw this off.

Soon after Arthur left Pima to locate his goats, Phyllis became suddenly very ill. The town's regular doctor was out of town and a young doctor was taking his place. When he came to see the sick baby, he recognized immediately that she had the dreaded children's disease, Diphtheria. Opal and Vearl were rushed to the Anderson home to have them away from the highly infectious disease. The young doctor was as concerned as Eva and he came five times in one day to swab the phlegm out that was so nearly closing her breathing passage.

The doctor at last admitted that in spite of all he was doing the child was steadily growing worse. He brought with him some anti-toxin which he had hesitated to use if she could recover without it. He said to Eva, "Well, Mrs. Lines, this is a new medicine but it's highly recommended. I don't want to use it without your consent but if you approve, I'll try it." Eva could see the baby was rapidly losing ground and so she readily consented. The doctor administered the serum and they watched the reaction of it on the little one. Like a miracle, within thirty minutes the child's laborious breathing had become relaxed and easy. Greatly relieved, the doctor assured Eva her baby would live.

This illness had been a severe strain on Eva. Arthur did not get back from his trip until the crisis had passed. The nights had been eternities of anxiety. Eva became so fatigued she could hardly keep her eyes open but she had to be constantly at the baby's side. She would set the alarm to ring in fifteen minutes and for a brief time feel she could shut her eyes for a moment of rest. After the serum had been given, the baby's recovery was so rapid that in a short time they could scarcely believe that she had so recently been at death's door. Her body seemed now to have completely thrown off the infection that had weakened her ever since the first swelling of the gland in her neck. Phyllis was from this time on a healthy child.

Pima Public School (Top, left); Pima Baseball Team (Right). Baseball crowd in Pima, 1899 (top, center); Arthur's first Ford, 1912 (center); Eva and friends (center right); Pima Square from in front of Church.



(Top, left) Cooking for Round-up; (Right) Geronimo, Apache Indian Chief. (Inset) W. T. Webb. Assemblyman. (Center, left) Sam Lines delivering milk in 1902. (Right) Metcalf Dairy in 1905. Freighters at Camp Geronimo in 1896.

Chapter XIII

EVA AND ARTHUR (1910-1916)

For a number of years the town of Pima was unrivaled in the celebrations they put on and these were usually the biggest when they observed Pioneer Day, the twenty-fourth of July, in commemoration of the entrance into Salt Lake Valley of the first party of Mormon pioneers. There were a few years transpired in which the celebrations were either not held or were not as successful as the former ones had been. In 1910 they became concerned at the lethargy of the people in this regard and enough of them began to think something should be done that they got a great deal of enthusiasm aroused and made plans to hold a big one that year. Leaders in this movement included the same men who had earlier conducted and led out in the Civil Government Classes. Eva was a member of the committee that planned and organized this big event. Her principal responsibility was to work in the collecting of funds to cover the cost of the expenditures involved.

The day's celebration began as usual with this community's traditional firing of several balls of cannon about sunrise. From that moment on, as if by a touch of magic, Pima became a town bustling with activity. Each family hurriedly did their morning chores and rushed to the center of town to assume their responsibilities in the success of the celebration. Each organization in the Pima Ward was responsible for a float or a group entry in the parade. This required the labor of almost every active member in town.

At ten o'clock all was in readiness and the parade started from the railroad tracks north down main street four blocks to the corner where Eva and Arthur's home was located then west one block, south a block and east a block to the main street where it retraced its line of march one block south to the Square. A brass community band led the parade and to have one, W. T. Webb and Phil Merrill had persuaded every man in Pima who could play an instrument to join their group. The M. I. A. was represented by twelve boys and twelve girls, chosen for

this special day of the month. They were trained by Fred Webb, superintendent of the M. I. A. Dressed in white shirts and blouses with black pants on the boys and black riding skirts on the girls, riding horses with flower bedecked martingales, they made a dashing appearance. The floats represented the organizations well and the judges selected as the most outstanding float the one made by the Sunday School. Allie Stinson, Mahala Norton and Will McBride, with the help of others, had spent days making this one of a swan gliding on a lake. The horse drawn rack was transformed into a beautiful blue lake while a cracker barrel and many rolls of crepe paper produced a beautiful white swan. The Relief Society women dressed in white marched in the parade and the last section was a group of pioneer wagons typifying the manner in which not only the earlier pioneers had crossed the wide plains of the United States but the way most of these people or their parents had reached the Gila Valley. As the parade of pioneers reached the square, a sham battle between a band of fierce, wild Indians and the pioneers was depicted. Wild savage yells rent the air and Indian arrows and tomahawks flashed in the battle. The pioneers emerged successful and the program for the day proceeded as planned.

Typical of the residents of Pima, when they attempted a project, they all gave their very best. The entire valley had been invited to celebrate with them and many came. The streets were lined with spectators. A huge bower of greens had been built on the square as covering for the guests while they watched the afternoon sports. Hollis Holliday was the 'Marshall of the Day' and he had asked Arthur to be his assistant. They rode beautiful horses which also had flower decorated martingales. The afternoon was a close schedule of sports with foot races, horse races and then, as a climax, a big baseball game. Eva beamed with pride as she watched Arthur help Hollis conduct the afternoon events. She noticed how straight and beautifully he rode their favorite horse, Old Banty. Arthur was now thirty and Eva knew how pleased and happy he was to have had Hollis want his help. Yet, she knew too his feeling of modesty and shyness and his reluctance to be before the public. This was about the biggest performance he ever made before so many. He preferred a less conspicuous role.

Sitting together under the bower were two typical little boys of Pima. One was four and the other five. The younger child, a blue eyed towhead, had a smile that seemed to catch the heart of those who saw

him. Arthur, riding in and out of the crowd, keeping the various sports and activities under way, kept close watch on these two boys. Eva was also very interested in them and she overheard Richard Layton, Sr. discussing the success of the celebration with some friends. He pointed out the two little boys and said, "The little fellow is Art's boy and the dark haired boy is Hakan's." Eva had dressed Vearl carefully for this occasion. He was wearing a brown and pink plaid Buster Brown gingham suit. The little belt around his waist emphasized his thin hips. On his feet were black patent leather sandals. Guy was similarly dressed and he, like Vearl, was completely engrossed in the activities of the day.

The celebration ended with a big dance that night in the Lines Opera House which overflowed with the crowd. The people, who had worked so hard to make this an outstanding celebration, felt well rewarded.

Whenever Arthur was coming home of an evening riding Old Banty, Vearl would watch for him and meet him at the bridge between the highway and the sidestreet and now he, like Opal had in Metcalf, would ride to the corral with his papa. In the early mornings as they took Banty to water, Eva could hear Vearl beg, "Let I lead he, Papa, let I lead he." Arthur was very proud of his fair haired boy and his little dark curly haired girls.

By fall Phyllis' health was good and she weighed twenty pounds when she was two years old. Her head was covered with little black curls. The family delighted to hear her try to talk as she had a definite little baby talk of her own. It was more like a southern than a western drawl. Eva delighted in dressing her little girls in pretty little dresses to take them with her to the church meetings. Opal and Eva took piano lessons from Professor Bond on their new piano. Eva never expected to become a pianist at her age and with a family to care for but she did want to be able to help her children with their music. They were going to have the opportunities that she and Arthur had not been able to have.

Vearl revelled in his distinct position, the only boy of the family, he enjoyed going to the farm with his father and like most boys he was sure he was doing a man's work as he followed along at the heels of his father. Arthur was clearing and levelling some new land he had acquired. At night Vearl would report to his mother on their day's work saying, "I went over to the 'tharm' and I ride on a big log, didn't I Papa?" Arthur was also having his land surveyed in order to prove

he had more land under cultivation so that it could be classified as 'decreed' land, entitled to an allotment of water.

At this time, Arthur and his partners in the dairy business, increased their interests also. The wheels of time had turned slowly but surely. Now eight years after his last business dealings with William Whipple, Arthur and his co-partners, Milt and Roy Kelly, purchased for the W. A. Lines Company the Whipple Dairy in Clifton.

Each year Arthur sold some of his increase in the goat herd. Some years he shipped wethers as far as Kansas City. A few times he accompanied them trying to get the best possible price. In September 1910 he made one of these trips with two double decked carloads of mutton goats. While he was gone, Eva with her children and her mother with Walter and Guy went to Solomonville to spend the night at Grandpa Barney's ranch.

The next day, September the eighteenth, was Walter T's birthday. No mention was made of the reason for the visit. They had a happy time together and the following day, after they had eaten the noon day meal, Grandpa said "I think I'll just curl down here by the door and take a nap." As soon as he awakened, the children were bursting with excitement. They began jumping and shouting, "Surprise! Surprise! Happy birthday! Grandpa's seventy-four years old today." Walter was surprised and delighted to have a fuss made over him and he enjoyed it to the fullest. While Sarah and Eva helped Grandma bring in the refreshments, he played his Jew's-harp and sang and joked with the children. The gifts they gave him touched him and he beamed with pride but he insisted on giving them some money in return as a gift from him. Eva used the money given her to buy a nice Bible for her home. Sarah always seemed to hold a special place in her parents' hearts and one reason was the kind things she remembered to do for them that brought joy to them as this little birthday visit did.

Eva began to participate in a more active way now in church work. She was sustained as Principal of the Pima Religion Classes in 1910. These were held once a week right after school was dismissed. The children that wished to attend remained in the school room.

The 'wander lust' still burned in Arthur and Eva's hearts. They liked to travel and longed to see more distant places. As the winter months passed they dreamed of taking a trip to Europe. Eva sent numerous letters and postcards to travel bureaus and from them received glowing folders describing the many tours and trips they could

arrange for. After reading many of these they decided to make a tour of all of western Europe. They completed the arrangements to go that summer and were planning the clothes needed. As the date drew nearer, Arthur began to question the wisdom of taking such an expensive trip. The little dairy he had had on the farm to supply milk for the Harvey House in Bowie had just recently burned down. He had begun to believe that as long as he handled his affairs, they worked out successfully; but, too often, when he had someone else manage them they did not do so well. The more he considered the situation, the more certain he was that he should not leave his businesses for such a lengthy period. Both Eva and Arthur reluctantly postponed the trip. It seemed a shame, for the rates were surprisingly reasonable and they included a round trip to New York by way of Chicago and, after the trip to Europe by boat, the return to Arizona was to be by way of New Orleans. It was like some other dreams, unrealized.

To compensate for the trip they didn't get, Arthur bought a horseless carriage. It was a little, shiny black Ford. They thought it was beautiful; but the price for it was almost the same as the tour would have cost. Of course, it had all of the fixtures that such new machines possessed, such as horse-hair filled leather seats, acetylene gas head lights, a front windshield which was made of two panes of glass and which would fold down in the middle when the owner so desired, hard black rubber tires and even a crank; the key to the magic carriage was all theirs. The fancy trotters were sent to the farm and Eva and Arthur did all of their traveling that year 'overland' as it was called.

That spring the entire Anderson family, including all the sons-in-law and children, attended the graduation exercise at Gila Academy. It was a very important day in the lives of all of them, and especially important to Eva and to her younger sister, Nora. Eva was as thrilled and proud of Nora as her mother Sarah was. To see Nora graduate with honors was almost as wonderful as if she herself were receiving this distinction. The town of Pima also had reason to be proud of Nora for she was the first Pima girl to graduate from the Gila Academy. She took the teacher's examination and began teaching in the Pima school that fall.

Shortly after school started Eva and Arthur went with a number of valley people to Phoenix to attend the State Fair. It was quite a caravan that set out in their fancy cars. Besides the stylish 'dusters' that they wore, Eva had a new wide brimmed auto hat and she and the hat

were swathed in pure silk veiling accented with the long fancy hat pins that held the hat on her head. Mark and Mary Despain went in the car with them and Mark helped with the driving. They made quite a picture as they went bouncing over the dusty dirt road with its many chuck holes. The trip took two full days. The first night they stopped in Globe. Eva and Arthur stayed with Ella and Ike at the Pioneer Dairy. By leaving Globe very early the next morning they were able to reach Phoenix at eleven o'clock that night. The highway in use between Globe and Phoenix went by the Roosevelt Dam. They all took in the Fair and made a tour of the Salt River valley.

A part of the lives of all these settlers was the actual building and forming of our great country. They had come to this unsettled, undeveloped land called Arizona Territory. They had given to it their dreams; and realized from it by hard, physical toil a productive land. It was a community they loved. It was a place where they were now proud to live and rear their children. February 14, 1912, history was made for these people. The Congress of the United States ratified the revised and less liberal constitution for the new state and it was proclaimed Arizona the forty-eighth state in the Union, the valentine state as well as the baby state for many years.

Alert to the possibilities the residents of the valley had planned for the day this would happen. They all gathered in Safford, parades were formed, planned programs were executed and all manner of entertainment celebrated the event. Edna Ledwitch, the principal of the Pima school, asked Eva and Josie Follett to help make a float worthy of the statehood celebration. They covered the floor of a horse drawn hay-rack with green grass sod and upon this made a relief map of Arizona with mountains and all forms of vegetation typical to the state. Walter, Eva's young brother, who was then attending the Pima Grade School, rode on the float. He represented one of the delegates to Washington D.C. in behalf of statehood for Arizona. This big event was something these pioneers of Pima had been diligently working for, they had not waited for someone else to do it for them. W. T. Webb, who had been so much a part of the development of Pima and the valley, had worked just as untiringly when he represented Graham County and helped in drawing up the constitution that had now been approved and by which they would be governed.

Arizona now felt its first strength and power; and with this had the desire to be progressive. Arthur questioned if the people were not being

too progressive, when it became one of the first states to give women the right to vote. Being an Englishman by inheritance and very conservative, he felt they were rushing the suffrage vote a bit. He was later among the first to agree that women after being given this power used their vote wisely.

The valley was still young and the water ways were inadequate. For several years Arthur poured all of the money he could squeeze out into the improving of the Smithville Canal. Living in Arizona one better understands why the Indians had their rain Gods and worshipped them perhaps more devotedly than any of their other Gods. These pioneers soon realized that in order to live in Arizona they had to accept the fact that life itself in every form depended upon the amount of rain that fell each year. From the very beginning of these settlements, the favorite subject for everyone followed the query, "Do you think it will rain?" The Lines children like all the others were taught to be thankful for every drop of rain that fell. Some of the old settlers laughingly admitted they had spent their lives watching for a rain cloud. They learned to make use of all the water for some purpose too. At home Eva carried every pan of dish water to keep a tree, rose bush, hedge or flower growing and Arthur used the water on the farm so that it irrigated every possible acre running from one section to another.

Although there had been little rain during this year, there were happy times and they forgot all about the drouth during the Christmas holidays. A cedar tree was brought in from the 'goat herd.' The children, Opal, Vearl and Phyllis, helped Eva trim the tree in eager anticipation of Santa. His pack was overflowing for the next morning Phyllis had received a doll buggy, two dolls and a doll bed. Vearl had a tricycle, a silver cup, a beautiful bridle and reins that were trimmed with fancy sleigh bells, a bank and some red shoes. Opal, the lady of the family, had a big doll, a folding doll buggy, a bank, a doll trunk and a flatiron. Then with candy, nuts, fruit and oranges, their Christmas was a joyous occasion. This Christmas was on Sunday. After the thrill of Santa Claus' gifts was over a little, they all went to the Henry Lines home where Emily served them a typically English Yule time dinner. They had a wonderful time.

Rarely did these Arizona pioneers see their friends and relatives in Utah. When they did, it was nearly always because the ones in Arizona went north to see them. In February of 1912, relatives of Henry came to Arizona to visit the Lines. They were all delighted to have Will

Gazar, the son of Henry's sister, Alice, and his wife come and also Hyrum Carter, the son of Henry's sister, Jane. They spent two weeks in the valley. The Lineses dropped everything else to entertain them. Art took them in his Ford to the goat ranch. Emily had many family dinners while they were there and the last night of their visit 200 guests were invited in their honor to an entertainment in the Lines Hall. At this farewell party, Milton asked Eva, who had been giving readings since she was grown, to give his favorite, "Mrs. Smart Learned How to Skate." Eva dressed in an 'outlandish' costume and, as usual, all the listeners enjoyed it thoroughly. There was a strong unspoken and unwritten bond between the members of the Lines family even though it was seldom nourished with visits and close associations of one with another.

Arthur enjoyed the Ford but the following summer he traded it to Willard Pace for a grey colored Case. It was even more beautiful than the Ford and it was a touring sedan with a black canvas top. The interior was all trimmed with oak panelling.

The next event of particular interest to them was the marriage of Alvin, Arthur's younger brother. He had light brown curly hair and sharp blue eyes and the family had been watching with interest the courtship of Allie Stinson, a very nice Pima girl, by Alvin. On August 19, 1912, all their relatives and many friends attended their wedding at the bride's home. Allie was dressed in a lovely all-over embroidered white dress. They were a popular young couple. Al was well known for his outstanding ability on the baseball diamond.

At this time Eva and Arthur were making plans to build a new home. The family had outgrown the frame house. They had called on an architect to draw up plans for a new home which they hoped would be an ideal one. It was to be built of yellow pressed brick that had to be specially ordered from El Paso, Texas. The digging of the foundation was begun in early September. In order to lay the foundation and place the new house in the center of the lot, the lumber house was jacked up on rollers and moved as far northwest on the lot as was possible. The very day the house was put on jacks, Trelva, who would not wait another day, decided to put in an appearance. Since their house was in the process of being moved, their good neighbors, the Ammon Tennys, welcomed Eva into their home for the birth of the Lines' fourth child. Whereas before Eva had needed more trained help for Phyllis' birth, she now had both a doctor and a nurse. It was a vigorous

slap by Dr. Dryden that brought forth a first cry from the new baby girl. They had not counted on getting another girl but had really longed for another boy. After they saw her, they agreed she was just what they had really wanted anyway.

A name for a girl had not been considered. Arthur had always felt a little disappointed that most of his brothers, his sister and he had been nicknamed. He tried to select names for his children that couldn't be nicknamed. Eva told him to try to decide on a name while he was gone on a trip supervising the highways and that she would also try to pick one out. Upon returning five days later, he looked at the new baby and said to his wife, "I've thought of a name today. How would you like the name, Trelva? I made it up."

Eva answered him, "Trelva? I think it's pretty. If you like it, that will be her name."

Trelva, like Vearl, was a good baby. She was as beautiful as she was good, and everyone agreed that she looked like her mother. When Trelva was only five months old, the children all had the measles. It was in the middle of January during the very coldest part of the winter. Trelva had a light case but the others were very ill. Arthur and Eva moved their bed in the room with the children in order to watch them closely. Each night the wood stove was banked high with a slow burning log as Eva and Arthur attempted to get some rest and still keep the room from becoming chilled. One night, a scream from Opal awakened Arthur. As he jumped out of bed, she ran outside the door with her flannel nightgown flapping at her bare feet. Arthur caught her and calmed her. They had hardly crawled back into their beds before Vearl, also delirious like Opal had been, was sitting a-straddle the wooden arms of the leather couch in the parlor. He was going through all the antics of riding his favorite burro. Even after they were well again the memory of these two episodes remained.

Early in May, their beautiful new house was completed and as soon as they finished moving into it the old house was moved to the farm on the highway near the Wash. (Sam, who had been running Arthur's farm on shares, moved his family to this house.) The new home gave them much more room. There were three large bedrooms, a vestibule, parlor, dining room, kitchen, pantry, service room and a modern bathroom. Right down the center of it ran a six foot wide hall from the vestibule to the service room. The architect planned this to help keep the house cool during the heat of the summer and the house was

about the coolest in town. The outstanding features in the house were the inside plumbing. There were not even a half dozen houses in Pima at that time with a modern bathroom, porcelain laundry tubs and not many with a kitchen sink. The rooms were all large and with ten foot ceilings it was a hard house to heat. There were flues in the bedrooms so that heaters could be used there. These were seldom used except when there was sickness and the few years that school teachers roomed and boarded with the family. The wide covered front porch extended across most of the front and to the partition between the living room and the dining room on the side.

The summer of 1913 was as hot as the winter had been cold. It worried Eva more for Vearl had been very ill with malaria and she felt the cool climate of the mountains would help him recover. Annie Foster, a very dear friend of Eva's, was on Mt. Graham with her family. She urged Eva to come join her and offered to have her son, Jack, with some of their horses, ride with her to help her with the children. Eva agreed to this happily and made all the preparations to go. Andy Carlson came with his buckboard drawn by a pair of mules. They made a bed in the back of it for the three older children and about midnight, just as the Fourth of July dance ended, Eva, on the seat with the driver and holding Trelva on her lap, sighed with satisfaction as they started up the road toward the mountains. The night was still and exhilarating as the mules trotted along over the mesas. Just at day break, they reached April Fool 'Dugway' where they were to wait for Jack Foster to overtake them with the horses. As they waited for about a half hour for him, the sight was beautiful. The earth below and about them seemed to almost be receiving a new birth as the sun rose and gave it life.

Jack was about 18 years of age and he had waited until the dance at the Lines Hall was over before he saddled and bridled the horses and headed for the mountains. This arrangement had suited Eva because they could get over the mesas during the cool morning hours. Long before they were able to see Jack, they could hear the jingling and flapping of the empty stirrups as the horses and Old Pete the burro galloped up the trail through the mesquites and underbrush.

Eva and the children transferred to the horses and they began the ride upward into the cool green canyons. Jack led the way, followed by Opal, then Eva holding Trelva on her horse, and last Vearl and Phyllis riding the burro and kicking him frequently to try to keep

from getting too far behind. It was nearly noon when they reached Columbine. Annie was delighted to see her son and to have Eva there with her brood. She had lunch prepared but they noticed that Trelva had only one shoe when they lifted her down from Eva's arms. Poor Jack! His mother insisted that he turn right around, retracing their steps until he found the missing shoe. It was fortunate that he found it about a half mile down the trail. Shoes were essential to a stay in the mountain. Eva had two pair of them for each of the children. The frequent rains made at least a change necessary.

The summer on the mountain was a retreat from the hot days and nights in Pima. Eva moved in with Cora Lines, Joseph's second daughter, who was trying to regain her health after a severe case of typhoid. As was typical of most summers, all of the people who could possibly arrange it were at Columbine. It was quite a little settlement. Some of them had permanent homes there and returned to them each summer. The families that were nearly always there were Peter McBride's, Hyrum Weech's, Gerald Merrill's, who was the forest ranger, John Taylor's, Charlie Kerby's, Dave Weech's and Shef Marshall's. Fosters were staying in the Marshall's cabin.

Eva and the children enjoyed the weeks spent there. They were even able to have fresh milk for Cora had her own milk cow and this was wonderful for them all. The long hikes in the virgin forest, the gathering of wild strawberries and especially the gathering of pine gum were things they did. The hunting of the pine gum was very important for it was used by all the first settlers in various home remedies, including a very healing salve they made. The reason Eva collected it was for gum. It seemed to be good for her health when she could occasionally chew pine gum.

One day Joe Foster took his daughter, Winnie, and Opal down the trail to the saw mill. The girls rode bare-back because it was the safest way for children to ride. They spent most of their time getting back on the horse for going down they slid off over the horse's neck and coming back up the mountain, they slid off over the horse's tail.

Ella Follett sold Eva 1 quart of some herb medicine that was a cure for Malaria. It was made according to a formula that had been brought from the south and Eva gave this to Vearl. The stay in the mountains and the medicine restored Vearl's health by the time they returned to the valley to get ready for school.

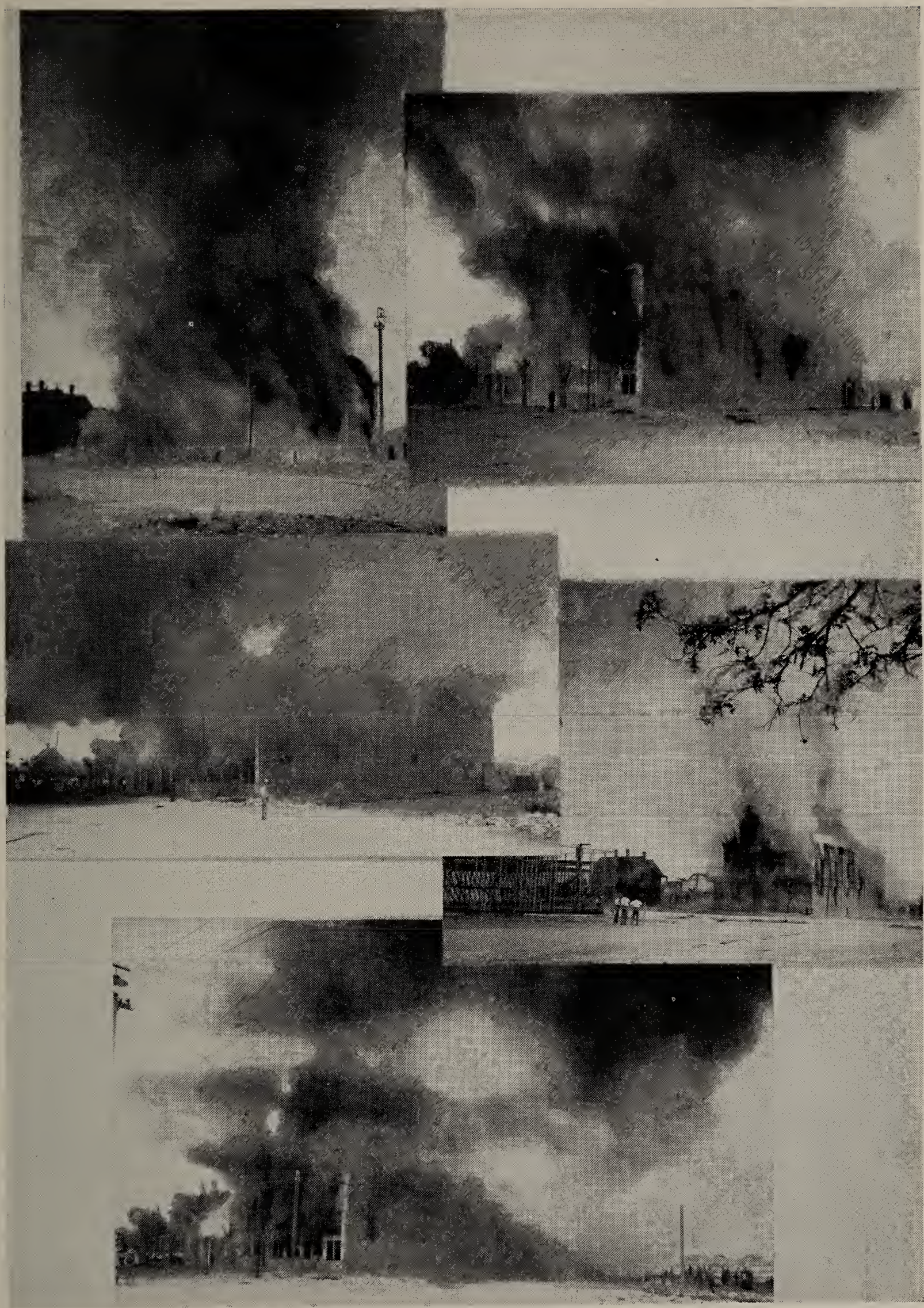
Arthur and Eva again joined with friends in making a trip to

Phoenix that fall to attend the State Fair as they continued to do for several years. There had been even more than usual sickness in the valley that year and some deaths brought sorrow to loved ones of the Lines family. Chloe, Sarah's sister, lost both her husband and her son, Dave and Bryan Matthews. Sarah finally said, "I'll be glad when 1913 is over, there has been so much sadness."

Laura was a senior at Gila Academy that year and during the week she stayed in Thatcher but, all year long, her mother drove her there on Monday morning and on Friday afternoon she would be there in the little black top buggy to bring her home. On Monday in early spring, as Sarah returned home and started down Main Street in Pima, Ginger, a very gentle horse, became frightened as a little whirl wind caught a piece of paper in front of them and be began running wildly. Sarah, who was a very capable driver, lost control of him and the buggy tipped over. She was thrown out and knocked unconscious. Eva took care of her mother while she recovered from her injuries. Arthur was at the goat ranch shearing and kidding the goats so she took the children there too and took care of her own children and the Anderson family while she nursed her mother back to health. Sarah and Hakan knew the effort this was for her but to Eva it was love's labor. She was willing to do her best to show her appreciation for having such wonderful parents.

Hardly had she returned home when disaster struck. Art was still at the goat ranch and Eva was at church. Just at noon April 12, 1914, the whole town was jerked out of its complacency for the Lines Store Building was on fire. Eva stood with the others helpless and horrified as she watched the greedy fingers of the flames consume the building. The efforts made to stop it were useless and when the flames died all that was left was the grey ash and twisted, charred remnants of the store that had been. It was bad enough to have lost all of the merchandise including the Moline Farm implements in the rear shed as well as the building but to only increase the loss Arthur and Milt still owed for the building. To Arthur alone the loss was about $20,000. A photographer in town took a series of pictures that remained a vivid reminder of this heart breaking fire. Every brick that had fallen had been laid with mortar that Arthur had carried in a hod on his back when he worked as a young fellow on the construction of this building for his Uncle Hyrum.

Eva had always been taught that trials and troubles built character.



Series of pictures showing the fire which destroyed the Lines Store, April 12, 1914.

(Top, left) Opal back of fence watching family of pigs; (right) Mothers dressed for dance about 1920. (Center, left) Vearl and Guy; (right) Lines home built in Pima, 1913. (Inset) Old Pete pulling lawnmower. (Bottom, left) Billy goats from Goat Herd, 1908; (right) Boyce at Anderson Ranch.

In this fire, she and Arthur had their first big test but the years ahead were to try them further with adversity, sorrow and sickness. These were years that tried and tested them to their very core.

The Lines brothers continued in the store business. The first of May they rented a small storeroom across the street and served their customers in it until a new one-story building was completed on the original location.

The Andersons were pleased to have Walter graduate from the Pima Grade School that year and Laura from Gila Academy. Nora had been teaching in Pima for three years. Walter continued that fall at Gila Academy in Thatcher.

Baby Trelva was a precious little spirit. She was born with black hair but, after she lost her baby hair, the new growth came in all beautiful golden curls. As she grew older her hair gradually darkened and it had a beautiful shading from dark brown at the crown of her head to a light gold at the curly ends. Her days were spent playing make believe. She lived playing 'lady' and visited with her mother every day. In the evenings, it was always, "Please, just one more story." Trelva had a real 'baby talk.' Until after she was in school, there were few that could understand what she said outside of the family. Phyllis sometimes acted as her interpreter for if Eva wanted Trelva to go on an errand she would answer, "Oh, you know they can't un'stan me."

Milt and Mary had also moved to Pima with their family and they also built a new home. Mr. Lambert, Mary's father, supervised the construction and they were very pleased with their cement 'block' house. It was about the same size as Eva and Arthur's home.

Eva and Mary loved to ride horseback and they both had beautiful horses. Mary's was a sorrel and Eva always rode Old Banty, then Josie Follett had a roan that was a beauty. She liked to ride as well as they did. Several of the other women went occasionally but it was these three who most regularly rode for an hour or two once a week that summer. Sam said, "When Art rides Banty he goes jogging along kind of sleepy but let Eva get on him and he sure shows all his fancy steps. He's a real single-footed pacer then." Eva and Mary both found their horses could be pretty lively when they got with the other horses and Banty just wouldn't let any other pass him.

Graham County was growing rapidly. The Gila River bridge connecting Pima and Bryce was built by the El Paso Bridge and Iron

Company in 1915. It cost the citizens of the county $15,000. In Morenci and Clifton the mines were steadily drawing people from the east. The business men from this mining district thought that Solomonville was too far away for them to have to come on legal matters. They aroused the interest of the people in their communities to ask for an election regarding the dividing of this large county. When the votes were tallied the 'separatists' had won. The northern section became Greenlee County.

This presented an opportunity for Pima to seek her place of prominence. She was far older than Safford and more centrally located in the new county boundaries. Safford, a youthful upstart, would not be pushed off easily. It was a shocked and saddened citizenry that found after the final vote was counted that Pima had lost this crucial fight for growth. The following year, the Graham County Court House was completed at a cost of $60,000. This was an even bigger undertaking for the residents of the valley than the river bridge but both were beneficial. Safford was the official County Seat from then on.

August was always the hot, hot month in Arizona. Arthur insisted Eva would have a good rest from the care of the family if she went with her unmarried sisters, Nora and Laura, and their girl friend, Geneva Mattice, to attend the San Francisco Exposition in 1915. The sights were breathtaking. During the five days they were there, they were at the gates when they were opened in the morning and stayed until closing time at night. All they beheld fascinated them. They agreed with the natives that California was wonderful, that is, all except the fog. Eva could see no beauty in the ever enveloping 'haze' that withheld the very beauty of the San Francisco Bay.

Far away places were interesting and wonderful to visit but after being gone for three weeks Eva was glad to be home again among her loved ones. She wished she could manifest her joy and happiness to her family as easily as little Trelva for the minute she stepped off the train and took Trelva into her arms, the little arms locked around her neck and were not released until they were all home and the baby felt sure that her mother was home to stay.

During their absence, the new Pavilion had been built by the Pima Ward. The Ward could hardly function without an amusement hall for the recreational activities of dances, plays, programs and many other forms of entertainment. Until the Lines building burned, it had served that purpose. Under the leadership of Bishop Phil C. Merrill

this lumber building was constructed just one block west and south across the street from the Lines Store. The Pavilion satisfied the immediate needs of the Ward but it had disadvantages as well as advantages. With its tin roof and frame construction it was cold as an ice-box in the winter and hot as an oven in the summer until long after the sun went down and the large wooden windows with cross ventilation could let all of the stored heat out. The tin roof also created another problem. Rain was not frequent but there were times the natives wanted rain postponed until after a play or program had ended. During the mild months of the year, the spring and fall, the Pavilion was delightful and many wonderful times were enjoyed under its roof.

Alfalfa was planted as usual that fall and the billy goats were moved back to the goat herd. Life went on with the children in school and doing well. But routine was broken one midnight when the next door neighbor, Sam Echols, pounded loudly on the front door and yelled, "Art, Art someone is robbing Lines' Store." Sam's pounding awakened the whole family. Art quickly pulled on his pants and his cowboy boots, grabbed his Winchester and dashed out into the street. Sam and Dave Weech, who lived across the street and had heard the noise, went running up the road. Eva and the children watched and waited. They were fearful that the robbers would have heard the men coming for as their boots hit the hard gravel road, they sounded loudly in the stillness of the night.

Other neighbors, having heard the blasts coming from within the store, joined these men. Just as they reached the building another loud explosion went off. The men planned how they would station themselves to catch the thieves. The four posts to the porch over the sidewalk made excellent spots for them to wait. Shortly two dark figures came running out through the front door. The law abiding citizens opened fire but not being practiced marksmen and being excited their shots went wild. One of Sam Echols' shots did knock a brick out of the side wall and they might have wounded the men but nothing more. At least the desperadoes were wild in their shots too. There were none of the men hit. Eva had a close call when she ran out to the sidewalk, after hearing the shots, hoping to find out if anyone had been hit; just then a shot fired by the robbers whistled by her so close that she felt the rush of air and heard the pin-n-g-g of the bullet. She quickly returned to the protection of the Echols' house where the women and children had gathered. The robbers escaped down the lane

on horses which had been left back in the bushes.

The County Sheriff was called and in about forty minutes he was there with a bright light. It could be turned to reflect anywhere he wished and was the first spot light Eva had ever seen. The lane down which the men had escaped was roped off and they planned to track them down when daylight came. But the 'devil seemed to take care of his own' for just before the break of day, a light rain fell and all trace of the bandits was gone. All that was left behind was the empty safe and vivid memories in the minds of these men that would never be forgotten by them and could be told to their children and grandchildren. One reason the robbery occurred was because there was a small branch of the Citizen's Bank located in the new store building and each night the bank and store money were locked inside a safe. This lightly protected safe looked like an easy take for these two thieves and they made it. Valley people were stock holders in this local bank. Art had $3,000 invested in it.

Chapter XIV

EVA AND ARTHUR (1916-1922)

The Lines children often spent a night at their grandparents' homes. However, it was unusual when all of them were allowed to be gone the same night. One night in early February, their papa took them all over to the Andersons' and then returned for them the next morning. As they entered the kitchen, they were very excited for their father had told them they now had a new baby brother. The hired girl almost instantly took all of the joy out of the announcement for she gave them a drawling surprise by saying, "Well, I don't know if you'll like him or not; let alone want to keep him."

"Why not?" they all cried. Babies were common in their family but every one of them was most welcome.

"Why didn't you know that he's red-headed?" the girl replied.

The children were speechless. It was unthinkable. The babies in their family either had dark hair or blond hair, not red. It was with trembling hesitation that they entered their mother's bedroom to see the new *red-headed* baby. To their delight he looked just as they had previously expected. They rushed back to the kitchen and proudly announced, "He does not have red hair. He's beautiful and he has lots of black, black hair."

"Who ever said he had red hair?" she questioned, "I said he was red-headed and he is."

Like all new babies, the baby was red or, at least, pink but he was a BOY and Arthur named him Boyce H. Lines. His birth date was February 10th, 1916 and Sarah always said, "Arthur was so proud to have a boy that he almost named him Boy. His initial stood for three relatives, Hakan and Henry, the two grandfathers, and Hyrum for Arthur's uncle, so it was always written as just an initial. Art said a name and initial was all a man needed.

Immediately after Boyce's birth, Eva had a terrible spell of Quinsy. She had had an attack nearly every winter since Phyllis had been born.

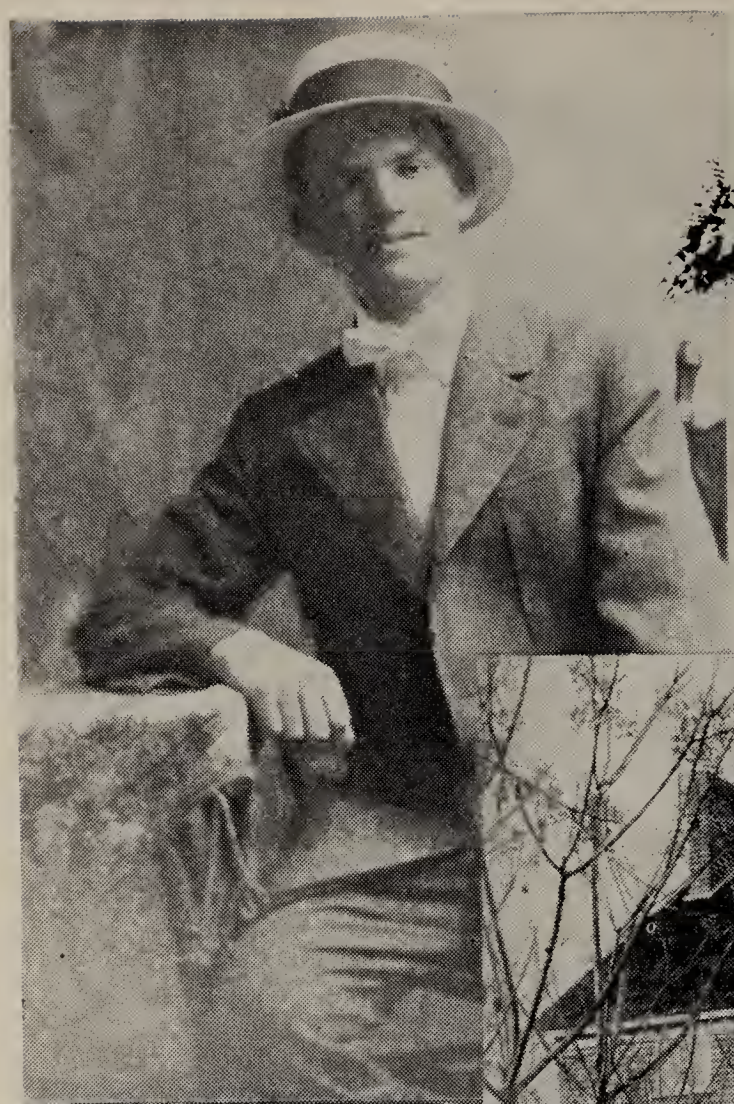
She would be violently ill, with a high temperature and a fever-ridden swollen throat. At times her throat would be so swollen there would be no indentation between her chin and her chest. Her only relief came when the abscesses became so bad that they would break, then she would have relief for a short time. This attack was so severe that for days she lay bed ridden. Weeks passed, yet there was little improvement. Her children, her husband, and especially the new baby needed her loving care and even though they had hired help to run the house there were many things left undone. This added to Eva's worries and she grew very discouraged. Finally, Dr. Squibb in Safford lanced the abscess and put medication on a hoe-like instrument which he swabbed around inside the abscess to clean out the infection. He could not give Eva an anesthetic but told her to hold on to the seat of the chair and try not to move no matter how much it hurt. She had suffered so much already that she did as he told her. For the first time in years, Eva's health began to improve enough after this that she was soon able to have her tonsils removed.

Arthur took Eva to Globe where Dr. Wightman operated on her and she stayed at Ella's while she recuperated. Opal also went to help take care of baby Boyce. This operation did not give Eva the complete relief she had expected. Dr. Carpenter, a nose and throat specialist from El Paso, came to Safford in a few months and Eva had him operate on her. He found that the tonsils had been so deeply imbedded and infected that portions of her tonsils had not been completely removed and these had developed abscesses. She was greatly benefitted by this second operation and returned to health.

During the months that Eva was almost constantly sick, Laura had been preparing to get married to Benjamin Blake. Before they left for Salt Lake City they were honored with a big lawn party by Eva at her home. It was held in the evening and made history for Pima in that it was the first time electric lights were strung outside across a lawn. The large lawn made a perfect setting for such an occasion. Refreshments of root beer, cake and ice cream, all home made by Eva, were served. The entire party was really a big success. Laura and Ben's marriage was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple June 7, 1916 as Ella's and Rilla's had been. When they returned, Laura's parents had a lovely reception for them. They made their home in Thatcher where Ben was working as assistant cashier in the Citizens' Bank.

Opal graduated from the eighth grade in May 1917. The Exercises

All of the H. J. Anderson family gathered at the Ranch in 1916. (Hudson cars belong to Hakan and Arthur.) From left to right Ben and Laura; Grant, Joseph, Wilda, Leslie and Rilla; Hakan, Sarah, Guy, Walter and Nora; Dale, Isaac, Carl and Ella; Vearl, Opal, Phyllis, Eva, Arthur, Trelva and Boyce.



(Top, left) Walter Anderson; (right) Anderson family group. (Center) At the Anderson home about 1897. (Bottom, left) The Anderson sisters and brothers in 1916; (right) The Anderson grandchildren and Guy in 1916.

were very simple because of the war conditions. They were disappointed that it was so.

On the morning of July 4, 1917, a big patriotic program was held in the Pavilion. Phyllis gave a poem about the American flag. It was a typical Pima celebration and all the town's people were present. The afternoon sports at the Square were just underway, when word spread that the Creamery, across the street from the Railroad Depot, was on fire. Art, Eva and the children, on their way to the Square, rushed instead to see the fire. They were in their black Hudson touring car, Arthur driving, with Eva and baby Boyce in front, Vearl and Phyllis on the jump seats and Opal and Trelva in the back seat. The water pressure was very low, as was usually the case in the summer months, and so water was having little effect on the flames. Art was asked to drive to town to get the chemical fire extinguisher from the lumber yard. Everyone was excited.

Arthur went speeding down Main street. He was reminded by Eva that he should be careful and not go thirty miles an hour. With his hand pressing on the horn button Arthur thought everyone would realize he was on an emergency mission but, right in their path, a car started across the intersection below and north of the Square. Arthur could not avoid hitting it with his Hudson. Eva, concerned with holding Boyce back from the windshield, struck it with her face and was badly cut. Arthur was bruised, Phyllis and Vearl holding tight to the strap in front of their seats had seen the collision coming and were braced for it but Opal and Trelva in the back had not realized the danger soon enough and were thrown out of the car. Opal's right shoulder was badly bruised and Trelva plowed a furrow with her chin in the hard dirt. The injured were rushed to the Despain house on that corner and as they waited for the doctor, Trelva kept crying, "Oh, I wouldn't have cared but I got 'beed' on my new pon'gee dress." The three children, who were not hurt, were taken to their home by close friends, who then prepared the house to receive the accident victims. The close feeling of genuine friendship was never better demonstrated to this family than on this day. Many of these friends having grown up with Eva and Art loved them and were loved by them almost as kinsmen.

The doctor administered first aid to Arthur, Eva, and the two girls and they were brought home. Trelva had to have several stitches to close the cut on the side of her chin. Eva's cuts were of a serious nature. They could not be stitched until she regained consciousness and that

was not until later in the afternoon. She was then given chloroform while the doctor took stitches in bad cuts through both eyebrows, one on her nose, her upper lip and on one cheek. The doctor was more proficient in other ways than in sewing up deep cuts and wounds. As Aunt Clarice Anderson, Uncle Albert's wife, watched him take the stitches in Eva's face she winced and could hardly permit him to do it so haphazardly. The eyebrows showed it worst of all for the hairlines did not meet. Pride and castor oil were with Eva all that winter. She could only shudder as she looked in the mirror at her mis-shapened eyebrows. Every minute possible she twisted and massaged her eyebrows with castor oil. Time and perseverance brought the hairlines together again. She also worked on Trelva's scar for being on the chin it was inclined to adhere to the bone but Trelva was such a busy body that it was hard to give it as much massage as it needed.

By the year of 1917, the picture of Arthur's life and business ventures had changed but little from that of 1912. Sam was still running Arthur's farm and the farming was all being done by horse-drawn machinery. The main crop was alfalfa. The Lines Brothers' Store had become a typical country store, selling everything from cheese to jewelry and fine laces, from farm implements to horse shoes. When they rebuilt after the fire, Arthur and Milt again put up the money for the building. These two and Hakan, who had been a stockholder, now put up equal money for re-stocking the store in addition to the insurance and outstanding bills that they were able to collect. Joseph was the manager of the store. Art and Milt also owned the Recreation-Billiard Hall managed by Arlie Follett.

Arthur still retained his interests in the dairies in Morenci and Clifton; but the mines were in a slump as the price of copper was down and the dairies felt this set-back. The fast money making days in the dairy business were over for the Lineses. However, Arthur's goats could be depended on to make money. Mohair was used for everything from children's coats to rugs and Pullman car upholstery. He was paid sixty cents a pound for his clip that year. The financial security of the W. A. Lines family seemed to hang on the goats.

To Eva and Arthur, it seemed that the golden years were over, the years when hard earnest toil was fully compensated, when an American dollar was worth 100 coppers in any commodity. With the rumblings of the war in Europe, there was less demand for American products. Markets were gone and so were high profits. There were few in this

valley who dared or wished to criticize their native land and its leaders. Their loyalty was a part of each individual and it was unquestioned.

Naive simplicity permeated the Lines home. Eva with her craving for knowledge studied with the children in the evenings. As she did, a whole new world opened up to her. This was especially true, when Opal and Vearl brought home their history and geography books. The wood stove in the dining room was filled and refilled as they sat studying around the big oak table until bedtime. Then they quickly undressed and fled to their cold bedrooms, sometimes taking heated bricks to help warm the cold sheets.

The entry of the United States into the first World War had up to that spring not seriously affected the life and customs of the town. Some of their most promising boys had been drafted and called into the Armed Forces and this was noted, also the women had rolled bandages and helped gather funds for the Red Cross; but, even so, Europe was far away and it was hard to visualize the death and destruction in the war raging there.

The Bond Drives always went over the top and Eva with Clarissa Felshaw sold more Liberty Bonds than any other two in the valley that spring. They all wanted this war over and they wanted it over as soon as possible. If their efforts would help they were willing to do all they could and feel well compensated. They knew that the Spanish-American War in Cuba was over before it hardly began and that was expected to happen as soon as the United States sent these fine American troops to push the Kaiser and his Huns back to Berlin.

During these days of war, the church organizations put on many patriotic and inspirational programs. Opal participated in some of them and in one she had an important part. Often she danced with a few of the best her age in folk dances. She had inherited from both families the lightness, grace and rhythm which made dancing a joy. The night she and Henry Eyring dramatized the parting of a soldier and his sweetheart, Eva watched proudly and knew that Hakan was proud too of his first grandchild for sitting in the front row, as he usually did at all Ward entertainments, he wiped the tears of happiness from his eyes.

The Andersons now had two members of their family in the Northern States Mission. Nora had been there a year when Walter was called to the same Mission in June 1918. He had graduated from Gila Academy one month earlier. As Walter packed his clothes, he hummed the song,

"I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go Dear Lord." Although they greatly missed them both they were all glad to have these two serving the Lord as missionaries.

Pima had electricity in the evenings only and so Eva had to wash at night to get the use of her electric washing machine. One night in September when Arthur was out to the Goat Ranch shearing and Eva was washing, Trelva without close supervision spilled a bottle of ink. It ran all over a beautiful Battenburg doily that Eva had just received as a gift from Nora. Eva never believed in sparing the rod and, of course, Trelva received full punishment. The washing was finished and the ink cleaned up but Eva knew she had done too much and that Arthur should return home. She called on their friends, Arlie Follett and Roy Kelly, to take the word to Arthur. They had a hard trip in the middle of the night finding their way over the poor road but arrived at four o'clock the next morning.

Dr. Warner came from Safford to deliver their sixth baby and third son. The baby arrived before Art did. By morning the word had spread that the W. A. Lines family had another baby boy. The children heard him referred to as a war baby but with his dark hair he looked very much like the other babies their parents had had. He never seemed to cry so they thought he was a wonderful child. Art's parents were among the first to come to see the new little one and as she always had done with her grandchildren, Emily gave the new baby a pair of hand-knit white stockings. They were knit in a lacy, feather pattern and were always worn until they became outgrown. They were proudly used on each baby when it was dressed for special occasions. Emily made small ones for the new babies and usually made another larger pair for them later. Emily and Henry were proud of having another grandchild to bear the Lines name.

When the doctor came to see how the mother and baby were getting along, he also requested the information to fill in his report on the child's birth certificate. For a name Eva said, "Well, I like the name Ruskin." The doctor, too, was an admirer of John Ruskin, the English author, and he commented, "That's the name, just the kind of name people should give their children."

And so this new son, born September 20, 1918, was named Ruskin R. Lines. The initial 'R' was chosen by Eva because it sounded well after Ruskin. Sarah liked to think it stood for Russ, her Grandmother Farr's maiden name. While Eva was recuperating, Art came to tell her

of a new venture he had decided to make. It was the purchase of cattle from Hebe Bryce with range rights on the Bryce-Mattice cattle range. The cattle brands of H O K and T U T came with these cattle and they also used L / 4, as it had been the brand for Arthur's farm cattle. This gave Vearl a chance that he had longed for. Now he could see his dreams of living the outdoor life come true.

One of the leading citizens of Pima at this time was a bachelor named Joe Pennsyl. Before becoming one of the best farmers in town he had owned a cattle ranch in Aravaipa Canyon. It was his big bond purchases from Eva and Clarissa Felshaw that had helped them win the drive. His great heart and his true love and devotion to his country helped keep this little town conscious of their many blessings. Some May Day picnics for the community were held at his farm. The church organizations and school groups were welcome guests but they were expected to conduct themselves well. His military service had instilled in him a love of country that he thought every American youth should feel. He gave the school its flagpole and a beautiful flag for it. His frequent visits reminded the children of their privileges and also their responsibilities. He rewarded the children who had outstanding records. He also remembered the widows and needy and left shoes for the widows' children as well as boxes of groceries on their steps at Christmas. Although he did not share the religious beliefs of the majority of the people in Pima, he was a vital part of the community and merited their love and appreciation, and they all glowed with pride as he rode down Main street sitting erect in his fine white top buggy drawn by his beautiful horses, always stepping so lively they required a tight rein.

The boys and men who were drafted for service left from Safford and on the days of their departure a big program and parade gave them a rousing send off. The farms and farm chores were at that time only secondary to a fitting farewell for these men. As the train chugged off after all had been done for them, the young fellows called back reassuringly, "We won't be back until we get the Kaiser."

Months later the biggest celebration of all came on November 11, 1918 with the signing of the Armistice. It was a day of wild rejoicing for almost all. Yet in some homes it was a vivid reminder that a loved one would not return.

And so it was in the Anderson home. Their son had not died in the service uniform of his country but in the service of his church. He had been stricken by the terrible disease of Influenza which was sweeping

the country. The family was heartbroken at the telegram delivered by Sam Lines, their neighbor, announcing Walter's death October 31. The widespread illness in the valley and fear of contagion made a graveside funeral service necessary. Walter had many friends and the family greatly appreciated those who were able to help them at this time. The beautiful letter of sympathy from Phil C. Merrill who had only recently been released as Bishop of the Pima Ward after fifteen years of service, the choir from Gila Academy led by Wesley Taylor, which furnished the music and, by coincidence only, chose to sing Walter's favorite song, "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go Dear Lord," the beautiful tributes from President Ellsworth in letter form and from B. F. Cummings in poetry which were read by Bishop Charles Ferrin all helped give solace to the grieving family. Because the letter and poem give a clear picture of the events that had occurred they read as follows, except for omissions from the letter because of its length:

November 1, 1918

Bishop C. E. Ferrin
Pima, Arizona

My dear Bishop:

It is with the deepest sorrow that we write this letter, for we are as one who mourns the loss of a son. Missionaries come to us as boys, and being trained under the Spirit of the Lord and thrown on their own resources, they develop into mighty and powerful men, and especially was this true of Elder Walter H. Anderson who has been with us but four or five months. He came to us clean and strong in body and mind, with a training that fitted admirably for the high calling of a missionary. He entered into the work the day he landed and never quit until a day or two before he was called away. His whole heart and soul seemed to be filled with a desire to do his best to sustain and uphold those over him, to be a companion to his fellow missionaries and to teach the people with whom he came in contact.

He was assigned to the Wisconsin Conference. After spending a few days in Milwaukee under the wise teachings of his sister, he was given as a companion Elder Lindblad. . . . From the first night he preached the gospel from his heart upon the street corners. . . . Where he would preach to one here, we feel that he will be preaching to hundreds

there. . . . We extend the deepest sympathy to his father and mother and brother and sisters, and in humility have we prayed that the sustaining influence of the Lord will go with his sister, Nora, on her sad journey homeward . . .

(signed) German E. Ellsworth
President of the Northern States Mission

DIED IN THE FIELD

(*Dedicated to Walter Anderson by B. F. Cummings of the Northern States Mission*)

Hush, brothers! With uncovered heads bow now;
Upon a bed of death a comrade lies;
A call has come from heaven and he must go;
An angel waits to bear him to the skies.

As duty bade, we prayed to the Most High
To spare his life, his mission to fulfill;
But he has been appointed in the field to die;
Such is our heavenly Father's will.

Bring forth the royal robes of shining white;
For he an angel's raiment now should wear;
Clothe his cold form with their soft folds so bright,
And gently lay it on the waiting bier.

Then to his native mountains speed the clay
Where dwelt a soul so noble and so brave;
There to await the resurrection day,
Within a holy, consecrated grave.

A father's prayers shall sanctify that spot;
A mother's tears like jewels there shall shine;
And loved ones plant there a forget-me-not,
With never dying blooms upon its vine.

A boy in years, his fair young life he gave
  That men might hear the gospel's sound and live.
He gave his life that others he might save;
  What more than this could any martyr give?

A mission field far wider than this sphere
  Now claims this hero's true and faithful zeal;
Vast hosts of eager souls from him must hear
  That testimony which his faith did seal.

Weep if ye must, fond parents, weep and mourn;
  But mingle with your grief a holy pride;
For 'tis an honor greater than a crown
  To have a son die as your son has died.

Death broke no ties; your son is still your son;
  And soon you'll claim him in the courts on high,
To share with him the glory he has won.
  And then you'll know why he was called to die.

Hakan and Sarah, much like Abraham and Sarah of old, had placed in this son, many of their hopes and aspirations. His loss was so deep a sorrow to them that even the years did not completely erase their hurt.

The virility of the Influenza germ was so powerful that, as it spread disease was swiftly followed by many deaths, it seemed much like a reaper cutting and slashing on all sides. Into many homes of Pima the reaper stalked taking a slash. The schools were closed and each family remained alone and apart from one another as much as possible. By the first of the year the epidemic had shown signs of abating. When school resumed in January, Arthur said their children should not attend. Opal pleaded for permission to stay in Thatcher during the week and come home week-ends so that she would be able to keep up with her class

In February, Arthur came from the dairy, sick with the 'Flu' and in a few days more Opal returned home violently ill. Both were very sick but Opal was more critical. She lay for days with a burning temperature, at times reaching 106 degrees. She became delirious and for forty-eight hours kept up a constant discussion. Hers was not the rambling and incoherent mumblings of the sick; but a discourse on the events of the world, almost as though she had been in the midst of the war that

had raged in Europe, she talked of the Kaiser and the men who had given their lives to defeat him.

The doctor came as often as he could and did the best he knew but the doctors admitted they did not know how to treat this potent germ. Opal had been administered to by the elders of the church and the Anointments and prayers gave her some relief. Finally, the ward members were asked to join in a special fast and prayer in her behalf and a group of the prominent church leaders in the Ward gathered for a prayer circle in the Lines home. Opal's condition showed improvement although the doctor said the crisis had not yet passed.

It was then the rest of the family went to bed with the flu so rapidly that in three days every one of them was down. Aunt Lizzie, Uncle Joe Lines' wife, came to help them and she was a ministering angel as night and day she nursed this family. The doctor allowed each patient three prunes every three hours and almost all the senna tea they could drink. Lizzie would put quite a little Eagle Brand Condensed milk in the warm tea and it was hungrily swallowed by the children. One day Boyce was not satisfied with this diet of prunes. He was hungry and kept begging for food. Arthur, in trying to pacify him and divert his mind, gave him a handful of shiny silver dollars. Boyce grabbed them in his little hand and was entertained for a short while, then he threw them at the wall and screamed, "I don't want dollars. Aunt Libby, Aunt Libby, I want some 'keeny' tea."

Within a few weeks, all of the family except Opal were up and regaining their health rapidly. Even Arthur was making good improvement but in the case of Opal, her body had been tested so severely that the improvement was hardly noticeable. By summer, she could not sit up half of the time. A cot was placed on the front porch and she lay on it to be in the fresh air. Five months after her illness she could still not distinguish animals or people passing on the road in front of their home. She was not well when school began and was not strong enough to attend, but did go to a Catholic Girls' school part of that year.

This depleting illness had struck about as crippling a blow to Opal as polio has done to many. Eva felt that it had been her Gethsemane. They did all they could but it was heart breaking to see their firstborn who had been a beautiful, vivacious, talented young girl now sapped of vitality. As time passed she gradually recovered. Each of the following eight years, Arthur had one or more attacks of the Flu. Some were so

severe that Eva wondered if he could survive but he was able to outfight it in each case and make a good comeback.

During Arthur's many seiges of Influenza, Vearl took over his dad's responsibilities as best he could. The milking and care of the cows became his permanent job and during baling season he worked in the hot sun on the farm. Besides these jobs and others, he had a little project of his own. He would harness up two work horses to a box wagon and drive it up and down the gullies leading into the Cottonwood Wash, collecting the animal bones that for years had been dumped into these ravines for disposal. Then Vearl would sell the bones collected to be used by sugar refineries in the bleaching of sugar. Art's hired men watched Vearl harness and handle the big team and wagon and told Art his son was a fine boy.

Arthur and Milt had bought the moving picture theater in Pima and they had Arlie Follett operate the projector and manage the show house while Josie sold the tickets. Even though their children were entitled to go without charge, Art and Eva did not think frequent movies were good for either the eyes or the school grades of their sons and daughters and so they saw part of the pictures shown there while many of their friends paid admissions to see all of them.

Eva and her children went to spend a day at the Anderson Ranch one day during baling season when Arthur was up to the dairy. Hakan insisted that Boyce be allowed to go with him in his little buckboard cart to watch the men as they brought the hayracks piled with alfalfa to the barn. They watched the baler as it hungrily devoured the big shocks of hay and then sent it out to be tied into neat bales and stacked in the big barn.

When Boyce and Hakan returned for lunch, the youngster was very excited. He told how he had seen a flock of doves eating in the freshly cut alfalfa field. He said that he had tried to catch them but they always flew away but that Grandpa had told him that the doves couldn't fly away if he would only sprinkle a little salt on their tails.

Boyce searched the kitchen to find the biggest salt shaker his Grandmother had. With his Grandfather chuckling, they set out to catch the doves. About dusk, they returned. Boyce was hot and thirsty and completely worn out. In his hand, he carried only an empty salt shaker. The family teasingly questioned him about his afternoon. "Where were the doves? Was it true that if you put salt on their tails, they couldn't fly away from you?"

With childlike simplicity, Boyce answered them, "No, they can't fly but they sure can walk awful fast."

Age and time never seemed to dim the pleasure Hakan received from a good joke. He had played such jokes on his own children and seemed to get even more pleasure now pulling them on his grandchildren. Boyce was a handsome, alert child with an unlimited amount of enthusiasm. He was a bundle of energy which he turned into almost constant action. He was also his brother's keeper for he was a big help in taking care of his younger brother, Ruskin.

Eva was again made proud of her sister Nora for she graduated from the B.Y.U. in 1920 with a Bachelor of Arts degree. Hakan beamed and wiped away the tears of happiness as he described to Eva the joy and pride that Sarah and he had felt when Nora gave the Valedictory Address. One of the women on the faculty said, "At last, at last we have done it. We have a girl Valedictorian," for Nora was the first girl to receive this honor.

Hakan was leasing the farm to Isaac and Ben Blake. Sarah had a desire to live in town so they bought the quarter of a block just catercornered from the W. A. Lines home. There they built a lovely, modern three bedroom house of pressed brick. Nora began teaching English in the Gila Academy and Guy attended there.

During that summer of 1920, some of the men running cattle on the Bryce-Mattice Range took their families out to the main camp, Camp Slaughter, to spend the summer. The Lines family decided to go. They rode from Pima to the Dugway just beyond Big Springs in the black Dodge truck with its wire screen sides. The road was poor from that point on so they transferred to a team drawn box wagon; that is, all except Vearl and Boyce. At the top of the Dugway there were saddle ponies waiting for them and these two took a short cut to the camp. Trelva, who was almost four years older than Boyce, looked on with envy and felt it was not fair. She would have preferred riding a pony to being forced to bump along in the slow moving wagon. Yet even so, she was proud to have Boyce, not yet six years old, be such a good rider that Vearl could take him along.

It was dusk before the slow moving wagon reached the camp. They found Boyce sitting among the cowboys with his feet in a pan of coal-oil. The reason for this was soon told to his family. When he and Vearl arrived, Boyce was told to get water and wash for supper, but to be sure not to spill the water in the wash basin as all of the water

had to be carried from the well and it was at least a block away. Boyce was not used to outdoor cooking and in his anxiety to please and not spill the water, he walked barefooted over the gray ashes of the slightly cooled campfire coals. His feet were badly blistered but he lost not one drop of the precious water.

For their campsite, Arthur chose a little island in the middle of the dry creek bed. They had a large tent for the double bed and two cots. Eva, Arthur, Trelva, Boyce and Ruskin slept in this tent. Opal and Phyllis slept in a small tent and Vearl stayed with the cowboys, but most of the time he ate with his family. A big tarp was stretched between the large tent and some trees. This served as the kitchen and dining room with a cook stove, some boxes for cupboards and a table. It also served as a shelter from the weather.

All that summer the children lived in the sun. Dressed in their one piece coveralls the younger children climbed the hills and rode the burro and horses. The children loved these days for there were plenty of horses to ride, few chores to do; and a sense of real freedom, the like of which they had never known before. They would pile on Old Pete's back three or four at a time but Pete got smart. He learned the trick of breaking into a gallop just before reaching camp. As he came to the low hanging branches of the huge oak trees he would plunge through them, scraping the riders off his back. He always appeared pleased with the success of his effort but the children were not hurt in the episode so they would soon be riding him again.

Opal searched out and collected wild flowers and varieties of ferns and moss. She had the children help her. They had to watch for rattlesnakes and after the rains saw big, fuzzy, black tarantulas as they stiff-leggedly went for a stroll.

One day Eva and Boyce, riding Banty, went over the hills to gather wild cherries in a canyon a few miles from camp. While they were gone, a fierce thunderstorm came up. The huge rolls and claps of thunder with the bright showy flashes of lightning filled the sky. Eva tried to get home before the storm broke but when the rain began to fall in torrents Banty was obstinate and refused to travel. He had never been so stubborn before. Finally, after they were drenched, they reached the fence line to the pasture. In desperation, Eva tied Banty to a post and fought her way with Boyce through the blinding rain and wind to their camp. The little dry wash surrounding their island was soon a torrent of muddy, foam tipped water. Before long the storm

had passed. The wild flood had subsided and before nightfall the stream had lost its force and was only a calm little stream running in the center of its bed.

It was almost time for the beginning of the school term when the family returned home. As they drove into their yard and saw the lawn almost as high as alfalfa, the children were surprised. Their lawn had always been kept well, for Eva had seen to it that the mowing and trimming was done regularly. The children went running into the house. Civilization, with its running water, hot baths in a bath tub, clean sheets, and for the girls to be back wearing dresses; these and many other advantages of home life were greatly appreciated after their summer of camp life. The children did not have to wait for their father to unlock the back door for the Lines' occasionally locked the night lock on the front door, but never both doors. The residents of Pima did not fear or distrust their neighbor.

Nora, feeling the need of collecting information for genealogy, gave Eva as a Christmas present the bringing of all of her family's records up to date. This proved of lasting benefit. Nora had previously assisted Eva in getting family history for not only her family but for Arthur's and this additional help was greatly appreciated.

The Christmas Holiday was enjoyed by all the family but for Opal it was a glorious time. She had been attending Gila and Piercie Weathersby, a girl friend, invited her to spend the week at the Weathersby home in Klondyke. The week of dances and parties was like a dream for Opal and it was the beginning of a new life for her. She met Merrel Haby. Merrel's father and Mr. Weathersby had been business friends of Art for years. (For a few years Art had run a herd of goats in Aravaipa Canyon as well as on Markham Creek.) He knew both families to be fine, honest, hard working people. Opal came home with stars in her eyes and dreams in her heart.

Her visit to Klondyke was followed by Merrel making many to Pima. When they talked to Eva and Arthur of wanting to get married, Opal's parents urged them to wait. Opal was not yet eighteen and they felt that her illness had caused her to lose more than a year of school. Always anxious that their children get a good education, they tried to persuade both of them not to rush into marriage. Even so, the young couple pleaded so strongly that a date for the wedding was set.

The ceremony was very simple. Benjamin Blake, the Bishop's Counselor, officiated. The immediate family and the grandparents were the

only witnesses of this home wedding May 15, 1921. The same sweet spirit that had been present when Eva and Arthur were married nineteen years earlier was there. Eva, much like her mother Sarah, had prepared a dinner for the wedding party. Opal and Merrel, like her parents, left the valley to make their first home. When they reached the Haby Ranch, all the family's friends in the canyon were invited to a feast prepared in honor of the newlyweds.

There was a wedding in the Anderson family June 8, just one month after Opal's. Nora had met Ray J. Davis while attending the BY.U. Although her parents had merely met Ray, they felt sure that he must be a fine man if Nora was willing to be his bride. Laura accompanied her to Salt Lake where Nora and Ray were married in the Temple.

One other event had occurred in May that had given pleasure to the Lines family. Vearl and Phyllis had graduated from the Eighth Grade. The exercises had been held in the Pavilion and there was a large class graduated. Because of the Influenza epidemic graduations were just beginning to get back to normal.

The unusual things about the birth of the seventh baby in the W. A. Lines family were that Eva was under the care of a doctor before the birth to the extent that she was given some medicine as sort of a tonic to build up her system and that although the baby was a girl, they had actually wanted it to be a girl. Then, after her birth, she was the first one that needed supplementary feeding. She cried and cried from hunger until Dr. Morris had them try whipped and sweetened white of egg. From that day on the whole family helped feed the baby the egg white and they all loved doing it. She was born the 25th of August 1921 and was named Sarah Beth, for her Grandmother Anderson. Old fashioned names were not as popular as they are today so they shortened the Elizabeth to Beth and called her only Beth. Sarah tried to keep from showing partiality to her namesake but, at least, no child was loved more by her grandmother. Although Eva had not been called Sarah, she also bore that name and loved it for it had been her Mother's, her Grandmother Barney's and her Great Grandmother Farr's first name. Since her Mother's death, Eva has used Sarah E. as her official church and legal signature.

Although Phil Merrill had been released as Bishop before Beth's birth he had given the name and blessing to the other six children in this family and by special request he also blessed her.

During the history of this Pima Ward, the office of Bishop had been

held by five men. In its beginning Joseph K. Rogers was appointed, in 1884 John Taylor succeeded Bishop Rogers. During Bishop Taylor's term, the two story brick churchouse was built but it was not finished upstairs and remodelled until David Weech was made Bishop. President Andrew Kimball presided at the dedicatory service, April 26, 1902 and also effected the release of Bishop Weech and the appointment of Phil C. Merrill to succeed him. During the fifteen years that Bishop Merrill was in office he and his wife Pearl Weech Merrill gave their untiring efforts toward the constant improvement and greater achievement in the Pima Ward. Together, year after year, they planned and executed the spiritual guidance and social activity of this Ward with the help and loyal support of its members. Charles Ferrin was sustained as the fifth Bishop in 1917.

Chapter XV

EVA AND ARTHUR (1922-1928)

Financial conditions had steadily grown worse since the end of the first World War. The farm had never made any real money. Arthur like all good farmers kept improving the land and building up more. He put all the money the farm made right back into the land. The cattle had been an expensive experiment. Even the expense of the goats were more than their returns, for they sold the 1921 clip for fifteen cents a pound. That was the lowest price they had ever been forced to accept.

These years were indeed full of sickness, heartbreaks, disappointments and financial reverses; one piling upon another. The old Whipple Dairy now belonging to the W. A. Lines Company burned. The goats contracted the hoof and mouth disease and died by the hundreds. Even the barley crop that looked so promising became infected and was ruined. Arthur, trying to salvage something from the barley, turned his herd of beautiful dairy cows into the barley as pasture and, by nightfall, several of them lay with their feet skyward, poisoned by the infected grain.

The Flu germ seemed to live in Art's body and, whenever he became weakened or exhausted, he had another seige. These were not minor illnesses but so serious that the doctor only experimented in his treatment for he knew nothing better. At first Arthur rebelled and chafed under the restraint, swearing, "This damned medicine wouldn't cure anybody." But, as the years passed and with them repeated attacks, he would lay in bed somewhat resigned and fairly patient. Self discipline took the place of rebellion. The only food that passed his lips for an entire month was whipped sweetened egg white and orange juice. Arthur was always a well-built man and carried no extra weight. With these illnesses, he became extremely thin and frail. He was a sick and tired man. His black wavy hair turned to a silvery white. His only interest each day was watching his children leave for school and waiting for their noisy return for lunch and at its close. Music lessons

which had been routine for all of the children through the years had to be discontinued until he recuperated. Yet through these clouds so full of grey, their children made rainbows full of joy and happiness that increased Arthur's will to fight for life. He said, "Our children are all we have to live for."

The narrow bumpy roads through most of the valley were dust traps in the summer as the earth was ground to fine powder under the wheels of the ever multiplying automobiles. During the winter these same roads turned into slippery mud bogged ruts. Many of the valley residents were anxious to have a paved highway. But there were others who were more concerned about the water supply. Hakan, Arthur and Uncle Hyrum, who had now returned to the valley to live, agreed with the Stake President and others who felt that a dam in the Gila River to protect their water rights was a more vital need; and would have greater benefit in the long range development of their valley. However, the highway was desired by the majority of the voters and the dream of a permanent water supply for the Gila Valley became in 1922, when the Highway Bond was passed, only a ribbon of cement and asphalt connecting the little towns from Matthews Wash to the San Jose Canal above Solomonville instead.

Opal's husband, Merrel, was a handsome, intelligent man with an inventive, alert mind. His German ancestry had given him a cultural background which the Lines family appreciated and respected. He put forth quite an effort to do well. At the time of Marie's birth he was working as the machinist for Mr. Healey at the flour mill in Pima. They were all very proud of Opal and Merrel's baby girl born the 15th of September 1922. Opal had made a beautiful layette for her baby.

Phyllis and Vearl were both attending Gila Academy. It was their second year. Although Vearl was not really interested in academic subjects, he tried to do the things his parents desired, even to the extent of entering an oratorical contest. However, his life and love was still the cattle and in the spring of 1923, when he was 17, Arthur turned the cattle over to his management.

The neighborhood children as well as Vearl's friends and brothers loved to watch him handle some of the young partly broken horses in the side street that led to the corral, garage and pasture back of their house. They would sit on top of the corral fence or stand at a safe vantage point to watch the drama and excitement of Vearl subduing a defiant horse. One day the stress and excitement of these events was

too much for Boyce and as he sat eating something with one hand and holding onto the fence with another he slipped and fell from the top bar. For weeks he wore a tightly strapped adhesive bandage around his body while his broken shoulder bone healed. Trelva was always quite a tomboy and loved all of the excitement of these doings but, when Arthur would come home unexpectedly and find Trelva astraddle of the fence with all these boys watching Vearl, his strict conservative English principles disapproved of his daughter being so unladylike and she would be sharply sent to the house. But, like a magnet, the activity outside made her forget his disapproving looks and as soon as possible, she would be back again lost to all about her except for the show which her eyes beheld.

Quite a group of Vearl's friends, boys and girls, gathered in the pasture one holiday to put on their own rodeo. They tried all of the stunts they could think of and manage and thought it was much better than a big affair. Vearl had a special knack with horses, perhaps because he loved and understood them and they knew it. His work as a cowboy taught him how to pack horses for trips horseback and so his friends always left the final work of rolling the bedding and tying the ropes and such to him.

Phyllis continued to do well in school. She entered two Oral Expression Contests and won first prize the second time. She was in an operetta and plays. During these years she became active in 4-H Club work and won honors in that. There were times when these pursuits required most of her time. But that summer she had to take extra responsiblities because Eva and Beth went to Idaho and Utah with Hakan, Sarah and Guy and were gone at least a month. With Opal married, Phyllis was the oldest daughter at home. She wasn't yet fifteen so she suddenly realized just preparing three meals a day was a big job besides the laundry, housework, and many daily tasks that no one ever realized had to be done except Mother. Arthur was at home and had the real responsibility. The children took advantage of the situation though and gave Phyllis a bad time. Everyone was most happy to welcome Eva home.

Eva and her parents had had a wonderful trip and had visited with a lot of relatives. They took camp equipment so that when they wished they could camp along their way. Their only trouble developed before they reached St. George for, besides a wheel coming off, they had trouble with the motor and rolled as far as the car would take them,

then had to be towed into town. Hakan bought a new car when they reached Salt Lake; he didn't want any more trouble. The entire trip was greatly enjoyed and it was the longest and best trip Eva ever had with her parents. Eva greatly appreciated her husband wanting her to have this nice trip and getting along those weeks with just the children to help him.

She was happy to be home again and thought Arthur and the children had managed well without her but as always she could see so many things that needed to be done to prepare for school and before winter that she overdid and was quite sick. Arthur was working hard too for at this time they were milking thirteen cows and selling the cream, besides the work of managing the farm, goats and his other interests.

All of the older children had opportunities to tend their younger brothers and sisters but Trelva thought she got more than her share. The Lines home was a good place for neighbors and relatives to leave their children while they attended church socials or Stake Conference. The large shady yard was a good place to play in the summer and the house was large for cold weather so they seemed to think one more or several more children wouldn't make any diference at Eva's. Trelva always had a way with children and they liked to be around her.

It seemed that the front door never ceased banging on Sunday morning until they all got off to Sunday School for Trelva and Phyllis' girl friends, in particular, came for them on the way to the churchhouse. Trelva always did well in school but social life was more important to her than honors or awards.

Every day, morning and night, Boyce helped with the milking. He was so small the neighbors could hardly distinguish which was the larger, the boy or the milk pail. In school, his teachers just gave up trying to keep him seated like the other children. He was so anxious to answer the questions that he was entirely unconscious that the seat was to really sit on and in spite of the reprimands, he spent most of his early school life sitting halfway on one knee.

Ruskin had a smile and a personality which he bestowed upon everyone. He was a handsome child, with big brown eyes and his brown hair cut in 'Buster Brown' style. He carried a sweet mannerism of naive modesty that only added to his charm. Even when he was only six years of age, he gave readings and poems in the ward. His excellent delivery, which Eva helped, and his shy winning smile made him a popular entertainer throughout his school days.

The boys spent many an afternoon with 'Old Pete,' the family burro. Besides the two of them climbing on his back there would usually be one or two of the neighbor boys. Pete was wise to their every move. The boys would kick and slap and pound him. Begrudgingly they would get him out of the side street and over the bridge onto the main road. Perhaps they would ride three or four blocks by pounding and slapping him every step of the way. After they decided that all this effort was not worth the meager ride and turned him around, Pete then became a different animal, trotting happily with his riders bouncing up and down on his back. He hastened his gait as he neared the bridge, and once there he broke into a gallop, paying no attention to Boyce, who would now be tugging and pulling on the reins to slow him down. Straight for the irrigation ditch, he'd go and, as he jumped it, he'd arch his back as high as he could. Like a most obedient, intelligent, loving animal, he would stop on the other side of the ditch to wait for the boys to pick themselves up from the ground and crawl back on him.

Grandpa Anderson never went anywhere alone and almost every week day morning, if the children were not in school, he would stop in front of Eva's home and loudly honk the horn until one or more of the children came out to go with him. His neck was stiff. It was almost impossible for him to turn his head and since his reflex action was slow, he compensated for these defects by using his horn in many ways. It signalled for service at either the drug store which he owned or Lines' store in which he was a partner, as well as serving for a warning that he was backing out of the garage onto the main highway. He was one driver that made full use of the auto's horn. Sarah and his children may have been concerned about his driving but the grandchildren never were. It was always a lark to get off with Grandpa and Trelva was one who went whenever possible.

One day with his car loaded with children, he drove up past San Jose and attempted to ford the Gila River. The water was running higher than he judged, and before he hardly realized it the engine was dead. There he sat with a car full of active, noisy children. Hakan had not touched a car engine for years and felt this was no time to start. Giving Ruskin his handkerchief, he told him how to open the hood. He described the spark plugs and told Ruskin how to dry them with the handkerchief. Ruskin crawled out through the window, followed his granddad's instructions and in a few minutes the spark plugs were dry, the engine started again and the car wheels sloshed

out onto the dry roadbed on the other side of the river. Not one child had even a wet toe. Hakan always expected life to turn out beautifully and it usually did seemingly trying to live up to his high opinion of it.

Their little blonde baby girl Beth, with her beautiful skin and fine delicate features had all these brothers and sisters to adore and love her. It seemed such love and admiration was almost all her little heart needed. She grew and blossomed with it. Ruskin was her guardian. He always took her little hand as they left home for Primary and never released it until he had her seated in a chair in the nursery class. Vina Green, a good friend of Eva's, was the Primary President and she said, "Eva, the whole Primary waits for Ruskin to bring Beth in every week. It just thrills us to see how he takes care of her."

Living in a small town with many daily tasks left little leisure time for either Mother or children. Even the piano practising took not only a well planned schedule but much patience and endurance for Eva as she listened to the discords and awful silences while the one supposed to be practising either answered the door, hunted for a note, tried to move up the clock or sometimes did a little reading. Quite soon the child was made aware that Mother was listening for sounds from the piano for she would be heard to call, "Why aren't you practising?"

Each of the children added in his own way to the joy and bustle of the home life. Vearl had a big crowd that loved to have dancing parties and for these the Lines home was many times used as the rugs could be rolled back in the living room, dining room and vestibule and with the sliding doors opened wide and a good pianist, they had a wonderful time. Some of the older boys thought stealing the refreshments at someone's party was a big accomplishment. They managed it a few times at the Lines' although that was one time Eva tried to keep the screen door hooked. One of the nights after the cakes had disappeared, Eva made the statement, "I didn't mind losing the cakes half as much as I did having them take my dripping pans." Within a few days, she found them carefully placed on the lawn inside the big hedge.

At times and particularly on Saturdays, Eva felt like the proverbial woman in the shoe. The weekly cleaning, baking for the Sabbath, checking and preparing the clothes for Sunday and the ritual of the Saturday night bath would have made it a full and busy day but for quite a few years the parlor became a piano studio for Wesley Taylor to give piano lessons to the children in Pima and the nearby towns. This added one more responsibility to Eva's already full share. That

room had to be cleaned Friday and heated during cold weather with a roaring fire in the fireplace.

In February of 1925, they were expecting their eighth child. Art with his strong preference for boys did want to have another son to even out the number. To make up for disappointing him, the new baby girl, born the 17th of February, was more like her father than any other child. She had his beautiful black curly hair and his fair skin, her eyes were much the same in coloring and shape.

Quite a problem arose to select a name. Opal wrote pleading letters suggesting that she be named Patricia. But Arthur and Eva had always avoided names that could be easily nicknamed. Many names were considered but either they were not liked by all or were already in use by the now numerous progeny of the Lines Brothers. The only name that everyone agreed might do was Marba, which was finally suggested by Phyllis because it was different and was the name of an excellent teacher at Gila. Marba has always liked her name. This wee baby came into a home with lots of brothers and sisters to take her into their hearts and her parents adored her.

Farming was undergoing big changes. The main crop had been alfalfa but now there were not only fewer dairy herds in this section to use it but the horse drawn vehicles and farm implements were being replaced by the tractor and machines. A few brave men had begun growing short staple cotton. It paid good money but created a labor problem particularly during the picking season. Fate had given Arthur some hard blows during the last few years and he hesitated to try this new crop but with Eva's encouragement he had given more and more of his land to this crop. Now his farm was one field after another of straight rows of beautiful dark green cotton plants during the summer months. Cotton needed water at regular intervals and there was always the problem of pests damaging the crop. After the balls of cotton began to open, pickers would be kept busy until the field was well cleaned after several pickings.

Arthur and Eva were disappointed that Vearl did not want to continue in school but their hearts were made happy when after running the cattle for over a year, he accepted a call from the Bishop to fill a Mission for the church. On September 25, 1925 Vearl left for Salt Lake City, Utah to receive training at the Mission Home prior to fulfilling a Mission in the Southern States. Arthur had always been so busy trying to satisfy the material needs of the family that it had only been

Lines Family group in 1925 at the top of the page. (Back row) Arthur, Phyllis, Marba, and Eva; (front row) Boyce, Ruskin, Beth and Trelva. (Bottom, left) Beth and Marba; (right) Boyce, Trelva holding Beth, and Ruskin.

(Top, left) Eva, Arthur and baby Marba, 1927; (right) Marba, Ruskin and Boyce on horses. (Center, left) Boyce, Marba, Ruskin and Beth on horses; (right) Ruskin on horse and Boyce on Burton, the burro. Beth, Ruskin, Marie Haby, Boyce and Marba in pictures at bottom of page.

for a year or two that he had been actively participating in church work. He was ordained an elder October 18, 1925, just a month after Vearl had received the same ordination. Eva and the children had always been active in the organizations and Arthur had supported her in this.

Vearl found in his heart the humility and self-sacrifice necessary to become a good missionary. The family benefitted from his experiences. The letters which Vearl wrote to his father and mother and even to the small children were messages of inspiration and faith. As the months passed and his faith became stronger so did the faith of his family strengthen. Guy had gone on a mission to the southern states also but he left in June 1924. He was in Virginia most of the time and Vearl was in South Carolina but they did have a wonderful reunion at Atlanta, Georgia when they both attended a special conference for the dedication of a church building there.

Most of the first year he was in the mission field, Vearl was assigned to country work. It was a humbling experience searching out people interested in the gospel message and even more humbling because part of the time he and his companion had to travel without purse and script and depend upon the kindness and generosity of strangers. The swamps and dense vegetation with the millions of mosquitos gave Vearl, like some of the natives, the 'chills and fever' or malaria. To remove him from constant exposure to the causes of this disease, he was then brought into the cities. Although he had had this same disease when a boy, after the summer in the mountain it had not recurred until he was in South Carolina. This time he had relapses of it and even after he returned home from his mission November 22, 1927, when he was honorably released, his health was not real good for several years.

Many things happened at home while Vearl was on his mission. One that was greatly enjoyed was a Lines' Family Reunion held in the fall of 1925 at the Pavilion. The posterity of Henry and Emily had seldom found time to all get together and now the grandchildren were marrying and the members were scattering to make it harder to have a reunion but nearly all of them were able to be in Pima for this event. There were even some great grandchildren present. The big dinner was prepared and served by their daughter, Maime, and Lizzie, Mary and Eva, who were Joe, Milt and Arthur's wives. Two huge tables were made with saw horses and two-by-twelves then covered with linen cloths and places set for everyone. None of the Lines men were heavy

eaters nor were they connoisseurs of food, but on this day, they all worked toward gorging themselves with healthy samples of all the delicious food. It was a day of days for Emily. She had always felt pleased to have such good children. On this day to see them all there she glowed with happiness and proudly thought theirs indeed was a wonderful family.

Of course Arthur's family had Vearl absent but they were glad the rest could be there even though Opal arrived late with Merrel and Marie. They had driven from Aravaipa where Merrel was working. Marie was now three years old and she was a darling little sprite. Her black eyes sparkled with a burning glow of love and intelligence.

The afternoon was spent mostly in visiting. Everyone, even the grandchildren, gathered around Henry. His eyes glowed with enthusiasm as he told them about a family dinner at the Lines home years earlier and he said, "I did it then, but I couldn't do it today." Then he told about a foot race he ran with his first grandchild, Frieda, Joseph's daughter, who was at the time sixteen years old. It had happened on Thanksgiving in 1908 when Emily had invited all of the family to their home for dinner. Although Henry was 62 years old at the time, he was talked into running this race. The family gathered on the lawn close to the fence for the hard smooth front sidewalk was to be the track and they were to run a hundred yards. Henry's little white beard and silver hair ruffled in the wind as he ran. He easily won the race. His legs were short but none moved with more speed. He was pleased and to see his children proud of his feat made it a great joy for Henry.

The family reunion seventeen years later was as joyous and in some ways more satisfying than the first had been. They knew their family was building on the heritage they had received. They all departed to their homes feeling a new awareness of their love and devotion for each other.

Valentine's Day for the W. A. Lines family was always one of the sweetest days of the year. This was perhaps true, because that evening at dusk, the children would run and skip to their Grandpa and Grandma Lines' home. Not only with valentines but with a gift for Grandpa's birthday. After a short visit in their grandparents' home using their best manners, they would return home to continue the thrill of Valentine's Day. Either these children were very popular or it was because there were so many of them; but from dark until past bedtime, Eva would hear the constant banging of the door. She enjoyed hearing the de-

lighted scream of her children upon receiving the valentine or the disgusted exclamation if it was only a valentine jerky. The "Jerky" is now a lost pleasure, but was one of the joys and sorrows of the period in which the Lines children grew up. The individual who placed the valentine by the door held a string attached to it. Just as the eager child attempted to pick it up, it was jerked from him by the owner and the anticipating child was left with nothing. The big porch posts made a perfect hiding place for the children to use and jerk the jerky. The thrill and excitement of this day made it one of the best in the year.

One Saturday afternoon as the family was all busy, Opal and Merrel came unexpectedly to the house. Eva could see that they were very serious but even though she knew they had had some problems she was saddened when Merrel said regretfully, "Mother Lines, I have brought Opal back to you." There was no blame only that they had not been able to work out their troubles. Eva and Arthur accepted Opal and her baby Marie both into the family and Opal's trunks and boxes were stored in the garage.

After school was out that summer, Phyllis had two of her girl friends stay over night with her. They enjoyed the evening driving in the new grayish-blue Dodge sedan that had been bought for Eva's car. It was hoped that she would now learn to drive. The girls returned to the Lines home with the gas tank almost empty. In the early morning hours the family was quickly wakened with the shout of, "Lumbre! Lumbre!" from an old Mexican who lived nearby. The bright light from the fire made it appear to this family that the back of the house was on fire but it was their garage instead. They rushed outside to do all they could to prevent the house from catching fire. Trelva in her fright pushed the piano into the front door and since it wasn't exactly straight in the doorway it blocked that door so that no one could go through it.

Quite a crowd gathered but with all of the things that were stored in the garage to feed the fire besides the shingle roof it was soon a blazing inferno. Fortunately it was about fifty feet from the nearest corner of it to the nearest corner of the house and there were two big umbrella trees in between so that by hosing the roof of the house they were able to keep it from catching fire. Besides the damage done to the garage, and the four boxes and trunk with Opal's things in, the loss included many other things for it had served as a storage room. There was the equipment for the cattle ranch including riding and pack saddles, bridles and bedding; also the shearing supplies for the goat

herd and of course the car was a complete loss but it was the only thing from which they were able to collect insurance. The truck, parked at the side of the garage, was saved at the cost of a blistered arm for Arthur when he tried to start the engine.

The most eerie thing that occurred was the honking of the horn for as the fire blazed madly this horn began to blow and it seemed hours before the noise stopped. Certainly all of the community who had not been roused earlier must have been by this blasting noise in the early morning. The only clue to the fire was the cap to the gas tank which was found unburned in the side street. Since the garage was always left unlocked and gas had been known to have been stolen from their cars, it was supposed that when the thief was unable to siphon gas from the almost empty tank that he lit a match to peer into the tank and the fumes caused an explosion. The family felt the loss caused by the fire but they were very grateful that the home had been untouched.

In July, Guy returned from his mission. He had benefitted greatly by his two years experience and felt that he had joy in carrying the doctrines of the Mormon Church to many people. Hakan and Sarah were so proud that their handsome son was a fine speaker. On his way home he had come through Washington, D.C. and applied to the Arizona Senator for a job so that he could return there to attend law school. Although his family would have liked to have him home longer they were pleased to have his application accepted and after a few weeks he left for the Capitol City.

Some of the citizens of Pima now began to feel that fate had been against them. The dreams of the first settlers who had laid out the town according to the instructions of their church leaders had not been realized. Politics and destiny lay the oft sought prize at another's door. Pima had been the church center and the Gila Academy had been held there one year as well as early stake meetings all being there but now both the stake house and the Academy had been built in Thatcher. The water rights of its first settlers had been taken and given to the Union Ditch with the upper valley receiving priority to the water. Safford won the county seat and with it a rapid increase in population over the other towns of the valley. As these events happened, one after another, some of the original residents moved from Pima. Others remained with the determination to keep Pima, the fine good American town which they wished to be the birthplace of their children. The years have shown that although the population has not changed either way over

the years that the people who have come from this town are most of them active participants in church and civic affairs wherever they have made their home and some are even outstanding Americans.

The pride and joy which they derived from their church activities was hampered only by the lack of room and conveniences in the old red brick churchhouse. Several years now had been hard on the farm and some of the Ward members disapproved of the idea that a new church should be considered until conditions improved. Early in 1927, Eva as the Gleaner Leader in the Mutual Improvement Association sponsored a 'Married Folks' dance which made fifty dollars. This was the first money contributed toward a building fund for a new church. On February 22, Eva as Committee Chairman with the help of the Pima Relief Society members served a chicken pie dinner. It was a great success and they added $565.00 more to the fund. The dinner was well publicized and many came from other towns in the valley. Some sizeable contributions were made and one was $25.00 worth of flour from George Healey, the miller. He was an indifferent non-member and a bachelor not known for generosity so that it was even more appreciated. The entire Ward now became enthused after the women had in two months' time started the drive off with over six hundred dollars. They combined their efforts and in a year's time had the building completed. Isaac Blake was the Bishop of the Ward during the period that the new church was built and dedicated. It was built facing the street just one block west of the main street and was actually back of the Pavilion. It was now easier to make use of the two buildings together.

The Pima Ward choir rehearsed all spring and summer in order that they might be invited to sing at the dedication of the Mesa Temple on October 22, 1927. Arthur went as the driver of Milt's car for Mary and the carload of choir members they were taking. Hakan and Sarah took Eva and her children to the home of Charlie Bush, the owner of the Creamery, where they listened on his big radio to the Dedication. The Lines family were happy that they now had a temple so near and were looking forward to Vearl's return from his mission very soon. It would be wonderful to have him home and when he got back they planned to go to the Temple in order to have the family united for time and eternity. This was called having the children sealed to the parents. Marba cried some with disappointment that she had not been permitted to go with her father to Mesa. Beth, the little mother, tried to comfort her and said, "Don't cry, Marba, when Vearl comes home,

Daddy is going to buy a new Dodge car and then we are all going to the Mesa Temple and all be pasted."

Vearl left Pima for his mission a tall raw-boned young fellow. One who looked out of character unless he was wearing levis and cowboy boots. A boy who like his grandfather Anderson liked to tease. He returned home November 22, 1927 two inches taller, the dare-devil flash of young youth gone and in its place a charming modesty and culture that radiated peace and love. Although he was pale and not as robust looking because of the spells of malaria that had weakened him, many commented to his family that he was certainly handsome and well-built. The family was proud of the fine record he had made and the happiness he had enjoyed in his work.

January 12, 1928 the family did go to the Temple to have the sealing ordinance performed. Besides the joy of having the work done for their immediate family, it was made a more joyous day by having Henry and Emily and their children receive the same blessing. All during the years that the family had lived in Pima, Henry had not participated in church activities. This was the result of a situation which arose as a result of politics and human frailities among the local church leaders when Henry was living in Utah. It had been hard for him to forgive and forget. Yet Henry had never strayed from its teachings and was pleased when the Bishop and Pima Ward voted to reinstate him in the church. Milt and Mary and their children had their work done also. Joe, John, and Maime both had married in the Temple in the beginning. Emma's sealing was done too. The day at the Temple was a very big day for Henry. He chuckled proudly when President Udall, the President of the Temple, came over to him and said," Lines, Lines, Lines, every one is a Lines. I never dreamed their were so many bearing the name." Henry looked at his sons and his daughter, their wives and husband and the children, knowing these were his posterity. He had been the only one of the Lines family to settle in Arizona and he was the only son of John and Jane Lines still living who had clung to this church as his way of life. This day his heart was filled with gratitude and thanksgiving. He put his arms around his beloved Emily and said, "Well, Mother, this has been the best day's work of our entire lives."

After the work in the Temple had been completed Vearl drove the children home in the new Dodge and Arthur drove Hakan's car to Tucson so that the four of them, Sarah, Hakan, Eva and Art could visit there with Phyllis, who was a junior at the University after having

graduated the June before from Gila Junior College, and with Laura and Ben and their young baby, Phyllis. Her daddy always said, "We named her after Phyllis (Lines) and hope she will be as nice a girl." The following day they drove on to Pima. They had enjoyed seeing Laura's family in their new home and were so happy that Laura and Ben had finally been blessed with a baby. They were pleased with what they saw at the University and glad to have one of their children in attendance there. Eva thought as they went home how nice it was that her parents had been able to be with them at the Temple when the ordinance she had prayed earnestly for had been done. She did not know, though, that this would be the last trip she would make with both of her parents.

When they reached home they found instead of the happy children they had bid goodbye to in Mesa, a disheartened group. The story of what happened was related. They were having a wonderful time; absorbed in the steep mountainous grades on the Superior Mountains, through the tunnel and on up, up over the narrow winding roads, past the old apple fruit orchard they climbed up to the very top of the mountain. Then they started down, around one curve into another and another. As they rounded a sharp hairpin turn, an old open Ford truck came plowing into their 'brand new' car. The Lines children sat speechless as they now watched all sorts and sizes of children come tumbling from the Ford truck, followed by the care-worn mother and shiftless looking bib-overalled father. When the cars had been pulled apart, the right side of the Lines car was an ugly mess. The other driver admitted he was on the wrong side of the road and didn't have good brakes but he didn't have any money to pay damages either. Vearl, realizing nothing could be done by pressing charges, told the children to get back into the car and they would go home.

They were a saddened, shocked and quiet brood that began getting back in the damaged auto. That is all but Marba and she hung back, making no effort to get in. When they called telling her to hurry for they were going home, she stamped her little foot and said very determinedly, "Well, you can get into this ugly, old ruined car if you want, but I'm not." She was their pet and such strong words from the baby, not yet two, made them all burst into laughter. The disappointment of the collision was almost forgotten as they cajoled her to go with them. Then more slowly but eventually they reached Pima. Eva and Arthur were so very glad the children were uninjured that even

in their regret at having to have repairs made on the car they felt it could have been much worse.

Every summer when the fruit on the trees reached the peak of ripeness, up the path to Art's home came his father, Henry. He usually managed to come on a Saturday morning when the children would be home from school. Henry never walked. He came with more of a gay little trot. And as he trotted up the sidewalk the four blocks from his home, he carried pails of perfect figs, which he had picked from his own fig trees. Arthur's children would happily surround him and beg him to stay for a good visit. Often times he would stay for about a half hour; but loving them too well to wear out his welcome, he would soon say he had to go on home.

As Ruskin grew, he developed little traits of his own that set him apart as an individual. He did have a distinct way with animals. His quiet, calm and patient manner gave them confidence. Every litter of pups was a major event in his life. He loved dumb animals and they all seemed to know it. His particular pet at this time was an old Rhode Island hen. No matter where she was, she would come at his call and allow him to pick her up and stroke her back. He was very proud of being able to do this. She would not even come close to any of the other members of the family but in his arms she seemed perfectly at home and content. Even for a farm boy, a hen was an unusual pet and that is why the family marvelled at Ruskin and the old red hen.

The big brick house across the road from the Lines' was a second home to Eva's children. It was there they went after school if Mother was not at home; it was there they went to tell the thrilling events of the day; it was there they went for advice and approval on questionable matters; for it was there that their Grandfather and Grandmother Anderson lived.

Beth adored her grandparents and was ready almost every morning to go with her Dad as he went to the farm. She was not yet six but since she was two years old she had rode with Arthur across the street. Sometimes he took her farther and then brought her back but then she would run in Grandma's house to have a visit.

One Wednesday morning in February, this pleasure was forbidden. The evening before after a fairly good shower of rain Sarah had started toward the Lines home. As she got to the car bridge, some headlights flashed on her and thinking she had to hurry to get out of the way, she quickly stepped onto the muddy, slick ditch bank, then she slipped

and fell breaking her hip. The dreary long days passed. Beth's whole world was changed and empty. When she was allowed to see her dear grandmother, she found her in a white hospital bed, with a strange woman, Sister Caroline Eyring, caring for her. She saw the doctor come often to the house and examine and help her grandmother. She saw them giving medicine to her grandmother now to try to make her feel better, but in spite of the medicine her grandmother who had always been able to take care of everything wrong was begging for relief from the pain. Strangest of all was for Grandmother to ask to have her hair cut so it would be easier to comb. But Grandfather persuaded her to endure the tangles, he had always thought her soft wavy black hair, with hardly a gray hair in it, was so lovely.

Grandmother was kept in an adult world from that time on and Beth and the other children only heard and saw what the adults wished them to. Eva wrote daily letters to both Guy and Nora to tell them of their Mother's condition. The family did not receive too much assurance from the doctor, who was doing all he could for Sarah. She was in such pain that she called frequently for someone to move her to a more comfortable position. Arthur always went as many times a day as was necessary to help move her. He went so willingly and was so sweet and kind to Sarah that when Eva said to him, "But, Art, you just get her moved and she wants to be moved again." To which Arthur answered, "But don't you know that a minute to her is a long, long time?" Arthur and the other sons-in-law had always had a deep affection for Sarah and she had frequently said what fine sons they were. But because Arthur lived near he had known her even better than the others in these last few years. He had told them after she fell, "I wish she hadn't thought she should try to hurry." And when she had died he said to Eva with a sad heart, "We have lost one of our very best friends as well as your mother."

All of the family gathered for the funeral. Nora, who was living in Rexburg, Idaho, where Ray was teaching in the college, brought her little first son, Jay. Guy came from Washington, D.C. Because of the distance these two had come, the services were four days after Sarah's death had occurred.

Beth saw the many relatives come to Pima for the funeral. She saw the sadness that enveloped her home and turned it into a sad world of unanswered questions. She went with all of them to the funeral and listened while the speakers told how good and kind her grandmother

had been. They mentioned that she and Jane Mattice had been Relief Society Visiting Teachers for twenty-eight years. Everyone present knew how she had loved beautiful flowers and that her yard was always full of the flowers she so faithfully cared for. They knew how generous she had always been and of her kindness in sharing her flowers with all who asked for them. They said that this was the first funeral in the new church. At the cemetery, Beth held Marba's hand and watched as the huge floral pieces were put in place. Then every one left but the family. Beth heard her Mother calling her name. It was time to go home. She did not question the call and tried to guide Marba back to the car. Marba made no fuss, she just stood still, refusing to move. When Eva and Art came to the girls and took their hands, Art said, "Come we must go now." Very quietly but with finality, Marba looked at them and said, "You can all go home, but I'm going to stay here with my Grandmother. I can't leave my Grandmother all alone."

Sarah's love for her children and grandchildren had been shown in many ways. She never failed to remember each one of them with a personally wrapped gift at Christmas and this in a very small way indicated the devotion she showed in countless ways. When she left them March 7, 1928 their hearts were empty.

Of Sarah Elizabeth Anderson

by Opal Lines

In the garden of life she wandered,
Sowing with care her precious seed.
Over the hill and down the valley,
Scattering grain, scorning weed.

Through the day and night of darkness,
Tended she her fields with care;
Till at length her labor ended,
Piled high her sheaves were there.

In the mountain's shade she rested
Weary after days of toil;
Found the harvest she had gathered,
Richly blessed by earth's soil.

Life's sun drew near its setting,
Yet unheeded was its race,
Without warning came her summons,
She beheld the Master's face.

No regret, nor backward glancing,
No remorse or faltering step,
But with sweet and smiling assent,
She departed, and we wept.

(Written the day after her departure 7 March 1928)
(Read by Stake President Harry L. Payne at Sarah's Funeral)

Chapter XVI

EVA AND ARTHUR (1928-1932)

Nora wanted to stay with her father and family for awhile. Laura and Ben decided to make their home with Grandpa Anderson. Knowing that they would need time to close their affairs and move from Tucson, Nora agreed to stay with her father until they were able to return. Although they all would miss Sarah it was Hakan whose life would never have the meaning or beauty that it had known but they were determined to help him all they could.

Hakan and Sarah had loved their home in town and it had given them an opportunity to see many people just from their kitchen or front porch, for they had had it built bearing in mind that they were older and would not be able to go as much as before. Living just a block from the center of town and on the main highway, they enjoyed seeing friends and strangers come and go. If Hakan had had to leave his home after Sarah's death, the adjustment would have been more difficult than it was. Laura, Ben, and their daughter Phyllis made a wonderful home for him and his other children tried in every way they knew to comfort and encourage their father but, without his beloved Sarah, he sometimes wandered as a lost child. Being able to drive a good car helped to ease the pain in his soul. Although he had never had an accident, the children worried even more about the responsibility of his driving, for many people without cars rode, at their suggestion, to and from Safford with him. He always went with a car full and so Ben obtained all the insurance protection possible for Hakan. And as so many times in his life before, he was still expecting life to be good and it was; he was never in an accident.

The children as well as Hakan greatly missed Sarah. Without her, they had to look elsewhere for counsel and strength. Eva in particular missed her for there had been daily visits that would be no more. The lilac bush that had been planted years before remained as a constant reminder of the loving care Sarah had given it and all of them. When

they located the house on the lot Maime Ransom had told them she hoped the bush could be saved, and it was although it was right at the back door. Because of the many years it had been there it had a deep root and did well. Sarah always loved lilacs and roses and saw that they received all of the water and attention they needed. The roots of faith and love she had planted as deep in the hearts of her children as the roots of the lilac bush were in the ground.

While the family was still together following the funeral, they agreed to have Guy receive one thousand dollars to help him finish his education. This was to come from money Sarah had received from her father's estate. Walter T. Barney had died May 19, 1922 in Solomonville at the age of 85 and just four months before the birth of Opal's daughter, Marie, would have made him a great-great-grandfather. Matilda Farr Barney had preceded him in death eight years for the date of her death was May 23, 1914 and she was seventy-three years old. They all felt that Sarah died much younger, because of the accident, than she would have done otherwise for she was only 66.

Guy was married June 30, 1928 in Washington, D.C. to Elizabeth Layton. The romance had developed after he came home from his mission and was continued by correspondence. The family was all well pleased with the marriage for even though Guy had two more years' schooling, he was working in the Congressional Library and they thought a wife would help take the place of his mother.

The Lines family enjoyed the close association they now had with Laura's family. But life, as always, was very busy in their home. Each spring there was the cattle round-up, the planting of crops on the farm, which Arthur was now completely managing, and the kidding and shearing of goats. Vearl, since his return home, had again been running the cattle and the price this year was the best they had received.

Summer days were always hot in Arizona, yet the cotton required careful and constant care. As soon as each child was capable of doing a job, he was given that one to perform. This year, behind a horse-drawn cultivator, twelve year old Boyce sat day after day, except for Sunday, during the entire summer. He rode all day long up and down the long, dusty rows of cotton. When quitting time came, tired and exhausted, he rode home in the truck with his dad. As soon as the milking had been done and supper over, he fell into bed for some much needed rest in order to work again the next day.

Trelva was often sent to the post-office in the afternoon to get the

family mail. She enjoyed doing this and watched each letter addressed to Vearl hoping for one addressed in a very feminine handwriting. Adolescent Trelva tried to encourage a romance between her handsome brother, Vearl, and a little southern girl in Georgia who had been in South Carolina on a six months' mission at the time Vearl was there.

One morning in August, a telegram came from this young lady. Boyce was sent to the cattle ranch to deliver it to Vearl. The next morning as he shaved and packed before leaving for Phoenix to see this girl friend, Trelva hovered close by doing all in her power to see that he went off in excellent style. It was all so thrilling and more like a fairy tale with the prince driving off in a tan Dodge sedan to go see the princess. Trelva prayed in her heart that the princess would overlook the big cold sore on the prince's lower lip. Riding the range was hard on Vearl's fair and sensitive skin. He looked like a typical cowboy now, windblown and weather beaten.

True to the fairy tale ending, when Vearl returned from Phoenix, he told his family that he had been accepted and was going to marry Leona Olson. She had come to Phoenix with her mother to visit her grandmother and so instead of having to wait until October Conference in Salt Lake when they had hoped to meet again, they now planned to be married October 17, 1928. When Trelva realized that these plans would take her brother from her, she felt the sweetness of the romance had turned bitter but she tried to pretend as preparations were made that it was all wonderful even though in her heart she knew she was jealous, yes, terribly jealous.

At the Mesa Temple, when the ceremony uniting Vearl and Leona in marriage was performed, Eva, Arthur, Hakan and Leona's mother, Ella Shank, were proud witnesses of the beautiful ordinance. The entire Lines family was anxious to meet and pass approval on the bride. However, it was Trelva who felt the most concerned. The romance she had encouraged had ended in marriage and she wondered if the bride would be worthy of her fine brother. When they returned from a short honeymoon, Leona's sweetness and love captured the hearts of them all. Trelva soon found that she had not lost a brother but had found another sister, Leona.

The family gave a lovely wedding shower for the bride and the preparations for it were quite elaborate. The weather pulled a fast trick on their seating and decorations for a lawn party. Eva had just introduced her beautiful new daughter-in-law to the assembled friends and relatives

when a sudden thunderstorm broke and the large crowd had to move their chairs inside the house. This further complicated the program for the piano had been moved out on the porch so that the musical numbers now had to be heard through the windows. Leona, being an accomplished violinist, played some beautiful selections. The family thrilled with their guests as they heard her skillful playing.

Grandpa Anderson had always treated Vearl more like a son than a grandson. When there was no available house in Pima for the young couple, Hakan had one built on the southwest corner of his lot so that they would have a house to rent and live in. The love of music was in Hakan's soul. It pleased him so much to have Leona play her violin for him. Some of the old familiar songs brought back memories of his childhood and younger years.

That Christmas Hakan found his greatest happiness in giving. He was financially in a very secure position and could afford to pamper his own desires. Santa Claus had left fewer and fewer gifts for each child at the Lines home because of the increased size of the family and financial conditions both. When their grandfather realized that the gifts for Beth and Marba had been primarily clothes, he delivered two beautiful doll buggies for them to enjoy.

When Phyllis Blake had the whooping cough, Hakan had it too, although he was sure he had had it as a child. They called it sympathetic whooping cough. By the first of June he had a cold develop that soon went into pneumonia. As soon as the doctor came, he realized Hakan's condition was serious and told them they should get the family there as soon as possible because pneumonia was usually fatal to a heavyweight person. The second day of his illness, he asked all the children present to gather around him and have a prayer circle. As they knelt, he said, "If it's the Lord's will that I am to get well that is fine. If I am to die that is all right too. I leave it all to him." With such humility and faith, he turned to Vearl and asked his first grandson to lead the prayer. A sweet spirit enveloped the room and was strongly felt as Vearl in a trembling voice supplemented their Heavenly Father for Divine aid. Hakan Julius Anderson joined his wife on the other side, June 6, 1929.

The funeral service was a beautiful tribute to a well loved father and friend. The church was filled to overflowing as it had been for his wife's funeral and many words of praise were spoken. In fulfillment of his request Leona played her violin. The pallbearers were the four

sons-in-law, Ray Davis could not be there, the son, Guy, and Vearl, the eldest grandson. These same men had served as pallbearers for Sarah's service. The family was sad at his passing but they knew the reunion with loved ones on the other side would be joyous for their father.

Because of Hakan's serious illness, Eva and Arthur were unable to attend the Commencement exercises at the University June 5, when Phyllis received her degree of Bachelor of Arts in Education. Throughout the years, they had dreamed of the satisfaction and joy they would feel when one of their children graduated from college but, when this dream was realized, Hakan's serious illness would not permit them to participate in it.

Phyllis was very disappointed that they could not be in attendance and concerned that Grandpa was so ill they could not leave him. She had anticipated their visit eagerly for there was a young man she had been dating steady now, that she wanted her parents to meet, but that had to be postponed and early the morning after graduation she rushed home to find that Grandpa had died.

After Sarah's death, Hakan discussed with all of his children his wishes for the settling of the estate when he passed on. He asked that Eva, their eldest, be the one to administrate the estate and that Ben, because he was an attorney, handle the legal matters. These requests were respected.

Eva and Arthur had two trips this summer together. The first one was to the northern part of the state when they took Phyllis to Flagstaff to attend a half session of Summer School. This was the first time they had been in this part of Arizona and they had an interesting trip. Nola Ellsworth and her mother, Beedie Ferrin went with them from Phoenix for Phyllis was going to room with them on the Campus. Before returning to Pima, Arthur drove them to see the Grand Canyon. It was the first time they had seen this great natural wonder. They realized that all of the pictures they had seen and the descriptions they had read had not prepared them for the beauty of this breath taking chasm.

Later in the summer, Eva and Arthur travelled through Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, and back home to Arizona. While they were gone they had visited all of Hakan's living brothers and sisters, some of Arthur's relatives, including Aunt Alice, the sister of Henry, who was living in Missoula, Montana and Nora and Ray Davis and their family in Rexburg. Hakan's sisters, Wilda Woodard, Annie Ross and Mary Magleby, and his brothers,

John and Albert, had been unable to attend the funeral for Hakan or the one for Sarah and so they were interested to hear from Eva the details of their last illnesses and the honors that had been shown them in their funeral services. The entire trip was greatly enjoyed by these two who had seldom been able to leave home at the same time. They saw beautiful country including the Yellowstone Park in addition to the pleasure they had of meeting and being with relatives.

After Hakan's death, Arthur bought the eastern part of Henry and Emily's large lot and had a house moved there for Vearl and Leona to live in. They stayed there until the cattle were sold.

In 1929, with the coming of fall came also the opening of school and Phyllis' first experience teaching school. Wayne Hancock, the boy friend, she had hoped to have her folks meet in Tucson, came from his home in La Mesa, California a few days before having to register at the University, in order to see Phyllis and meet her family. These two were serious in their wishes to be married after he finished another year of college. From September to December, they both made a united effort to win Eva and Arthur's approval. The most serious objection was religion, for Wayne was an Episcopalian. They also felt Phyllis was young having graduated from college at twenty. Wayne came to spend the Christmas season at their home and there was a gay time of parties and dances for these two. Having won Eva and Art's blessing for their plans, Wayne gave Phyllis a fraternity sweetheart ring as a present. Definite plans for a summer wedding were begun and Eva and Phyllis arranged for some things for her trousseau. As something very special, Eva had Aunt Sarah Weech fix a pair of pillowcases and a sheet, trimmed in knit lace. These were all carefully put away in the cedar chest which had been given to Phyllis as a graduation present from her parents.

During the fall of 1929, Boyce was in the tenth grade in the Pima Junior High and he was most anxious to play football. He loved it the way his father had loved baseball. Boyce was quick of movement and, even though he was younger than most of the other boys, he was chosen as one of the main string. The school was rather small and the facilities and equipment were poor. One night during practice, Boyce came out of scrimmage and sat on the sidelines to rest. He was hot and perspiring and there was a cold west wind blowing. The school had no blankets or even sweat shirts. Knowing his mother thought his health more important than any football game, he purposely did not mention to her

that he had felt a hard chill while he rested. The following day, he played through the whole period of a hard game. That evening, after he had finished doing his nightly milking chores, he quietly crawled into bed feeling terribly tired and sick, but hoping to feel much better in the morning.

When Eva returned from a church meeting that night, she found Phyllis had Boyce in the dining room behind the heater trying to get him warm. Eva immediately called the doctor and he diagnosed Boyce's illness as pneumonia. Hakan's recent death made her vividly conscious of the seriousness of this disease. Both Boyce and Ruskin had been described as two little 'hard pine knots' they had been so free from sickness. The following week was like a nightmare for Eva. With a constant prayer in her heart, she finally saw him pass the crisis. The doctor then assured her that with careful nursing and no setback, he would get well. It was a lesson well learned for Boyce. Never again, did he knowingly jeopardize his health for a school sport.

The family enjoyed having Phyllis home again. When Wayne could not get over to see her on week ends, he would often call her, but the W. A. Lines family did not have a phone and, as his calls were made in the evening, the druggist kindly served as messenger to call her to the phone in the drug store a half a block away.

Arthur thought Phyllis should try her Spanish on the Mexicans who frequently came to their door; usually to get their pay for work done either on the farm or with the goats. But instead of making the most of this splendid opportunity to put to practical use the Spanish language which she had studied hard to learn, she made them use English, through her self-consciousness and her fear of not saying the right thing. Arthur would laughingly say, "I surely wasted a lot of money on you and your Spanish. You can't even tell one of the Mexicans when it's time for a water turn on the farm."

After school was out in Pima, the rush to get things ready for the wedding was really on. The week before a very nice shower was given for Phyllis and this time it was without benefit of an assist from the weather in the form of a real shower. It was a lovely party with a touch of humor given by a mock wedding.

Trelva and her girl friends endured the spear like pricks of the desert yucca plants to gather the tall stalks for banking the fireplace. There were jobs for everyone to get ready for the wedding. Just exactly a year after her Commencement Exercises at the University, Phyllis

Lines and Wayne Mitcchell Hancock were married on June 5, 1930 by Isaac Blake, who was the Bishop of the Pima Ward, the Justice of the Peace for Pima as well as Phyllis' uncle. This was the commencement indeed of a new life for Phyllis. The only member of Wayne's family able to attend was his mother. The guests were few for besides the immediate family there were just Grandpa and Grandma Lines, Laura, Ben, and Ella Blake, and a few friends, which included Wayne's best man, Tom Evans, Ora Webster, bridesmaid, and Bernice Lee, soloist. Trelva was the Maid of Honor for her sister. The simple ceremony was impressive.

Following the good wishes being given to the bride and groom, a delicious wedding breakfast was served which had been prepared by Trelva and her girl friends Minnie Green and Maxine Mangum. There was the traditional dark fruit cake wrapped in individual pieces besides the white wedding cake. Eva had planned carefully and long to make this wedding a beautiful one. She was well repaid for all her efforts and very pleased when Grandma Lines said to her, "Eva, that was the most beautiful wedding I ever saw, and the wedding breakfast; well, I've never even been to a wedding breakfast before. All of it was very lovely. I don't believe anyone could have added anything to make it more lovely." With this praise coming from reticent Grandma, Eva knew she had been highly complimented. Wayne's mother also expressed sincere appreciation for the wonderful way everything had been done and was surprised to see how the young girls had served such an excellent breakfast of fried chicken and all of the trimmings.

The leave taking was hard for Phyllis and her father and mother. Phyllis was going to be far from home. As the newlyweds departed to make their home in California, Eva felt a desire that the years had not gone so fast. The separation was not one of their choosing but Wayne's new job was in San Francisco and they all hoped for success and happiness for these two in the years ahead. As the tin cans tied to the back of Wayne's little Ford rattled on the asphalt when they drove off down the road, Eva's heart beat until she could almost feel it keeping rhythm with their clatter. It hurt terribly to see them go. She prayed that this new life for her daughter would bring joy and happiness.

Later that summer Eva's brother, Guy, and Elizabeth (Beth), his wife, invited Eva and Beth's mother, Nell Layton, to visit them in Washington, D.C. The three weeks, which they spent there in the heart of the nation, gave Eva a first hand knowledge of the inner workings

of the government. She and Nell didn't waste a minute of their stay. They took in all of the sights there were to be seen in Washington and the surrounding cities of Annapolis, Mount Vernon, Richmond and others. In Washington, they spent days in the Smithsonian Institute, alone, sat in the gallery and watched the Senate in action and were very interested in the Congressional Library where Guy had been and was working. Perhaps the tour that made them feel the most important was their trip through the Mint. Guy had been able to obtain a special permit that entitled them to be taken ahead of hundreds of others and see much more than ordinary tourists. It was a big thrill to hold an impressive amount of money in their hands, although it didn't belong to them.

In late August, Guy received his degree from the National Law College and Eva felt proud as his oldest sister. She knew how happy his father and mother would have been to have him make the goal he had been working so hard to gain. Guy and Beth were anxious to come back to Arizona to make their home and the four of them rode there in Guy's car. They spent one week in New York sightseeing, then drove west and enjoyed going through the Yellowstone Park before turning south to visit Nora in Idaho and other relatives in Idaho and Utah. The entire six weeks since they left the valley had been most enjoyable for Eva and Nell. They had not only seen many interesting and wonderful places and sights but they had dieted off some weight. Eva looked quite willowy, weighing twenty-five pounds less than when she had left home. She was somewhat surprised when she walked in the kitchen at home. She didn't know she had fourteen pitchers but there they were all on the kitchen sink. But they had managed well without her, in spite of the pitchers. She knew it was hard to expect a young girl to keep all of the things done in a big house and with a big family. Trelva had done a fine job but it did remind her of the time she came back from Utah when Phyllis was in charge for it was a few mildewed clothes that had been forgotten then. She had a grand vacation and would soon catch up with the needed house work. Arthur had been, as always, so wonderful to urge her to take a trip whenever the opportunity was afforded and she knew she had been fortunate to have had these experiences.

Now with Guy and Eva back in the valley, the settling of the estate was soon completed. All of the property was equally divided into portions to suit the abilities and circumstances of each of the heirs.

Guy had in addition to his portion a large personal insurance policy which his father had taken out for him when he was a young boy. Eva received fifty acres of river bottom land which joined onto Arthur's farm and since this was valued at more than the individual portion plus the fee she was entitled to as Executrix, Arthur paid some cash in addition. It was very fertile but, because of the flood risk, it had no loan value. When the last paper had been signed to finish the administration of their parents' estate, they all were well satisfied. Nora was not there to go with them but, at Guy's suggestion, he and his four sisters went to Safford and had dinner together, feeling well pleased with the outcome of their decisions.

At this time, farmers did not have the bright prospects they had had years earlier nor that they have now, years later. Hard times had hit the farm long before the stock market crash of 1929. Taxes were almost more some of these years than the farmer could even get from his crops. Many farmers, even in the valley, lost their farms for failure to pay taxes or just sold out for the best price they could get for them. But Arthur didn't sell an acre of his land, the family just managed the best they could. They were happy to be living on a farm, with good nourishing food for they had vegetables from their garden, eggs from their chickens and meat too, home made bread and butter. Eva increased the size of her garden and also the size of her flock of chickens. After months of hard work, plus paying for chicken feed, she found this was rather an unprofitable venture. For when the hens produced the most eggs the price had dropped to ten cents a dozen and the work of casing thirty dozen eggs was worth more than three dollars without even considering the cost of their production. Sometimes they took their eggs to the stores and traded them directly for groceries and cash instead of selling them to the trucker. Once the clerk made an error and when Ruskin came home with ten dollars more than he should have received, Eva sent him back to Safford to correct the error. It was a surprised and relieved clerk that accepted the money. He said, "You are surely an honest boy. You know when that shortage was found, I would have had to take that ten dollars out of my own week's salary and I surely appreciate you doing this."

Although steaks and roasts of beef were seldom on the Lines menu these years, they did have meat for Art brought young dressed kid goats from the goat ranch. The chops and roasts were delicious but it took a lot of ingenuity for Eva to turn the rest of the mutton into good

eating, but after her long experience with it she was always able to serve it to them tasty and good. The Lines children learned to love her tamale pie using this meat.

Eva had been a second counselor in the Relief Society in 1918 and 1919 and she was asked to serve in the capacity of a first counselor, this time with Mary Lines as President, Edith Holliday the second counselor and Alice Maloy the secretary. They were sustained on the 1st of October 1930 and were released the first of January 1933. She found joy in this work and it was *much work* but there was also satisfaction in a job well done.

The Relief Society Building had been built under the Presidency of Sarah Weech before the red brick churchhouse and in the lot east of the one on which the Pavilion was later built. There were many good times in this building. When Caroline Eyring was President, she gave the older women the incentive of bringing to meeting inspirational thoughts and Sarah had thrilled with each word of praise for the fine sentiments she was called to give. Another plan was used for awhile, that gave her and Jane Mattice, her visiting teacher companion a chance to conduct some lovely parties for all of the members. Some of the other teachers took turns giving these but none of them had been more successful than the ones these two were responsible for.

When Susie Crockett became president, she had a great desire to modernize the Relief Society building so that it could be made better use of. The building was razed to the foundation and although some thought it should be enlarged, it was reconstructed on the original foundation because of the sentiment attached to the work of the early settlers. Instead of putting in all of the partitions they now had the one main room, a large kitchen, a restroom and store room. When it was completed they were all very pleased with the success of their efforts and the wonderful support that had been given by everyone in the ward as well as the women of the Relief Society.

When Mary, Eva, Edith and Alice took office, the rebuilding had only recently been completed. They appreciated their good fortune in having the privilege of presiding over the organization in the new building and in order that it would receive the best care they took turns in cleaning it. The hardwood floors were kept beautiful and polished, just everything was spick and span. During the time they were in charge they bought a new circulating heater and when they

were released, they were proud to say the building was in as good condition as when they had been sustained.

Opal and Merrel had now been divorced and Opal had not remarried so the court gave Eva and Arthur custody of Marie for nine months of the year and the Haby grandparents were to have her in the summer months. She had grown and developed into a lovely child, possessing a shy, modest way. Her sweet personality made the family love and accept her like a sister instead of a grandchild. Eva was never more proud than when she was with her two daughters and this granddaughter. All were distinct individuals, very attractive, yet each one of them was a different type. Beth, the tall, blue-eyed blonde, Marie shorter with dark eyes and black hair, and Marba a combination of the two having fair skin, hazel eyes and thick curly dark hair. Between these girls there grew a deep bond of love and loyalty.

Arthur was made the President of the Young Men's Mutual in 1928 and had done splendid work as the head of that organization. The family had been so proud of the enthusiasm and interest he had injected in the activities. Having worked so faithfully, he was now called by the church authorities to be the Bishop of the Pima Ward and was sustained the seventh of February 1931 when Isaac Blake was released. The family was grateful and happy that Arthur was considered worthy and capable of serving in this position of responsisibilty and leadership. Eva truly missed her mother on this great day. She knew what joy Sarah would have felt, for now all of the sons-in-law had held the office of Bishop or been a counselor to a Bishop. Arthur's family was as proud as Eva. Maime's son, Burt, was made the Ward Clerk and this pleased her as well. When she expressed her congratulations to Eva, she said, "How far is Arthur going to go?" He tried to do all his work well and for the strengthening of the Ward.

Soon after he became Bishop, his brother Alvin was fatally injured by the kick of a horse. It was difficult to preside over the service for one so near even though he did not conduct the service. As sad as the loss of his brother the real heartbreak was having the Mother, Allie, left with seven children and one still unborn to provide for not only their physical needs but to be a father and mother both to them the rest of their lives. All of the Lines family were kind and good to Allie and her family. Milt and Arthur gave her financial assistance to help ease the load and later she worked in the Lines Store.

By July, Mary and Eva, knowing that Henry and Emily and many of

the original settlers of Pima would not be with them too much longer thought it would be nice to honor Emily on her birthday, July 15, 1931. They were made to realize this more after Uncle Hyrum Weech's death in 1930 as well as the deaths of Eva's parents. Alvin's recent untimely death made life seem more uncertain for all of them.

The birthday party was held in the evening on the front lawn of Arthur's home. The guests included all of the relatives of the Lineses as well as many old friends. This little party brought back to their minds early experiences in the settling of the town which had now been the Lines' home for fifty-one years. Leona, Vearl's wife, had written a poem dedicated to Emily which was read in her honor. It was a memorable evening for all of the family and one of the big moments in the life of Emily; and Henry was pleased to have them pay Emily such a fitting tribute on her eighty-first birthday. She modestly expressed appreciation for the lovely gifts she received. Mary and Eva had loved and appreciated Emily and agreed that they had one of the best mothers-in-law you could find. They were pleased and happy to have done this for her and when they saw how delighted she was, they felt that they had been well rewarded.

Just as the sun came up the next morning, Eva had Trelva helping her fold up the chairs on the front lawn and stack them in piles so that the boys could return them to the Pavilion. By eight o'clock, the house had been cleaned. Phyllis had been in Pima for two months awaiting the birth of her first baby. There had been some anxiety that the arrival of this babe might occur on Emily's birthday and complicate the arrangements for the party, even though Emily thought it would be fine. But now was the time to take Phyllis to Safford and at one this hot summer afternoon, Eva, who was at her side, saw the new grandson. Wayne was on his way to Arizona when his father received the wire announcing the birth of an eight and a half pound 'black headed' baby boy. Wayne's father chuckled to Eva the next few times he saw her at Wayne's home about the 'black headed baby' but at least Arthur's first grandson did have a little dark hair on a red head, and he was named Wayne Mitchell Hancock, Jr.

August brought some state wide publicity to the Lines family for they opened the Arizona Republic, the state's largest daily paper, one morning to see Aldean, Vearl's daughter's picture, on the front page. She had won the title of Arizona's Most Beautiful and Most Perfect Baby. This honor made them feel happy and proud.

Eva had heard Grandma Lines mention her own Mother's nice hats and thinking that Emily would no doubt enjoy wearing a new hat herself, Eva and her daughters went to Aunt Cindy's Millinery Store and asked her to let them take some of the hats she had that would be pretty on Grandma. Grandma was as happy as a child with a new toy trying them on and when they tried to find out which one she liked best, she would only answer, "Oh, the one you want me to have. I'll be happy with any of them." Then, after they decided for her, she thanked them and said, "I think it's awfully sweet of you to do this but you really shouldn't have done it."

When kind things were done for Emily she could never give profuse thanks but in her quiet way showed her keen appreciation for any kindness or favor. Arthur was very much like his Mother. He was also very considerate of the needs of his parents and had for years given them financial assistance. The other children were kind and good to their father and mother but it had been largely up to Arthur and Milt to see that they were properly provided for. And when they decided, with their wives' encouragement, that the old adobe house should be replaced by a four room cement house, with very little help from the others, the new house was built about 1920. Because Arthur and Milton had done this and so many other things to help them, Henry and Emily requested that when they were gone, the home and the lot on which it was built should belong to these two sons.

That winter brought severe illness again into their home. One day in February both Marba and Marie began running a temperature. Soon they were both very sick and in a few days had a brilliant rash of red measles. The following morning, when the doctor examined them, he informed Eva that they both had the pneumonia and the measles. Eva was very nervous about their condition and gave them all the care and attention possible but the attack was so severe that Marba, for a short while, lost her hearing. It gradually improved and she recovered from the disease although to some extent her hearing had been permanently damaged. This was unfortunate as she had a love of music in her heart.

With the coming of spring came the rebirth of life and vitality; but it was not so with Emily. She was not well. Her sons hired a girl to stay with their parents. The burden of age was beginning to sap her strength. One day as she walked in the yard, she had an attack and fell. Although she was put to bed and a doctor attended her, pneumonia developed with her also. Her condition was serious and her loved ones

knew that there was little hope for her recovery. Near the end as Henry and Eva watched at her bedside, Henry was the most emotionally aroused that Eva had ever seen him. He opened up his heart, now that he could see his wife to whom he was so deeply devoted slipping from him, and told Eva more of their life than she had ever known. She saw the picture as he portrayed it of the difficulties that both of them had experienced. Emily and Henry were so devoted to one another in their own reserved way that they had felt each hurt which the other had received in life. With her passing, on May 11, 1932, Henry was completely shaken. He felt lost and all alone now. The whole world for a time was a blur of the many things gone and past.

Once again death had struck in Arthur's family since he became Bishop. The funeral for Emily was a fine tribute to a wonderful mother and for a dear one to whom being a good wife and mother had meant everything. It was well attended and, appropriately enough, one of the songs was "Come, Come Ye Saints," in honor of one of those who had crossed the plains with the pioneers and had pioneered in Utah and then again in Arizona. Mention was made of this in the funeral sermon.

Henry continued to live in his home after Emily's death and had someone living with him until later when Joseph and Lizzie had him stay in their home where he could be and was given wonderful care. The twinkle in his eye was gone and his trotting little walk became a hesitating, slow step after Emily's passing. It was not that he wasn't still loved and kindly treated by his children but the light of his life, his constant companion, was not there to comfort and sustain him. Henry sold his farm after Emily's death.

Times were difficult for almost everyone these days but in a much different way than for Henry. The whole business structure of this great nation seemed shaky and uncertain. For the farmers, prices were low and workers had to be paid low wages if the farmer received anything for his crops. There seemed to be a dozen places to put every dollar Arthur had. He knew Boyce and Ruskin were very young but they were good workers. Boyce was sixteen and Ruskin was almost fourteen. Each day they went to the farm with their Dad after the milking and breakfast. Hour after hour, in the hot Arizona sun they went down the long dusty rows chopping the weeds and thinning the cotton plants. There were hired men working along with them and Boyce was also responsible to see that they did not waste time or leave poorly done rows. This was a big job for these boys for which they

were paid twenty-five cents a day and this was the only spending money they had. During the night, Eva could hear the boys groaning in their sleep and she could hardly bear to see them work so hard.

Like all mothers, she looked at her two handsome sons as they slept and she thought how much they looked like the picture of perfection itself. But with the morning's light, they were typical boys, who loved to tease and torment the whole family. Boyce always had a driving ambition and with a job to do, the sooner it was over, the better he felt. Ruskin was younger and thrived on procrastination. The morning ritual of these two boys getting to work was a series of mild epitaphs hurled at each other. They became known by their favorite names for each other, 'Maggie' and 'Jiggs.' Each nagged at the other. The neighbors as well as the family were glad when the two boys were ready and off to the farm. When Wayne, Phyllis' husband, visited the family, as he often did in his regular trips through the state on business, he often told the boys he wished he had a recording machine that he could record one of these morning sessions and let them hear it when they were older. They insisted they weren't doing a thing unusual.

Arthur believed that childhood was the time for learning to do easily the things one would be obliged to do later. He wanted his boys to learn how to work and Boyce and Ruskin really *learned*.

Since most of the young folks in Pima married early, many of them while in their late teens, it sometimes was hard on the Lines children and others who wanted to go to college, at least, before marriage. The summers they spent at home during their junior and senior years were not the gay, happy times of former years as most of their friends were married and they had made new friends amongst their college classmates. Sometimes there was even a little embarrassment over this situation. Trelva had always been a popular girl with lots of friends and dates so she was quite surprised on the night of her twentieth birthday to have little Beth, full of love and kindness, crawl in bed with her, kiss her and say, "We love you, Trelva. We really do. Even if you are an old maid."

That fall Trelva stayed home from college. It was her senior year and she would have enjoyed going, but all of her years in college had been in the depression years. She had had to learn to accept many things the hard way. It hurt her to realize how much nicer her clothing had been in her high school years than she was able to have in college. Yet she appreciated the great struggle that her parents were making to give

her a college education. She offered to stay home this semester and work in the office of Dr. Langdon in Safford. Then if she took an extra heavy course her last semester she would finish in three and a half years.

The groaning and tossing and the noises from the boys' bedroom which the family had heard all summer did not stop when school started. Ruskin was again captain and quarterback of the Pima Junior High School football team. Each night after the team had played an important game, the family would be awakened by the loud and clearly spoken signals such as, "Fifteen, forty-six, twenty-four, hike." Until she got used to it, Eva rushed in startled by this call but when she saw that Ruskin was sitting up in bed, though fast asleep, and would lay back down as soon as he told them in his dream to 'hike' she returned to bed. When the next signal was given, the family got so they would turn over in their beds and think, "Well, that nightmare is over, now we can sleep." But it was a little annoying to have it come again, "Four, six, fifteen, twenty-four, hike," just as they were floating between being awake and asleep. The strange thing was that Boyce sleeping at Ruskin's side slept blissfully on, he had long since grown used to Ruskin's nightmares.

About this time Ruskin and his friends started a dance orchestra. After a few years of piano lessons, he had played the clarinet in the school orchestra and band. He now added the saxophone, which Trelva had learned to play well, to his talents. One incentive for them to begin a dance orchestra was the Mexican dances which were held in the upper part of the valley and for which the Mexicans were having difficulty supplying music. The semiweekly practices for the small group of musicians were held in the Lines home. The two other players, besides Ruskin, who stayed with the orchestra longest were Annice Lee at the piano and Garth Green who changed off on instruments. They enjoyed this experience and the friendly association, and were very glad to earn the extra money.

Sometimes the family gathered the impression that Ruskin felt he had the ability to do anything. In one such mood, he assured Marba, in their mother's absence, that he could cut and thin her hair as well as any stylist. Marba's black hair was long, curly and very thick. It was so pretty that the entire family was proud of it. Marba, half heartedly accepted his kind offer and climbed up on the kitchen stool in the back yard. Ruskin pinned a towel around her shoulders and very

confidently set to work. He had never seen hair thinned nor had his own thinned but he carefully lifted up a top layer of Marba's hair and under it very close to the scalp, he whacked away great locks, scissors full at a time. Eva arrived home to find him in the process of lifting locks and cutting away larger ones underneath. Marba's beautiful hair, much of it, lay scattered over the yard. Eva was sick at heart to see what had happened but when she saw that Ruskin had now realized that he had attempted to do something that had for the time being turned out disastrously she thought his embarrassment would be sufficient punishment. It was noted by all that he never again professed to know the technique of cutting hair. With careful combing of what hair the poor child had left, Eva and Marba were able to hide the deed for awhile but as her short hair began to grow out it was very hard to keep her head from looking like a bristle brush.

Chapter XVII

EVA AND ARTHUR (1932-1940)

In January, Trelva matriculated again at Arizona State Teacher College. Trelva like the other children had benefitted from the good home library that Eva had acquired. The family had often teased their mother about being a sucker for all of the book salesmen that came to town. Perhaps she was, but by her purchases she had in the library books that were of great help to the children. Some of their teachers remarked that they had one of the best home libraries in the valley.

Eva had one tooth that ached terribly. She was unable to get an appointment with a dentist in Safford for days. After trying to ease the pain with oil of cloves and everything she could find, and having it only become more severe, she marched up to the doctor's home office and asked him if he could pull the aching tooth. He said he had some forceps and he thought he could. He examined her teeth and she designated the troublemaker. He set his instrument on it and began to pull. Without any pain reliever, Eva held on to the chair while he pulled and twisted. When he had the tooth halfway out of the socket, his little forceps slipped off. Before he took a fresh grip, Eva felt in her mouth to see what progress he had made. She cried out in disappointment, "Oh, Doctor, Doctor, that's the wrong tooth you are pulling." Surprised and chagrined too, the doctor pushed the loose tooth back into the socket and making sure he was now working on the aching tooth he finished the job.

Eva returned home relieved at last from the toothache. Her 'book learned' children were sure she would lose the other tooth, but she pushed it firmly back where it had been and bit hard on it for a few days. As time passed the tooth surprised them all and remained perfectly healthy. The doctor's fee for the office call was two dollars.

In a large family, there was always at least one child who had a cold or something wrong. Most of them were minor troubles that Eva could handle with her own home remedies. Occasionally, there were serious

problems. This year Boyce was playing basketball in his physical education class at Gila and when he came down from jumping for the ball, another boy landed on his ankle, breaking it. He felt the ankle give way and heard the bone crack, so he hobbled to the sideline and mumbled in pain to the coach that he was hurt. The teacher did not realize the extent of the injury so did nothing to help him. Boyce managed to get outside and dropped on the lawn where two of his best boy friends found him suffering from the pain. They helped him to the school bus and at Pima, they helped him get to the doctor's office. The doctor set the break and put a cast on his leg.

That evening as he lay on the studio couch in the dining room, the family felt sad as they realized the pain and agony he was suffering. Eva was fearful that his ankle would be stiff the rest of his life, as a joint is so hard to set properly. As much as it pained Boyce, the family knew he was able to endure the days and nights of pain easier than the criticism of his gymn teacher, who insinuated that it had really not amounted to much. This was even harder on the Lines children for they had been taught to respect the teacher and if they did what the teacher required they would receive fair and just treatment in return. Now Eva had to admit that sometimes teachers made mistakes, but the children would have to try to get along well with them. When some of the fellows chided Boyce about the cast on his leg, he had this answer for them, "This is the only ankle I have or ever expect to have, and I'm going to try to take care of it, I don't care what that teacher says." The break healed and he had perfect use of the ankle.

One of the outstanding events during the years that Arthur was the Bishop of Pima Ward was the Saint Joseph Stake Golden Jubilee. This was in commemoration of the organization of that Stake in 1883 and fifty years later the Stake celebrated for four days. There were a variety of events from February 23 through the 26. On the first day there was a big parade down through the streets of Thatcher. They had fine floats which had been entered by the religious and civic groups and included were many things that had been common to the early settlers, such as old time freight teams and a lizard made from a forked tree branch for hauling barrels of water. The most honored couple in the parade were Richard Layton, Sr., who represented his father, Christopher Layton, and Elizabeth Layton, the youngest wife of Christopher Layton. They rode in a fine carriage. It was Christopher Layton who had been appointed in Salt Lake to come to Arizona to establish the

new St. Joseph Stake.

At the dance during the celebration all were supposed to dress in the costume of fifty years ago. Eva made a flashy appearance that night. The big hat she wore with the curled willow ostrich plume drew the attention of all. This was before the current popularity of square dancing so that the young couples who gave a floor show for the group dancing the quadrille was a big attraction.

Conference of the Stake gave a fitting climax to the observance and President Heber J. Grant was the principal speaker. At this time Harry L. Payne was Stake President. He had been a counselor to Andrew Kimball and following the death of President Kimball in 1924, President Payne was appointed to succeed him. Joseph H. Lines was the senior member of the High Councilmen and had been a member of this group for years. Attention was called to the early Mormon colonizers in the state. The first ones had arrived in northern Arizona in 1876, the following year about thirty families came to the Salt River Valley and many of these went on to St. David to settle. In 1879 a colony came to Smithville, later named Pima. The order in which the first six Wards were begun in the valley is: Pima in 1879, Eden in 1881, Central in 1882, Kimball and Thatcher in 1883 and Layton in 1884.

With the change in parties in 1932 from a Republican Administration in the nation's capitol to a Democratic one, the 'New Deal' principles were begun. Arthur thought these were radical and extreme and if they were continued it would weaken the moral fibre of the country. From the very first he was a rabid 'anti-new-dealer.' His feelings were so strong about the way the government was being run that his children learned to never mention some words and names in his presence.

Arthur said, "The Democrats are ruining the country." To pay farmers not to produce and to destroy and waste food, because it was in abundance, when there were so many in need of this same food, annoyed him as much as it did for them to begin a dole system of paying men to rake leaves and roll rocks when there were productive building projects that needed to be done.

Many business men as well as farmers were having a hard time staying in business and since cars are in more the luxury class, the Lines-Kelly Motor Company in Safford (owned by Milt and Roy Kelly), a Dodge-Plymouth dealership and service garage, had been borrowing money from Art in an effort to keep going. Conditions became so serious that it was mutually agreed between the three men that Art

should assume ownership. Art asked his son Vearl to take over the managership of his new business.

Arthur seldom had time for pleasure; however, if business brought him in contact with it he might indulge. The garage needed more cars to sell. To ship the cars from Detroit was much more expensive than to have them driven home. In both 1933 and 1934, Arthur went east to get cars. While he was in the east, he took in the World's Fair at Chicago. This was an interesting and relaxing interlude between his many cares at home. Eva and the children were glad he could have these trips once in awhile. He surely needed a change.

In 1933 Arthur decided to take Eva and go to the Old Folks Reunion in Phoenix. The Arizona Republic gave such glowing accounts of this annual affair. It was supposed to honor all of the Arizona Pioneers, who had arrived in Arizona prior to 1890. The entertainment was very good, the food was excellent, but as Arthur put it, "The only ones there were 'old people'," and he was disappointed. Some were not as old even as Arthur in actual age but Arthur didn't want to live in the past with them, that was a period in life that he had not yet had time to think about. That was the last Old Folks Reunion he attended. When the children tried to encourage him to take Eva and go, he'd only answer, "I'm not old enough yet. You know there's only 'old folks' who attend those darn things and I'm not that old yet."

In June 1933, their second child to graduate from college received her Bachelor of Arts degree with a major in Education and specializing in Primary-Kindergarten training. At this graduation exercise, Arthur and Eva were present and looked with pride as the graduating seniors, which included Trelva, made the long traditional farewell walk around the campus dressed in their caps and gowns prior to the formal Commencement Exercises. And it was just as traditional for Arthur that there should not be more than one working day wasted, even though that day was a day of joy and happiness in their lives. He and Eva had driven to Tempe that morning and, after the program, they gathered Trelva and all her luggage and drove back to Pima that night.

Trelva and her parents were thankful when she received a teaching contract in the Pima School for the 1933-1934 term. Although she had been trained to teach in the Primary grades, she was given a fifth grade class of fifty children. Her salary was seventy-five dollars a month. Dollars were scarce, but to teach a child eight hours a day, twenty days a month for one dollar and fifty cents a month per child,

indicated the enormous purchasing power of the dollar and the apparent small value of an education. The year Phyllis taught in the Pima Junior High, she bought for the family an R.C.A. Radio-phonograph in appreciation for all that her father and mother had done for her and to help pay her board and room. Trelva followed her pattern, and although Trelva's salary was not much more than half of the salary Phyllis had received, she bought the family that year a new mahogany dining room set. After all of these years, Eva was gradually getting the house well furnished.

Until this fall, there had only been three grandchildren in the Lines family but two new baby girls increased the number. One was Dian, who was born to Leona and Vearl the fourth of September 1933, and the other Evelyn Anne born to Phyllis and Wayne the sixth of December. They were called depression babies, but were loved as much as they would have been in prosperous times.

Rilla, Eva's sister, and her family lived across the side street from the Lineses for several years. Her youngest child, Ruth, was a little older than Marba and a constant playmate and companion of Beth, Marie, and Marba. At the slightest excuse the girls would have to go to Aunt Rilla's, and as often as not without permission. When Eva needed them or felt they had stayed too long, she would call from the back door for them to come home. The girls, talking and laughing in their fun, made no response or move to leave. The second time Eva called there was still no indication the girls had heard. When Rilla asked if they had not heard their mother call, they'd say, "Oh, yes, we heard her, but we don't have to go now. She hasn't sounded mad yet." The children knew their mother quite as well as she knew them.

Boyce like Trelva went to college during the depression. During his first year at the University of Arizona, while he was a sophomore, he lived and worked at the poultry farm to help pay his expenses. The poultry farm was very smelly and hardly conducive to studying. He was willing to do even this in order to go to school.

Trelva's teaching contract in the Pima schools was renewed for the following year. She had attended the Arizona Teachers' Institute which was held in Phoenix the year before. She loved to go to Phoenix, as it had better shopping facilities, and there were still many of her friends attending the State College at Tempe. This week-end included shopping and dates. On her first date in Phoenix, she was introduced to a young man from El Paso, Texas. He was visiting Trelva's date for the evening

as the two had been missionary companions in the East Central States Mission. She found this new acquaintance very interesting and before she left Phoenix, she realized her interest in him was more than in the original date.

However, the fall and winter passed with nothing coming from the meeting. Early the next spring, she was inwardly very pleased and even delighted when she was sent to El Paso as a visiting member of the St. Joseph Stake Sunday School Board. This week-end in El Paso renewed their friendship as they took in the points of interest in El Paso and Juarez, including a bull fight. And it was at the bull fight she knew he was very interested in her. This was the beginning of their courtship. Upon her return home, their romance continued by daily correspondence through the United States mail and by many week-ends together. Late in August, Trelva was wearing a betrothal ring. That year she spent her school teaching salary buying a trousseau and making trips to El Paso. At Christmas time, Trelva and Ansel with his sister, Grace, went to Los Angeles and stayed with Phyllis and Wayne. They enjoyed all the beauties of the Tournament of Roses Parade and the football game in the Rose Bowl. They also went to Catalina and many other points of interest around Los Angeles, while they were on this trip.

The Lines children, having Eva as their mother and Arthur as their father, all naturally had definite opinions and they were usually different. The children all felt free to speak their minds on any subject. The girls felt the force of this sometimes when they began dating. When Ansel had spoken to Arthur, requesting his permission and blessing to marry Trelva, Boyce, who often used his tongue with more force than the others, said, "Well, Ansel can't be much of a worker, or very strong, his hands are too white." And Trelva wondered if she was choosing wisely, when Boyce found fault. Boyce, a farmer's son, full of youth's wisdom, judged Ansel, a city boy, from a farmer's standards. Phyllis had a rather similar experience with Vearl for when Wayne, whose mother had always done a lot of handwork, sent Phyllis frequent gifts for her hope chest, Vearl said, "He must be a sissy to be sending things like that." It was a time of trial for the girls when they dated and chose their husbands, they had so much help.

The year of 1935 started off with happy additions to the family. First was little Linda, the sixth grandchild and the third daughter in the home of Vearl and Leona. She was born February 7.

Then May 7, 1935, in the Mesa Temple with John Nash officiating,

Trelva became the wife of James Ansel Wilson. Their families and many friends were with them to enjoy and participate in the sweet, simple temple ceremony. The following evening, Eva and Arthur honored Trelva and Ansel with a wedding reception in Pima. Although Vearl insisted that he was not the type and could not do it well, to please Trelva, he acted as Master of Ceremonies. Phyllis presided at the punch bowl and all of Eva's sisters helped and were hostesses, mixing with the many friends and relatives. The newlyweds toured the southern part of the United States on their honeymoon. When they returned to El Paso, Ansel's family gave a reception in their honor and to welcome the bride into their large family.

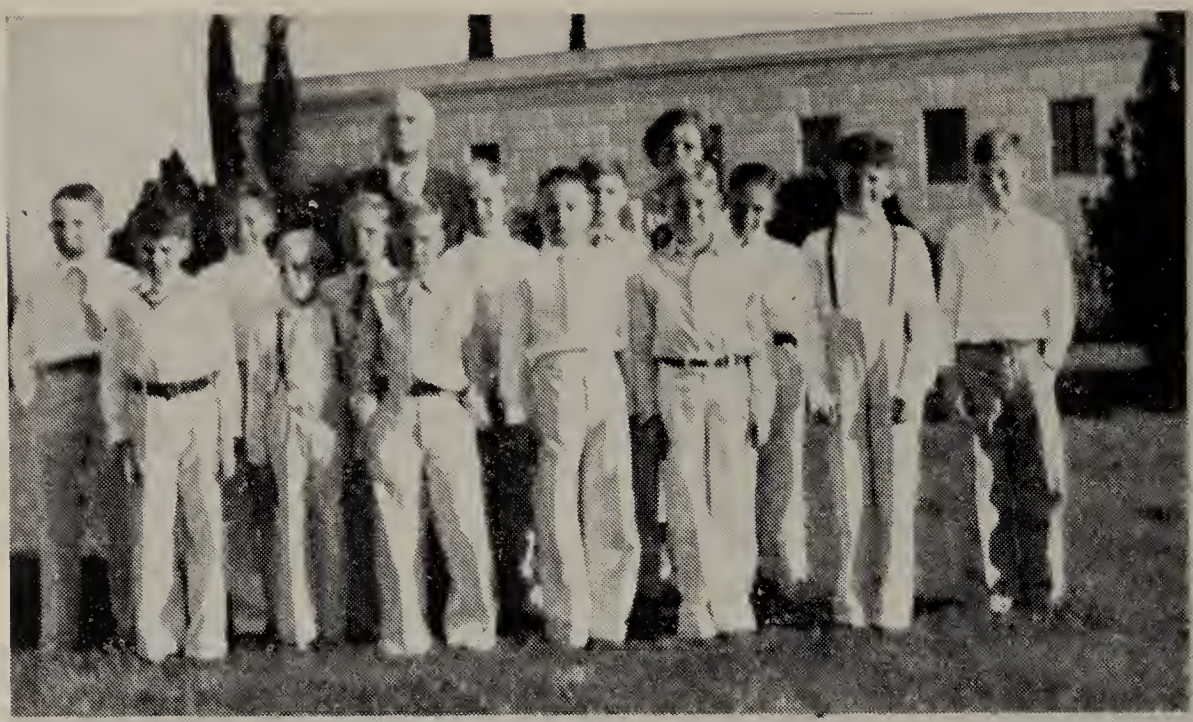
Arthur and Eva were pleased to see their children finding happiness and starting out to make a life of their own. But the next event of this year brought sadness again for on the fourteenth of July 1935, Henry passed away from this life and joined his dear wife and loved ones who had preceded him to the other side. At the time of his passing he was 89 and Emily had been 81 at her death. Until the time that Henry had to have a serious operation and developed pneumonia after returning home, his health had always been good. He recovered from this illness but, without Emily, life did not have the zest he had known. His last years had been spent with Joseph and Lizzie and were as pleasant as they could possibly be, for these two were loving and kind to him. Eva and Arthur were grateful to them for their care of Henry when he needed quiet and constant attention.

Milt and Art still owned jointly the Pima motion picture theater and after Henry's death Milt offered to let Art have the house they had built for their father and mother if he could have the theater to which Arthur agreed.

In the W. A. Lines household, Eva found her younger girls were growing and without Trelva there they began to assume more responsibility. Eva wisely let them take on duties as soon as she felt they could handle them. Marba still remained the 'errand girl' and bought most of the groceries, went after the mail and was on call at all times to run anywhere for any one in the family. Marba lived in a dream world of her own much of the time. She sat on the footstool by the radio, with her ear against the cloth covering the speaker, and as she listened, she dreamed on.

The two older girls enjoyed a love and companionship that was very close. The opinions of Beth and Marie and their ideals too were

(Top, left) Sarah and Hakan standing in front yard of home in 1926; (right) Beth. (Second row from top) Boyce in his garden before garage burned. Other pictures show Boyce, Ruskin and Beth at the Anderson home in 1926.



(Top) Arthur Lines, Bishop, standing with Pima boys and their Primary teacher, Lottie Mack at Temple in Mesa, 1933. (Center) Picture taken at the Dedication of the Arizona Temple, 1927. (Bottom) Mary Rogers and Arthur with Pima boys at Temple in 1932.

quite in tune with one another. In their work together, little discussion was ever needed, but in the privacy of their own bedroom, they confided their hopes and disappointments and discussed their friends and social life. Beth was the cook and she also did sewing for the three girls. When Beth cooked it caused a little disunion in the family, for Marba insisted that no one could get as many dishes dirty in preparation of a meal. Marie was the housekeeper. Neither of the other two girls could clean as well or as quickly. Marie was in on the sewing with Beth, too, and many a spool of thread whirled away as they stitched, making their own clothes.

When Eva criticized or spoke sharply to the girls, they seldom spoke back but it was very obvious that they were not in agreement with her. A hasty retreat of firm steps to their bedroom and then the loud bang as they took out their anger in the slamming of the door. Soon the storm passed and they were back in the family group cooperating again. In moments of jest, it was often laughingly agreed, that Marie had the best technique in slamming the door for one of her slams resounded in a special way throughout the house.

One evening, one of the girls came home from school bursting with the latest town gossip. Excitedly, she began telling it to all the family at the dinner table. For a moment no one said anything, then Eva stopped her and asked, "How would you feel, if you thought others were talking about you like that? You can't expect others to be generous and overlook your faults, if you are so anxious to find fault with them." Gossip was never encouraged in the Lines home. The children all learned that their family was among the last in town to ever know the latest 'scandal.'

When Marie reached her fourteenth birthday, she was entitled by the court to decide where she would make her home. Even though she had been in the home of her grandparents for six years and most of that time at the Lines', and even though she had been treated like a daughter and everything in the family had been shared equally with her, they encouraged her, when she told them her mother wanted her to come to Prescott and she thought she would prefer to do that. Eva and Arthur felt as though they were giving up one of their own children but they did not want to deprive Opal of having her daughter with her now that she could be.

During this year at Gila College, Ruskin played in the school band and the band was invited to make a public appearance in Phoenix.

The students were taken to Phoenix in cars and were chaperoned while they were there. They had some good times and met some of the young folks there. Ruskin went with a car load of them out for a ride and the boy driving did not know the streets well enough to drive fast but they were having fun until he was unable to swerve the car in time and hit head on into a curb where the street made a sudden and unexpected jog. The car rolled over several times and, when it stopped, the arms and legs of the boys and girls were all mixed up. Ruskin's hip was badly wrenched, but fortunately none of them were fatally injured. When he reached home, Eva was taking care of Beth and Ansel, who were both sick. Ruskin told them he had been hurt in a little accident but didn't make a fuss, so Eva supposed it was all right for him to go to school. She later realized that this was a mistake and that if he had been kept in bed and received some medical attention he would not have continued to have trouble with it.

The seventh grandchild arrived in Safford September 3, 1936 and was the fourth girl in the home of Vearl and Leona. Had she made her appearance one day sooner, she would have been born on her father's birthday. Dian missed it two days but she had honored her great-grandfather Anderson's birth date. The wee little blonde girl was to be known as Artha after her grandfather, Arthur, and her father, Vearl Arthur.

So far none of the grandchildren lived in Pima. Vearl's children often came from Safford to visit and Phyllis came for a yearly visit, usually in the summer. However, Eva enjoyed the privileges of a grandmother by living across the street from her baby sister, Laura. Laura and her family now owned the Anderson home and, besides their daughter, Phyllis, they had a son, La Ray, who had been born in September 1929, three months after Hakan's death. Phyllis had been sick a great deal and they loved her so dearly they would come to Eva when any medicine had to be given her and say, "Eva, would you come and give Phyllis her medicine? We should, but we just can't." Eva, knowing how these two felt toward the children that they had waited years before being able to have, would gladly go and with a firm, kindly way would soon have the ordeal taken care of.

By the time Boyce was a senior in college Art's finances were in a more secure state. Boyce had a car which was one of the used cars from the Lines Motor Company and this helped him to supplement his school fund by handling a florist concession. He sold corsages and

flowers to the boys in his dormitory for their dates. When Boyce graduated from college in June 1937, he received his degree from the College of Business Administration. Eva and Arthur were very proud of this their third child to receive a degree and for him there was a special pride for he was the first son to attain this. When they participated with him in the activities they could visualize what they had missed in not seeing Phyllis' graduation eight years earlier. Boyce was given an Elgin watch as a present.

The Dodge-Plymouth Agency and garage in connection which Vearl had been managing had been gradually growing and now needed two to handle it so Art, at this time, gave the business to these two sons but retained ownership of the building which was in a very good location. The following year the Company became the dealer for the International Harvester Company.

Boyce and Ruskin were now called 'young men.' They were both under six feet, so not tall like their brother Vearl, who was at least six foot one, and they had dark hair and eyes. Ruskin had inherited his mother's talent and ability in dramatics and public speaking. He had been considered good while he attended Pima schools. When he enrolled at Gila College, he attended every rehearsal for the first play, as he had been given a part in it. On the first night of the play, the family went in full force to see Ruskin perform. He spoke four words and that was all of his part. The family was rather surprised and wondered if all the effort had been worth it. But their doubts were allayed for, during the years he was at Gila, he was given the male lead in some of the best productions in the Little Theater. He also entered many speech and debating contests and during his last year at Gila, he won the Oratorical Contest which gave him the privilege to compete against the other Junior Colleges in Arizona.

Ruskin was pleased when he was complimented for his fine public appearances but he would be the first to admit that one of the principal reasons he did so well was the support he had from his entire family. Trelva had from the beginning helped in the writing of his talks and in some cases you could have called her his ghost writer but Ruskin and the family had been actively engaged in each endeavor. Marba and Beth were his prompters and helping him at certain crucial times took precedence over their own home work. They all willingly helped and basked in the honors given to him.

All through the year 1937, Eva carefully and systematically saved

her money. Every extra penny from her chickens went into a fund marked 'House Repairs.' The twenty years that they had lived in the brick house, there had been remodelling and repair jobs on it. Almost yearly, Eva and her children, but mostly Eva, had painted every inch of the inside of it, but, this summer, a more extensive program was planned. The day after school closed, the remodelling job began. A good carpenter and mason were hired and paid seven dollars a day but that was all the hired help that Eva felt they could afford. Beth, Marba, and Ruskin helped her do the rest.

The major job was in the kitchen. The blank wall in front of the kitchen sink, that had long plagued them, was torn out enough to put in four windows over a new sink. The cabinets were torn out and replaced. A cement floor put in the service porch was also done by hired men but all of the painting was done inside and out by Eva and the children. Ruskin tore out the old front porch and laid a new one. He also painted the roof dark green. All summer long, the house was torn up and there were cans of paint and sacks of plaster scattered around. Being a methodical person like his mother had been, these weeks of having the household so disrupted was indeed a trial to Arthur. The job had to be finished before school began and after the new rugs were laid in the vestibule and dining room and everything put back in place the house was not only the most attractive it had ever been but the most livable and the most comfortable. Some months after one of Eva's 'fixing' spells it would amuse the family to have Arthur express great surprise at how run down some family's home was, but at the time his house was being fixed up he thought it was all unnecessary and he let them know how he felt.

During this summer, as Eva and her children labored until they were exhausted, Eva acquired another pet name. For several years now she had been lovingly called 'Madam.' This began when Ruskin, in preparing a talk on the life of George Washington, noted that this great President referred to his mother, Martha, as 'Madam.' If 'Madam' was a good name for her the boys both thought their mother should appreciate being so called. This summer, when there were so many steps to take anyway, Eva, hoping to save a few, would say to the children, "As you go, stop and do this;" "As you go, put this away;" "As you go, take this with you." One hot afternoon, as Ruskin started to do a chore, Eva said, "As you go, do this too." It was then Ruskin surprised her as he laughingly answered, "Okay, 'As You Go Madam,."

For many months and occasionally in later years, the family gayly addressed Eva with the new title, 'As You Go Madam.'

The second family, the four younger children, have all used the name 'Madam' for their mother, and occasionally called their father 'Pa,' but these names have not been adopted by the first family, the four older children. In their early years, they had used the names 'Mama' and 'Papa' but as they grew older the names 'Mother' and 'Daddy' became accepted. 'Daddy' was shortened to 'Dad' most of the time when they were grown.

The thirty-five years of being parents had given Eva and Art moments of great joy. Each child had found a spot in their hearts unclaimed by any other. As their children grew and developed, they found life might be likened to a young fruit tree with each year the harvest larger and the fruit better. They were beginning to think that the later years of parenthod were richer and more wonderful than the first. Although the four older children were married and the grandchildren a credit to them all, there were four unmarried children still at home to keep the house full of youth and activity.

For more than six years, Arthur had been Bishop of the Pima Ward. It had been a labor of love and perhaps the greatest satisfaction he received from it was in the interest of the youth, particularly the boys in the Aaronic Priesthood. He encouraged them in their work and the trips they made to the temple to do baptisms for the dead were an added incentive for the boys to fill their assignments. Public speaking, conducting, and the responsibilities of the office of a bishop were taxing to Arthur's physical strength. They did not come easy to him and many Sundays he developed severe headaches after the strain of the meetings.

There were also personal sorrows for him during these years which had made it difficult for him to be in this position. The deaths of his parents and his brother, Al, have already been described. In addition to these, Maime's husband, William E. McBride, died, Sam's wife, Rhoda, and Milt's wife, Mary, died also. Their funerals were all held in the Pima Ward. Will had given a lifetime of service to the church. He and Maime had a fine family of five sons and five daughters. Rhoda had been a wonderful homemaker and with her beautiful red hair made a very striking appearance. She and Sam had eight daughters and one son. A daughter, Delsa, and their son, Norman, had died as children. Sam's family was living in Bisbee at the time of Rhoda's

death. Mary was the one with whom Eva and Arthur had had the closest association. She had endeared herself to them in many ways. Mary was the one who always made a point of doing nice things for people and the kindnesses she showed Milt's mother and father were many. Eva thought she knew and loved Mary before she was a counselor to her in the Relief Society Presidency but her love and admiration increased twofold and she was always grateful that she had had this opportunity to work with her. Mary and Milt had three daughters and two sons.

Arthur had tried sincerely to serve the people in the Ward as a good bishop, but he felt after six years he should be released. When the Stake Presidency effected the change in the Bishopric, they had Ellis Weech sustained to take his place. Ellis had been a counselor to Arthur as had Warner Mattice, Leo Cluff and Burt McBride, and they had all been of great help to him.

The Stake Presidency now appointed Arthur to the High Council and Eva went with him to fill his assignments in the different wards. As their grandchildren often said, "When you go with Nana (their pet name for Eva) you stay forever, for Nana stops and talks to everyone." And she did. Eva had many friends and she loved to keep these ties of friendship renewed. Although Arthur didn't think he was much of a speaker and Eva would usually be called on to take up part of his time, Bishop Burtcher, the bishop at Globe, praised his work and said, "Of all the High Councilmen that ever come to our ward, Brother Lines goes into the quorums and gives them more help than anyone else. He seems to go into it more thoroughly and shows more interest in that work and we really appreciate it."

Ruskin had entered the University after the summer of renewing the old home. During that summer, when Eva had tried to rush him in the morning to get an early start and he would always want to read the morning paper, she would sometimes say, "Well, I know those professors at the University are going to wait for you to read the morning paper when you get over to Tucson." Beth went out to stay with Phyllis and Wayne and attend the Herbert Hoover High School that year. It was a much larger school than she was used to, having about fifteen hundred students in the three upper years of high school. The experience was good for her and she had some nice friends both at school and in the Glendale Ward of the church. She was particularly impressed with the fine Sunday School teacher there. Eva came out to Glendale in November to help take care of Phyllis for she had lost

a baby. Eva was such a comfort to her daughters in time of need and always willing to give of herself even beyond her physical strength when she was needed.

Eva went on to Salinas for a visit with Trelva and Ansel who had moved there after living in the valley where Trelva had continued to teach school in Pima and Ansel had sold insurance. While she was in Salinas they prepared to move back to Safford so that Ansel could work with Boyce and Vearl. Eva returned home with them. The following March, Arthur and Eva's second grandson and eighth grandchild was born to Trelva March 21, 1938. He was given the name, John Arthur, in honor of both of his grandfathers.

The following month, Eva as a representative of the Pima M.I.A., attended the M Men and Gleaner Convention in Mesa, Arizona. Eva with her two sons, Boyce and Ruskin, enjoyed the closely scheduled program of banquets, teas, and dances which had been planned for the youth of the church living in the Stakes of Arizona. On Easter Morning, the entire group attended a Sunrise Service on the grounds of the Mesa Temple. This was a soul satisfying experience. For Eva the joy of motherhood was at its peak when she could be with her lovely daughters or fine sons. This convention gave her a chance to feel the sparkle of youth and still enjoy the advantages and blessings of maturity.

Boyce had always been active in church work. This summer, he and his partner were chosen to represent the St. Joseph Stake in the Dance Festival at Salt Air in Salt Lake City, during the M.I.A. Convention. While he was there he was able to visit with his sister, Phyllis, who was representing the San Fernando Stake Primary Board, and his Aunt, Nora Davis. Boyce was M Men leader in the Pima Ward.

Marba, the baby, was now attending Pima Junior High School and her two loves were her little pony, Prissy, and her music. It looked like all of Eva's determination to have *one* of her children, *at least*, be a musician was going to find its reward in Marba, but even Marba took advantage of Eva's willingness to do the housework if her children would practise. She kept the radio turned on long and loud whenever there was good music over it. Beth used to feel like she really suffered through the operas but if she tried to turn them off, Marba would be broken-hearted.

Tall girls had not as yet learned to appreciate their advantages and Beth began worrying about her heighth when she was about eleven, for she got her growth early. The family did all they could to help her

accept being tall. It had been just the opposite with Vearl for at about the same age he noticed most of the other boys growing faster than he was and so he made Eva wish he wouldn't worry about being a short man. He continued to grow slowly until even Vearl was satisfied. In Beth's case, the years have satisfied her that being tall is quite an asset but, if worrying had taken off any inches, she would have been short.

As a small child, Beth had beautiful features and, when Nora and Ray were visiting in the valley one summer, Ray told Eva, "I'd give ten years of my life if I could have a daughter like her."

Beth did well in her Home Economics classes. One year the 4-H Club sponsored a cooking contest in the school. The contestants were to prepare the food at home. By six o'clock on the morning of the contest, Beth was up making biscuits. Her methods were precise measurements, determination and persistence. When Eva walked into the kitchen, there were biscuits in the stove, on the stove, on all the work space and in the cupboards. There were fourteen batches in all. She also made two other entries and these satisfied her after the first attempt but the biscuits had been a problem. The competiition was keen but Beth returned home, walking on air, her eyes sparkling with the delight of victory for she had three blue ribbons, first prize on each entry she had made.

When Beth was learning to drive the car, she took a few of her friends for a ride. While in Fort Thomas, she had a minor wreck. Art had grown used to occasional accidents and realizing that the child felt as bad as he did when they happened, said, "Well, we all have accidents sometime."

Having Boyce at home during the winter months again was enjoyed by all of the family. One of his chief interests was sports and he liked to have his mother or one of his sisters go with him to these events. Basketball, his favorite sport, received ardent support from the entire Lines family. Boyce didn't miss a game that Gila played.

Each year the Arizona Republic offered a prize to the high school student who gave the best oration on the Constitution of the United States. With support and encouragement at home, Beth entered and won the first prize in her school in March 1939.

The chicken business, which Boyce started while he was in Pima Junior High School, continued on as a family project. When Boyce became too busy to run it, Eva took over. With her many duties as the mother in a large family this was about the best means open to her

to increase the family income during the years of depression. Never before had she taken on a job that required such hard physical labor and such close supervision. One friend told her haughtily that she certainly would not do that kind of work. But Eva was willing to make sacrifices if they would make it easier for Arthur and if the children were to get an education.

As Eva increased her efforts, the size of the chicken flock grew and grew and the work grew with every addition. The back pasture was converted into a poultry farm. Chicks were bought in wholesale lots and all the family had to help take care of them. The girls were the egg gatherers, the boys were to clean the chicken coops on Saturdays and Eva managed and supervised the project. Making money raising chickens was hard labor. Ruskin profited most directly from this project, for the last two years at the University, he received a scholarship which was earned by Eva's purchases over several years and a big portion of these were for poultry.

About two years after Ansel came to Safford to work for the Lines Motor Company, he left because there was still not enough business for a third man. They first moved to El Paso where he worked for the International Harvester Company. This company transferred him to Sweetwater, Texas. On November 2, 1939, Eva and Arthur received a wire from Ansel that Trelva had just undergone a major operation. They were so far away from the family that it was a major crisis for them. The operation was so urgent that Trelva had to go directly from the doctor's office to the hospital and so she didn't have time to make arrangements for the care of their little boy, John Arthur. Mother love remains strong and surmounts all difficulties, so Eva was on the next bus going to her child. She was thankful to find Trelva improving but very sorry to learn of the great sacrifice to their future that Trelva had had to make to save her own life. Knowing that she could bear no more children seemed a high price to pay. Trelva had been like her grandfather, Hakan, gay and happy. A child that found life was wonderful. Her youth had been like a rainbow, a social whirl full of dates and parties. As Eva thought of the years to come, the years Trelva would have to face with empty arms, her heart cried for her.

Eva left Sweetwater much sooner than she had planned for word came that Beth was ill. The first letter from Trelva after Eva reached home wrenched at her heart, for now Trelva's son was seriously sick. Eva dared not leave Beth yet she knew how badly Trelva needed her.

She prayed for courage and faith and for the Lord's protecting care and blessings on her loved ones. She realized again that to learn to accept life was man's most difficult problem. Compared with Trelva, Beth and John Arthur had speedy recoveries. Taking care of a sick child with not enough help so soon after a serious operation retarded Trelva's recuperation considerably.

Ruskin was cautious, conservative and methodical. As a child, he loved to collect and dream and was not the mischievous type like Boyce and Trelva. Since the days when Grandfather Anderson tried to pull jokes on him and Ruskin would surprise him by saying, "Well, I'll have to figure that out first," the family knew Ruskin would not be apt to jump into anything without carefully thinking it over. His romance was just as carefully planned. He began dating steady with Jeana while they were attending Gila. Except for a few ripples, it continued through his years at the University. During his last semester at the U. of A., he confided to Art that he wished to give Jeana a ring. Art managed for the ring which was selected by Ruskin and Jeana, and on Easter Day they officially announced their engagement.

Ruskin had felt that in one respect he had been 'the hard luck kid.' At the time he finished the eighth grade, the only graduation held was for the students finishing the tenth grade. When he finished the tenth grade they had changed the situation. He went on to Gila where he did his senior high schol work but didn't actually get to graduate once until he had finished Junior College. But the night of this first graduation not a one of his family was able to be in attendance and so much of the pleasure of it was lost.

Ruskin may have felt slighted before, but in June 1940 when he received his L.L.B. degree, he had several to witness this graduation who were personally interested in him. Eva and Arthur, Beth and Marba, Jeana, Carol and Boyce were all there to watch him as he marched across the platform and heard the President of the University add, as he gave Ruskin his degree, "Graduating with Distinction." This was an honor which was bestowed on students who had attained a certain scholastic standing. They were very proud, and Eva and Arthur thought, two daughters and now two sons have received their degrees. We're doing all right.

Instead of returning home, Ruskin remained in Tucson to prepare for, and take the Arizona Bar Examination. By the time he had finished with the examination, he had accepted an appointment as a Special

Agent in the Federal Bureau of Investigation and was to leave the following morning for Washington, D.C. The family came again to Tucson to see Ruskin and although there was still pride in the sight of him, as Eva looked at him and knew the family ties would never be the same now that he was leaving to be on his own, tears welled in her eyes. She could not keep her self control no matter how hard she tried. She wondered how long it would be before they would see him again and how she prayed that the airplane would fly a safe flight. Arthur, whose faith in airplanes was not great, tried to reassure her that Ruskin would be all right even if he were traveling by plane. It was hard for Ruskin, very hard to see them so sad and to have a lump in his throat that wouldn't let him swallow. His mother so seldom lost control of her emotions that it made it harder on Ruskin to see her so tearful. But the plane's engines roared, the wheels moved the big ship away for takeoff. As it lifted into the air and grew small, then disappeared, they prayerfully made the return trip to Pima.

Chapter XVIII

EVA AND ARTHUR (1940-1948)

When Marie was living with the Lines family, her grandparents promised her that they would gladly pay for her to have a college education. While she was in high school and living with her mother, Opal, they reminded her of their offer. Marie suggested that she might prefer to take a business course instead of going to college and they told her that would be fine, if she preferred to do it. By the time she graduated, word came that she was planning to get married that summer. Eva and Arthur both urged her to at least wait two years to prepare herself in some special training. Art was strong in his belief that even the girls should be trained to earn their living in some way. The next word from Opal announced that Marie had married Harold J. Brown July 23, 1940. Eva's answer said that she and Arthur were sorry their offer had not been accepted, but they extended their best wishes for Marie and Harold's happiness in their marriage.

Phyllis and Wayne had lived in California since their marriage and he had continued in his work for the Mergenthaler Linotype Company. Each year some of the family had visited them. Trelva, Boyce and Beth had each stayed for longer than an ordinary visit. Trelva had attended one summer school at S. C., Boyce one semester at Los Angeles City College, and Beth one year in high school while they made their home with them. Their most frequent and always welcome visitor from Phyllis' family was Eva. She had come gladly when they needed her and was just as welcome when she needed to have a respite from the work and worries of her large family. Wayne in his business trips often stayed a night or two with the Lines family and sometimes Eva returned home with him. As he saw how tired she looked, he would say, "Mother Lines, why don't you come and go back with me to California? You look like you need a rest." Eva knew she was truly welcome and went to visit them often, always coming back rested and glad to be home with Arthur and the family in Pima.

The summer of 1939, Phyllis and Wayne made a tour of the western states. Their children loved to visit with the Lines family so much that they and their parents thought they were lucky to have an invitation extended for them to stay at their grandparents'. Mickey even had his eighth birthday while they were there and enjoyed the party that was given for him. His granddaddy baptized him and he was enjoying every minute of the service. They even spent some time in the mountains at the Lines' cabin and coming down after their stay, an incident happened that expressed their love of it all. There had been a light rain and, as they rounded a sharp turn, they saw a mother deer standing with her twin fawns. It was a delightful picture and Mickey said, "Oh, we *must* come back next summer."

Evelyn Anne, just as thrilled, pleaded, "*May we* come again?"

These words from her two grandchildren were sufficient pay for the extra work it had been to have them there. Like true grandparents they adored every grandchild they had.

At Christmas, they realized how many there were getting to be, for they had almost a complete gathering of the family. Trelva, Ansel and their son, John Arthur, came from El Paso; Phyllis, Wayne, Mickey and Evelyn Anne came from Glendale; Boyce, Beth, and Marba were at home with Eva and Arthur; and when Vearl, Leona, Aldean, Dian, Linda and Artha came Christmas morning, they found that Santa Claus had left the living room well filled with gifts for all.

It was most of all children's day. They found fire engines, electric trains, wagons, tents, dolls, doll buggies, cradles, and all the trimmings around the big tree. The parents and grandparents enjoyed the day as thoroughly as did the children. Arthur wondered what he would do with all of his famiily if he built a new, smaller house when they were all married as he had talked about doing for years. To add to the joy of the day, a telegram came from Ruskin and a beautiful huge pottery vase filled with a large bouquet of gladioli was delivered to Eva and Arthur as Ruskin's Christmas present for them.

Eva and Art had watched with interest the many trips which Boyce had been making to Phoenix. Knowing their son well, they were sure the trips were not foolishly made but for serious purpose. So they were prepared when Boyce discussed with them a desire to buy Carol Driggs an engagement ring. In the early fall of 1940, Boyce took his mother, Beth and Marba to Phoenix for the party given in the Driggs home to announce the engagement of Carol and Boyce. Driving his

maroon Packard coupe and being good looking, Boyce made a dashing appearance during these courting days. Carol, a pretty little blonde, seemed just the right one for him.

They were married February 24, 1941 in the Mesa Temple, Boyce H. Lines and Margaret Carol Driggs. As the ceremony ended and Boyce took his bride in his arms, Eva was grateful so see that her fine son had found a life companion they could all be proud to have in the family. Their sweet young love was beautiful to see. Their wedding day was a rainy day so the bride should be blessed by it. A wedding reception was given in their honor that evening in the Driggs' home. The next day, Boyce and Carol left for a honeymoon on the west coast.

A month before this wedding, Eva had been told by a Phoenix doctor that she should have an operation at once. When she told him her son was being married so soon and she would like to wait until after the marriage, he told her that if she did she could only have juices because of her condition. She went to the hospital for the operation the day following the wedding. The operation was very successful and Eva made a fast, satisfactory recovery.

Hardly had Arthur and Eva become used to having Boyce married, until another romance in the family culminated. In early May, Eva was invited to a party honoring Jeana Allred where the announcement was made on the radio that, "Wedding bells would soon be ringing." On June 14, 1941, the family received a telegram from Idaho which read, "Getting married tonight in Boise. We're going to be very happy and we love all of you." signed Jeana and Ruskin. Eva and Arthur's last son was married. The family had been pleased with Ruskin's choice for Jeana was a talented, pretty brunette, and their courtship had continued through their college years. She had been teaching since Ruskin had been in the F.B.I.

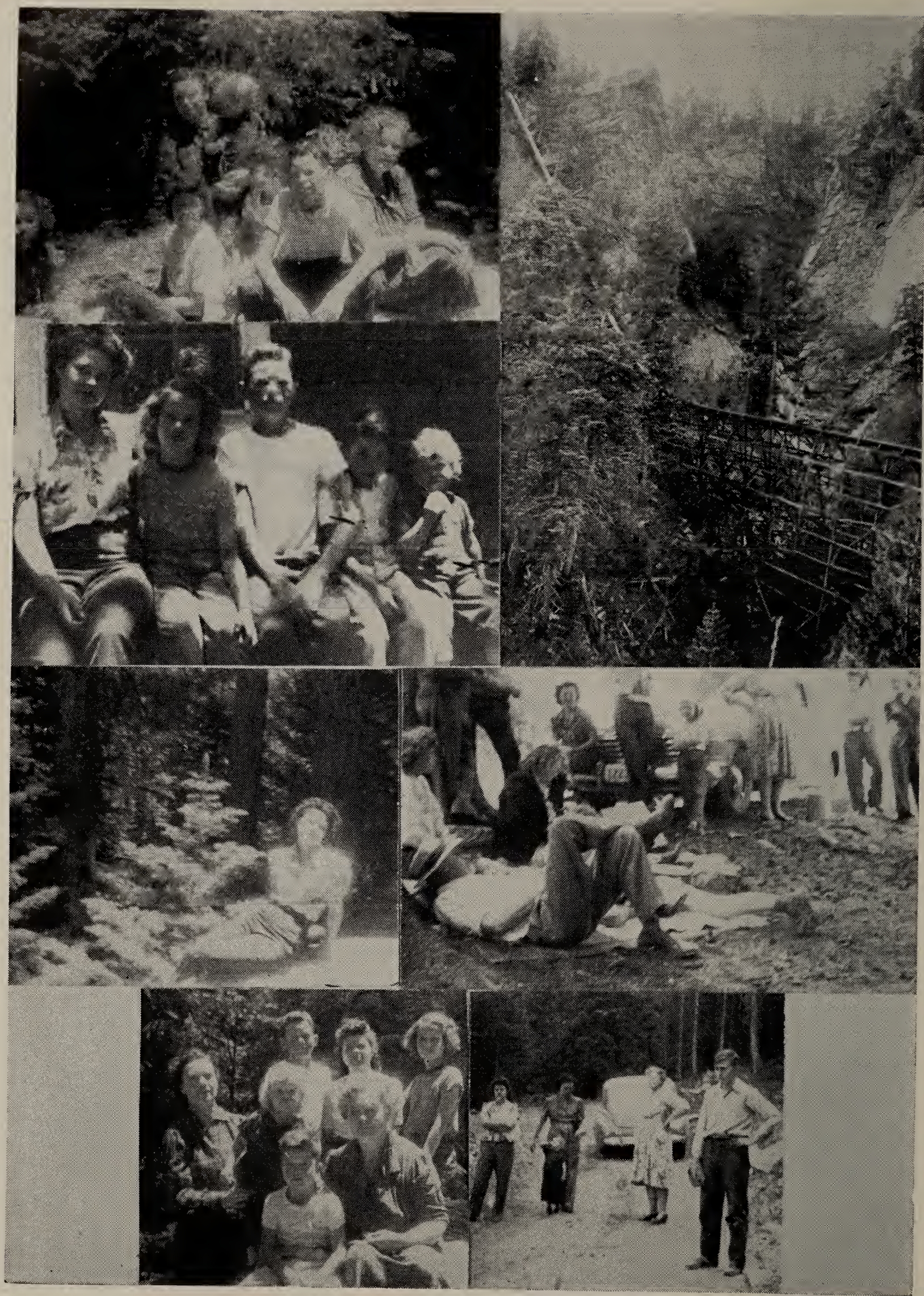
During the years that Vearl and Leona had been living in the valley, nearly every shower and program had benefited by the excellent violin music of Leona. When she did not play solo numbers she played with a string trio or assisted in the accompaniment for vocal numbers. At teas and receptions the string ensemble furnished a lovely musical background. Vearl and his family were justly proud of the generous use she made of her talent. The public appreciated her ability and generosity and made constant demands on her time and energy.

Vearl sometimes called Leona and his four beautiful girls his 'Relief Society.' Through the years when Leona's babies were small and Eva

(Top, left) Aldean and Marba; (right) Family gathering at Lines home about 1936. (Second row) Family picture about 1936; (right) Beth, Eva, Arthur, Marba, Dian and Linda. (Third row) Beth and Marba; (right) Arthur, Marba, Eva and Beth. (Bottom, left) Eva, Beth Anderson and Rilla Farley; (right) Evelyn, Mickey, Linda and Dian.

Groups of Relief Society women. (Top, left) Pima Ward Officers; (right) St. Joseph Stake Board. (Second row, left) Cast for Centennial Pageant; (upper right) Pima Ward Workers; (lower right) Chorus for Centennial Program. (Bottom, left) R. S. Stake Presidency wearing Centennial costumes; (right) Pima Singing Mothers' Chorus.

Family gatherings at the homes of Vearl and Leona in Safford. (Third row, left) includes Vearl, Scott, Beth, Steve, Ruskin, Jeana, Rusty and Paul as well as Linda, Evelyn, Dian. Leona, Eva Mickey, Arthur, Geraldine, and Artha who are in the other pictures as are Guy, Beth, and children; Laura,, Ben, Ella, Isaac, Trelva, John Arthur, and Aldean.



(Top, left and bottom, left) pictures Evelyn, Trelva, Phyllis, Geraldine, John, Mickey and Eva. (Second row, left) Marba, Evelyn, Mickey, John and Geraldine. (Top, right) part of the old flume down the Graham Mts. (Third row, left) Marba; (right) family on a mountain picnic. Ansel in left foreground. (Bottom, right) Trelva, Geraldine, Phyllis, Eva, and LaRay Blake.

still had a house full of children herself, they took turns having family dinners. Almost every Thanksgiving they enjoyed a southern style dinner deliciously cooked at Leona's and then the Christmas dinner was served with all of Eva's traditional dishes at Pima. Whenever they could, Trelva, Ansel and John Arthur came for the holidays and would make it a gay reunion. Two other get togethers at Leona's were in the summer months when Phyllis and her family were also visiting in the valley. The pictures taken at their home on the Thatcher Highway left them with more than memories, for they took pictures of Eva, Art, Ella, Ike, Laura, Ben, Guy and Beth as a group and of Eva, Art, Leona, Trelva, Beth, Marba and Phyllis as well as informal shots of the children. Vearl and Leona seemed to appreciate the big Lines family and their Anderson relatives and certainly did their part to keep the family ties firm. With Trelva, Phyllis, and Opal living out of the valley, it was Leona who, in her sweet, considerate way, began the lovely birthday parties for Eva and Arthur. As Eva's younger daughters grew up they carried on the gesture of remembrance.

In the summer of 1941, Beth with many of the other young ladies and young men of the St. Joseph Stake went to the annual M Men and Gleaner Convention which was held in St. Johns, Arizona. The convention activities included picnics, dances, hikes and the Testimonial Sunday Church Service. Some of the fellows who had been 'batching' in Thatcher while they attended Gila were happy to see Beth. She had been one of the girls taking cooking that had generously remembered these boys when cooking classes ended and invited them to sample the dishes prepared during class. Because of this, and thinking she was all right as a girl friend too, they liked to tease her a little by calling her 'Ma.' Being used to her own brothers teasing ways, she knew how to take it. But none of these seemed to bring out the thrill and ecstasy that just a word or smile from Scott Pace would never fail to do. Beth came home a different girl, a girl, who knew without a doubt, she had found her love. Both Beth and Scott matriculated at the University in September where their courtship continued. Beth was the one who was in a dream world now.

The first threat to Beth's new found happiness came when Pearl Harbor was attacked December 7. Just as the staunch battleship, Arizona, would not sink in Pearl Harbor, these young people would not see their dreams completely shattered. They might have to postpone some of their plans, but love and right would triumph. Scott enlisted

in January after completing his work in the College of Business and Uncle Sam's mail was now a messenger for their romance.

By the year 1938, the St. Joseph Stake was fifty-five years old and it was now large in membership, as well as area, so church authorities came from Salt Lake City to divide the stake between Thatcher and Safford. The Wards in the stake boundaries extending east to El Paso were now designated by the new name of Mt. Graham Stake, and Spencer Kimball was sustained as President. The western portion, extending west to the Superior Mountains, continued with the old stake name of St. Joseph. Jesse Udall was made Stake President and Ben Blake was his first counselor, Arthur continuing as one of the High Council. In organizing the Stake Relief Society Board, Eva was made first counselor to Ella Lee, the President, with Janie Mattice, the second counselor and Eliza Tanner, the secretary.

Eva's new church position was rather the culmination of forty-one years of almost continuous service in the church. At the age of fifteen she began teaching a class in Sunday School, and was a member of the ward choir. Next she was an Aid in the Stake M.I.A. when Laura Nuttall was Stake President. When the Beehive work was in its very beginnings, she was a Beekeeper and Ethel Kelly worked with her. (They took a large group of girls to the mountains for a week. The night before they left, the girls slept on the big lawn of the Lines home or, rather, they didn't sleep and didn't let the Lines family sleep either. Early the next morning, Eva served them breakfast with hot biscuits for all before they left in trucks for the foothills where Leon Kelly had the horses waiting for them to ride on up the mountain.) At some time in her years of service, Eva taught in each one of the classes in the Y.L.M.I.A. It was not until 1943 that she taught a full year in the Primary, but she enjoyed working with the Bluebird Girls very much at 61. Most of Eva's time, she had served as a class leader in the Relief Society and, through it, she received a well rounded education in Theology, Social Science, Literature and even Architecture. It required a lot of work, but she would never do a job half-way.

Eva, while she was in the new Stake Relief Society Board, had some wonderful associations. The women were not only strong in the faith but energetic and enthusiastic; so that when the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society March 17, 1942 was celebrated, they observed it with two programs. First a sacred service, the preceding Sunday night at the Stake House. There were seventy-

five picked voices from the Wards' 'Singing Mothers' Choruses that presented the Centennial Cantata, "The Resurrection Morning." It was directed by Lavenda Ellsworth with Lela McBride at the piano and Bernice Stowell playing the organ. The program on the night of the 17th was a beautiful pageant written by Lela Udall and staged and directed by William C. Kaufman. It depicted by pantomime the highlights in the history of the Relief Society. The St. Joseph Stake Singing Mothers furnished songs, both in the audience and from the stage. The Reader for the tableaus was Wilda Merrill. Everything possible was done to make both of these programs outstanding events. They were worthy tributes to the Stake President of the organization, Ella Lee, whose wonderful personality drew from each one their very best effort and kept them all working harmoniously together.

The evening of October 12, 1942, Eva and Arthur were invited to the home of Laura and Ben. To their surprise they were called home in a short while only to find that a party had been planned to surprise and honor them on their fortieth wedding anniversary. Boyce, Carol, Vearl, and Leona gave the party. It was a happy occasion with only immediate relatives present. Guy and his wife Beth, Laura and her husband Ben, Ella and Ike, Rilla and Joe, and Marba. Also present were Milt and his wife, Clella, and Sam and his wife, Laura. (These two brothers had both married women who were widows, sometime after the deaths of their first wives. Milt and Clella, who was formerly Clella Hundley, now had twin girls and Milt was the preceding Bishop of the Pima Ward. Sam's wife, Laura, had been Laura Taylor. These two women's families were among the original settlers of Pima also.) The refreshment table was attractively arranged with a miniature wedding cake, on the top of which was a tiny bride and groom forming the centerpiece. As Eva served this cake she remembered how she had planned to have a wedding cake forty years earlier until the wedding plans and date were completely changed. It was a thrill to have the surprise of all this on a wedding anniversary she had hardly remembered. That was what made life so interesting, not knowing what tomorrow would bring, and their yesterdays had had many happy moments. They re-lived some of them that evening as they reminisced with their loved ones. They appreciated these two sons and their wives giving such a lovely party for them and hoped that in ten years they might be able to celebrate their fiftieth anniversary.

Boyce left in November for Washington, D.C. to accept an appoint-

ment as a Special Agent for the F.B.I. and take the necessary training for it. Vearl had to run the business alone now that our country was at war. Carol stayed in Phoenix and worked in the bank until she could join Boyce.

The previous August, Eva and Arthur had announced Beth's engagement to Scott. The Announcement Party had first begun as a lawn party for a few of Beth's girl friends. Later guests to arrive were relatives of Scott and Beth. As they entered the home they were received at the door by Trelva's five year old son, John Arthur, dressed in the uniform of an army private. He presented each guest with a scroll which told of the engagement. Because of the war, it said the date for the marriage was to be 'when Scott comes marching home.' The honored guest at the party was Scott's Grandmother Pace. His mother, Mattie Pace, poured for the guests. They were served a delicious buffet lunch which included fried chicken cooked by Leona.

With an unexpected furlough in November, Scott arrived home, and they were married on November 25, 1942. Eva had more time to help Beth prepare her trousseau, now that Marba was the only other unmarried child. Although the wedding date had been indefinite, they had already purchased some lovely lingerie and linen. Eva had always believed in preparing well in advance for future events. This had been fortunate. The material for Beth's wedding gown and even her accessories had already been bought and, by working night and day, her cousin, Wilda Farley Merrill, completed the beautiful traditional wedding gown in time for the wedding. Beth, like Opal and Phyllis, was married before an arranged altar in the living room with her cousin, Bishop Burt McBride, officiating at the ceremony. The bride and groom and the guests were served a wedding luncheon, which Eva, Marba, Leona, Carol, Trelva, and Eva's three sisters had prepared. Trelva had made the biggest effort to be there to help, having left El Paso on the bus two hours after the family phoned and having been up all night, but she didn't want to miss the wedding. Even though it had to be squeezed in to meet the demands of war, Beth's wedding was just as lovely as it was possible to make it.

There was no time for a reception so Arthur gave his daughter and new son some extra money to spend as they wished. After a short honeymoon in Phoenix, they returned to Pima and stayed one night with Eva and Arthur before Beth returned to the University and Scott continued on to Michigan for the Officers' Candidate Training. Eva

and Arthur were happy and sad. Their home would be empty without Beth's cheery presence. At the same time, they were pleased and their hearts were full. They knew Beth was married to the one she loved.

The fall of 1942 had changed the United States from a country of peace to a methodical machine which ground out tanks, guns, ammunition, and parachutes. But there were many ways in which life continued as normal. This same fall when Eva and Arthur were so fearful and worried about life itself, they had been blessed with their first *great*-grandchild, a boy, born September 12, 1942. Marie and Harold had named their first-born Harold Jonathan for his father. Opal was now a proud grandmother.

The morning of December 9, 1942, two telegrams were received at the W. A. Lines home, just about an hour apart. One was from Kansas City, Mo. and told of the birth of Ruskin R. Lines, Jr. to Ruskin and Jeana. Although Arthur already had two grandsons, this was the first one to bear the Lines name. The other telegram was from Glendale, California and announced the arrival of Geraldine Hancock, another daughter for Phyllis and Wayne. Eva and Arthur thought they had been twice blessed that day.

In June 1943, Arthur, Eva, and Marba again attended the Commencement Exercises at the University of Arizona and saw their fifth child receive a degree. Sarah Beth L. Pace was given a Bachelor of Science degree with a major in Home Economics. When Beth married, Eva and Arthur felt she should finish her college education. Art was always desirous and quite insistent that all of their children have a good education and be trained for a profession by which they could support themselves, if necessary. Even though Beth was married this last part of her senior year, Arthur felt it his privilege as her father to pay her expenses until she graduated. They were proud to have her a college graduate as well as a happy bride who could now join her husband in Louisiana. Scott's brother, Elman, and his wife, Olive, drove Beth to where Scott was stationed near New Orleans.

Even though the years were adding to his age and even though many of his friends began retiring, Arthur went on working, farming, and making plans. Arthur was a true farmer, who methodically rotated his crops and planted the type of crop in the weak sections of land that would increase their fertility. He reclaimed land that was close to the Gila River and the Cottonwood Wash. On every water turn, he used the waste water to flood the land, if possible, in an attempt to level

the low spots, and used other methods to work the land into shape. Water was run from one field on to another. None was wasted.

With the shortage of rainfall and the increased acreage of land under cultivation, the farmers throughout the Gila Valley were forced to drill wells and pump water from the underground source to irrigate the crops. Arthur put in two wells at advantageous points on the farm. These wells were expensive but the farm was not profitable without them anymore. Another change in Arthur's farming was the registered hereford cattle that he bought and sold for breeding purposes.

Besides the changes that the war had made in the lives of Boyce and Ruskin, who were in the F.B.I., and Scott, who was stationed in Louisiana and in charge of prisoners of war, Marie's husband, Harold, was a member of the 'Sea Bees' serving as a metal worker making repairs aboard ship in the Pacific area. Even though these four men were all serving their country and many times risking their lives, they were fortunate in that they returned home uninjured.

Marba felt the war's effect on the lives of the young men and women more keenly than the others in the family as she attended Gila College and then the University of Arizona where young men, strong, healthy and ambitious, were being trained for action. She had dates with some of these and saw them leave for the battle front, some never to return to their beloved country. She spent two summers, 1942 and 1943, at Phyllis' where many fellows had come to work in the defense industries. It seemed to the young people even more than their elders that they might never know the joys of normal living.

There was gasoline rationing and tire shortages so not the free use of automobiles that had been considered even necessary. The essentials were hard to buy, and luxury items such as fine china from Japan and England, new cars, many ordinary toys and all metal toys were off the market; even the dolls were hairless and without rubber bodies. The ration book was necessary to obtain some food including sugar and meat but even with the needed ration points to buy these a great deal of the family's time was spent just standing in line for a 'hard to get' item. But these were minor if they could only hasten the end of the turmoil and most of all the loss of life.

Romance was not confined to the younger members of the Lines children during these war years. Opal had been running a boarding house in Jerome and word came from her that she and William T. Neese were married July 4, 1943. Although Eva and Arthur were sur-

prised, they were glad that Opal had found new happiness. When Opal and Bill visited them shortly, they were also pleased with the fine man their new son-in-law seemed to be and that the years since have proved him to be.

In late August of 1943, when Marba returned from her stay in California, Phyllis and her children came for a short visit and Trelva came from El Paso with John Arthur. These two daughters had not been home at the same time recently and Eva gave a lovely tea for them. Since the Lines home was full with these house guests, Laura offered Eva the use of her home for the party. Everything was planned for it to be a very nice social event. Leona and her girls, as always, helped Eva; and the sherbet-punch and tea sandwiches and cakes that they had all prepared were delicious. Most of the afternoon was spent visiting and chatting with the large number of guests but by special request from her sisters, Marba sang several solos which were enjoyed by all. Phyllis and Trelva appreciated the wonderful opportunity to mingle with friends and acquaintances.

Boyce and Carol were living in San Francisco where he was currently assigned, when they sent Eva and Arthur the good news that on April 12, 1944 their first child had been born. They named their little blonde baby girl Pamala Lines. A few months later, a similar announcement came to them from Marie and Harold in Prescott with word that a second great-grandson, William Gareth Brown, had been born September 8, 1944.

When Pima had been Arthur's home town for over 64 years and Eva's for over 55 years they decided to leave the town which they and their parents had helped build, where Arthur had been on the City Council for eight years. The town in which their parents had lived near them and where they had died and been buried. Even though many relatives and friends still lived there, many had moved away. The house that had sometimes seemed too small for a family of ten now was much too large for three. The yard that Eva had tended with care and that had been so wonderful for a big family to romp and play in, was now too large for Eva to take care of since the sons who had helped her trim and water it were married and gone and even Marba, their last child, was away at college most of the year. These were the reasons they gave but, most important of all, they could see now that the children, not one of them, would be able to live in the old family home. All eight, though born and raised in Pima, would be living elsewhere, most

of them in Safford. They had sold the Grandpa Lines house, the store, the theater and now they planned to sell the big brick house. Their interest in the Lines Store had been traded to Milt for a house he owned and was renting in Safford. They decided to move into this house as soon as they could sell their present home which they had now lived in thirty-one years.

In August 1944 without telling their relatives, their friends, or neighbors, without even mentioning it to their children, they closed the sale. Just after finishing the signing of the papers at the abstract office in Safford, they met Trelva and Marba who were on their way to Pima from El Paso. The girls were astounded when they learned of the sale. They had known their father and mother had considered building another home for years but little dreamed that they would move now because of the restrictions on building during the war emergency. They like the other children and their parents felt a strong sentimental attachment to the old home which was so full of sweet memories. The children were in hopes that as soon as possible they would build or buy a new home with the modern conveniences that would make life easier and happier.

The next two months were indeed busy ones at the Lines'. Eva little realized how much they had accumulated over the years. They had included most of their furniture in their sale of the home but the house they were moving into was so much smaller that Eva began packing boxes of clothes, and many things that she thought the different children could make use of she sent in boxes to them.

One Sunday before they moved, Eva invited many old friends and relatives to come in the afternoon for a last get together in the old home. Some of these friends did not know until then that Eva and Arthur were even considering making such a change, and they couldn't understand why they should be doing it. Even Eva and Arthur now had a few moments in which they wondered, "Do you suppose we will regret what we are doing?" Pictures were taken in groups and at different spots in their yard. The flowers and trees, the shrubs and lawn, all were beautiful and dearer to them because it had been tenderly cared for by Eva. The associations with lifetime friends would not be completely broken, for Safford was only nine miles away, but it would be an occasional association, not a weekly one.

The farewell party given for Eva under the sponsorship of the Pima Relief Society was a wonderful tribute to Eva. Beth Anderson, to Eva's

(Top, left) Back view of home. Pictures on this page and the next were made at Pima home shortly before moving to Safford. (Second row, left) Eva, Marba and Arthur at the front entrance; (right and bottom, right) Joseph, Mary, Sam and Arthur. (Bottom, left) Allie, Mary, Marba Laura, Sam, Arthur, Eva, Lizzie and Joe, who are also in top, right, picture with Clella, Jean and Joan.

(Top, left, back row) Chloe Matthews, LaRay Blake, Ruth Farley, Phyllis Blake and Marba. (Second row) Joe and Rilla Farley. (Front row) Ben, Laura, Ella and Isaac Blake; Eva and Arthur. Others in pictures on this page are Susie Crockett, Alice Malloy, Edith Holliday, Jane Mattice, Caroline Eyring, Geneva Green and Laura Lines.

surprise, gave a sketch of Eva's life which told in a humorous way of many things that had happened and some of them had been forgotten by Eva unintentionally or otherwise. After a fine program refreshments were served, and then the ladies present were invited to express themselves if there was anything they wanted to say. So many unexpected compliments were given and little incidents related paying tribute to Eva that she finally told them, "I just believe I've taken all of this I can in one day. You have said so many good things about me I had better not hear any more right now." That night Eva knew that the years had been good to her for her friends were many and she, who had always done this and often had said, "I'd rather give praise today than a bouquet of flowers at their funeral," had received many verbal bouquets she would ever remember, just as she would more dearly remember the kind friends who had given the praise and the ones who had prepared this party to honor her.

The move was made as planned in October. The house was small and lacked conveniences of their old home. Located on Sixth Avenue it was convenient to the Layton Ward Churchhouse and within walking distance from town. After some improvements had been made to the house, it was warm and comfortable. They were not going to do very much to it, because it was only going to be a temporary home. But the garage and yard were the real challenge. Even temporarily, Eva could not live where the yard was shaggy and neglected. The greatest expense for Art was the cement work in the garage, driveway and paths. The greatest work for Eva was burning, raking, burying and hoeing until the weeds were brought under control. Day after day, she worked and, week after week, she continued to work. The front lawn began to show results. The flowers bloomed and she had a garden producing fine vegetables. The fruit trees and grape vines took longer to produce but, before they moved, she had fine crops of fruit, grapes and vegetables for her children as well as themselves. There were advantages to living in a city lot, for here in Safford, away from the cattle and horses from the farm, her trees and flowers grew unmolested. They said she had a green thumb, but she knew that 99 per cent of a green thumb was constant care and hard work. Every time she was away from home she worried lest her growing things were not doing well without her attention, for she knew, even though Arthur was proud of the way the yard was always kept by Eva, he was usually too busy with bigger projects to devote much time to the yard of their home.

Art moved to Safford with the intention of retiring. He had decided to rent out the entire farm, as it was too much for him to manage alone. The farm was in perfect condition. He had had good hired men to follow his directions. As the result of World War II, which was still raging, farm prices were very high, the highest in history. But, regardless of high prices, the excellent condition of the farm, the almost certainty of making more money from the farm than ever before, Arthur thought it would be well to lease it. As soon as word got around of his plans, farmers interested in leasing from him came to talk to him and phoned him. He decided to lease it to the McBride brothers, Maime's sons. They had never run a farm as large as his, but Arthur said, "Let them alone. They'll learn by their mistakes." (The McBrides operated the farm for five years and did very well for themselves financially. In fact, from the money they acquired in these years, from the farm lease, they were able to buy land in the Salt River Valley and move there.) Three more wells now pumped water on the farm.

In the last two months of the year 1944, Arthur was a retired man. He spent much of his time at the garage and riding around the valley. His driving in the valley was always much different than on a trip for he noted every minute detail in the farms he passed. Finally, he could take this leisure no longer. He had to have something more to work for. He had been a man doing more than he should have tried to do all his life. He had cash from the sale of the Pima home. The sale of the goats, the cattle ranch, and even the registered cattle had been regretted by him, so that, when he was given the opportunity to buy the Gomez Cattle Ranch on Turtle Back Mountain, located west of Morenci, he and Eva agreed that the purchase should be made. In the next few years other small ranches were added which joined the original purchase. Arthur's life became exciting and meaningful as he planned and worked near the town of his early undertakings. He was working outdoors and with cattle. It was the kind of life he loved, and it kept him busy.

The months from July 1945 to April 1946 could be considered the most productive year for Eva and Arthur. On the Fourth of July 1945 when the members of their family were gathered to celebrate the birth of the nation, a telegram came from San Francisco announcing the birth of Richard Boyce Lines. To have another grandson was indeed good news. Then in September Eva flew on the airplane to Louisiana to be with Beth for a month before the arrival of their first baby, a boy,

named Stephen Scott Pace. He arrived on Eva and Arthur's forty-third wedding anniversary, October 12. She stayed and helped Beth for almost another month. Because the flight there had been rough as they flew through a storm near the Gulf of Mexico, Eva was not eager to fly home, but time was important so she did and was met at El Paso by Arthur. Her time at home was brief for Paul Anderson Lines was born in Phoenix to Jeana and Ruskin November 13 and she packed her bags and left for Phoenix to be of help there. Their grandchildren had increased to fourteen quickly.

During the late spring in 1946, Eva was visiting Phyllis in California. She was anticipating the trip that Arthur, Marba, Trelva, Ansel and she were going to make to Mexico that summer and had had her vaccination for smallpox repeated when a letter came from Trelva with the surprising news that they had finally adopted a baby, that their dreams and wishes for a baby had been realized. The Mexico trip was postponed, indefinitely, and Eva rushed to El Paso to help Trelva until her term of teaching school was finished, and she could take over the wonderful task of being a mother to this beautiful little girl, born April 7, 1946 and named Alicia Gayle. When Trelva took this new baby to school, the Principal took her in her arms and said, "I shouldn't like you at all when you are responsible for taking the very best kindergarten teacher I have ever had away from me, but when I look in your sweet little face and know you are named Alicia for me, I can't be mad one bit."

With the war ended in 1945, life began to return to normal gradually. The first of their family to return was Boyce and his family, the last of the year, then Beth and Scott reached the valley in January. They moved to Solomonville and Boyce's family rented in Safford until their new home was finished.

Arthur soon had Ruskin as a partner in the cattle business; for when he was transferred to Safford as the Resident Agent in the F.B.I., after having been in Phoenix two years, he joined in the new venture. Ruskin sold the land he had bought in the Salt River Valley for five thousand dollars. Since Art had given his other sons each about the same value when they took over the business in Safford, he allowed Ruskin five thousand dollars additional interest in the cattle ranch. By the end of five years, Ruskin had added ten thousand dollars to the business and they became equal partners. His government position required that every minute of his life be accounted for, because of the type of work

he was doing. Art had to assume not only the managerial problems, but also most of the heavy work for, with his cowboy Steve, he ran the cattle ranch. Steve received a salary but Arthur worked without pay. He loved the work and never worked harder. He would leave the valley before daylight, driving the big truck that he had loaded himself to take the supplies and also feed for the cattle. Ruskin discussed and helped his father plan the improvements they would make. He used his vacation time to help with the branding and round-up when he could. Neither one of them drew money from the ranch at first but later Arthur used some in his next project at the farm. It has proven to be a splendid investment for both men. The ranch expenses were high because some parts of the ranch had never had water. The cost of building cement tanks and piping water to them had been so expensive that some doubted the wisdom of doing it. But the pumps and pipes have permitted them to increase the number of cattle they can graze, and it has been financially successful, because cattle prices have remained high. In order that they could put money into the business towards an equal partnership faster, Jeana returned to the schoolroom as a teacher and postponed other plans until she and Ruskin could get in a more secure financial condition.

Because they had been busy in many ways the year and a half that they had lived in Safford and attended the Layton Ward, Eva and Arthur had not really had a chance to get to feel a part of the church group. It had been necessary for Eva to be gone so much, she was anxious to have an opportunity to stay home now and get better acquainted. So far the only way she had actually participated in the church groups had been in the Relief Society. She felt as though she wanted to enter the contest they had in the year 1944-1945 for the women of the ward who would submit a sketch of their lives. To her surprise, she was given both the prize for the best sketch in the ward and the one for the best in the Stake. The following year, they asked the women to each make a scrapbook of their family's history. Eva worked diligently preparing her books (and it took two large ones). Putting pictures, clippings, programs and all of the items she had on separate pages for each of her eight children. When the year's work had been completed for 1945-46 and the books entered in the contest had been judged, Eva was chosen once more as winner for the Ward and the Stake. It would have been easier for her to gracefully accept these honors if she had been in the Ward longer and had worked with

the Ward members for years as she had in Pima, but she was pleased with the prizes of books for her library and glad to have prepared the sketch and the books which have since been so helpful in compiling the material for this book.

Marba, the baby daughter, had found music the tuning voice of her soul. During her college years, she had worked to improve and develop her voice. She sang in many of the school operas and festivals. In January of 1947, Marba graduated from the University of Arizona with a major in Music Education. Finishing in mid-year, the exercises were not held until June, but she continued in school at the Brigham Young University for two quarters doing work towards a Master's degree. Professor Pease had recommended Professor Florence Madsen at the Y to Marba, knowing that she could give Marba training that would improve the quality of her voice beyond the training she had already had at the U. The vocal instruction was very beneficial and while there Marba had the chance to participate in some solo work as well as group singing. Besides the opportunities she had with the music department, she enjoyed the association in this church university with a social life that all could join in, if they desired. The school as well as the campus and weather were quite a contrast to the University at Tucson where she returned for graduation.

When Eva and Arthur saw Marba receive her degree at the Commencement Exercises in June, the lump in their throats was extra large. Their eighth child had finished her formal education. They said, "Well, that's the last one. Now it will be our grandchildren's graduations we will look forward to seeing." That September, when Marba began teaching in the Mesa, Arizona school system, was the first September for twenty-six years that Art was not signing checks to pay for the higher education of their children in addition to his taxes. The older children had had to have their four high school years paid for. There had been two and sometimes three to keep tuition, books, and transportation bills paid during these years. It had often been a heavy strain on their finances. Looking back, it seemed only a little price to pay for the satisfaction they felt now with their dream come true.

As sometimes happens, the events of the next year and a half ran largely to operations. In the spring of 1947, Beth, who was expecting the birth of a second child, was taken to El Paso for examination and the doctor recommended an operation. Scott had driven Beth and Eva there. After the operation and when Beth's condition was improved,

Scott and Eva returned to Safford and Eva took care of their little boy Steve. Beth recuperated at Trelva's home in El Paso before coming home. Their baby, William Willard, was born September 15, 1947, and they were very grateful that this baby's life had been spared. He was named for his two grandfathers.

Two months later, it was Eva who required an operation. She was taken to Phoenix after having had previous examinations to determine what should be done. The major surgery performed November 3, 1947 was successful and she did fine until she had a relapse in Safford and the doctor there by prescribing the wrong kind of treatment undid some of the benefits of the operation. Eva had to go to Mesa and stay with Marba where she received attention from the surgeon and recuperated.

Other events that broke the story of operations were the birth of another great-grandchild the 15th of April 1948 to Marie and Harold in Prescott. The baby boy was named Merrel for his grandfather Haby; next Trelva's husband, Ansel, took a job in Phoenix so that they moved to that city. They were all very happy to have the Wilson family so well located, for now the family would be able to see them often. Marie and her family had been to visit Eva and Arthur the summer before. She makes such a good little mother and is always pleasant and interested in getting things done. She told Eva that one of her neighbors asked her, 'who had taught her how to keep house,' and she told the neighbor, "My Grandmother Lines taught me." The neighbor remarked that whoever it was had done a good job. Eva felt she had been well rewarded for her efforts by this lovely granddaughter and her fine family.

The last two operations were performed on two of Eva's sisters. In the summer of 1948, Ella had to have a serious operation in Phoenix. When she was first out of the hospital she stayed in Trelva's home until Isaac could stay with her in an apartment to receive treatment while she recuperated. That fall, Eva went to Pocatello, Idaho to be with Nora after a serious operation. They were all relieved when all of these operations were successful. They were happy to have them over.

A Weech reunion was held the following summer in the Los Angeles area. Events included a gathering of family members at Halvie Weech's for recounting family history. A trip to Catalina, dinner at Knott's Berry Farm and a big dinner in the new Monrovia Ward churchhouse planned by William Weech and cooked by his wife, Janie. Joe, Sam, Milt and Arthur attended with their wives and some of their children.

Pictures taken in the Monrovia Ward Recreation Hall after a dinner for those attending the Weech reunion in 1949. The top picture was of all present. The bottom picture was of the descendants of Henry and Emily Lines present. Standing were Claud, Emmadean, Marba, Eva, Arthur, Evelyn, Phyllis, Wayne and Mickey. Seated Milt, Clella, Laura, Sam, Mary, Lizzie and Joe. Kneeling Jean, Joan and Geraldine.

Pictures taken in Safford and Mexico. (Top, left) Eva, Leona, Marba holding Hal. (right) Arthur and Eva. Pictured in center and second row are Arthur, Trelva, Leona, Eva, Hal, Artha, Ansel, John and Marba. (Third, left, and bottom, left center) Pyramids. (Third row, right) Floating Gardens of Xochimilco. (Bottom, left) Trelva; (right, center) Art, Ansel, Eva and Trelva; (right) Marba.

Chapter XIX

EVA AND ARTHUR (1948-1952)

The spring of 1949, Eva and Arthur again made plans to have the postponed trip to the land of Mañana. In late July, Art and Eva with Marba, Trelva and Ansel, piled their luggage into Art's new DeSoto car and started for a trip into the interior of Mexico. At Lorado, Texas, they exchanged their United States currency into the Mexican peso and the larger denominations of paper money. The officials checked their passports. They acquired tourists' guide books, a stock of canned fruit juices and crossed the innocent looking boundary line for three weeks of adventure.

The first day the terrain was flat and desert like; but as they drove on south and crossed the Tropic of Cancer, the vegetation became as a garden of paradise with its broad panorama of indescribable beauty to be seen in this land of perpetual spring. The roads were excellent, but as they neared Mexico City, the highway climbed into the mountains winding around one hair-pin turn to blend into another. Often, as they stopped the car to get out and see more of the 'patchwork' looking farms, out of nowhere came the shy little native Indian children, crowding around the strangers, begging for pennies. The Indians of Mexico farmed these steep mountain sides. They were usually planted with corn or bananas or the short cactus pineapple shrubs. Throughout the hills ran the quaint looking rock walls which marked the individual boundary lines of a long ago land owner.

At Zimapan, they found an old abandoned silver mine which had been turned into an Americanized Hotel. They welcomed the clean rooms and good beds. Marba and Ansel took a swim before dinner in the beautiful pool located in the center of the patio. The pool was filled with sterilized water, which was guaranteed to be pure. Most of the water in Mexico is unsanitary. Everyone had to drink the overly sweet bottled Mexican soft drinks or they had to buy the warm bottles of sterilized water.

As they reached San Juan, they visited the temples of Quetzalcoatl, commonly referred to as the Temple of the Sun and the Temple of the Moon. These ruins depicted the type and nature of religion practised centuries before by the inhabitants of Mexico. They were of great interest to all our group for the Mormon Church has an explanation of the origin of the early dwellers on this continent.

Their hotel in Mexico City was very clean, had excellent food and was not expensive, as the American dollar at that time was worth eight of the pesos. It was located in the heart of the city, allowing them to walk to many of the historical points of interest. On the day spent in Mexico City proper, they hired a guide. He had borrowed his friend's car and his friend came along too. The car was not a late model but running. It had good brakes and a very loud horn which Art soon realized were the prime requisites of any car in Mexico, as they had no traffic signals. The five of them crowded into the back of the seven passenger car and were taken to visit the luxurious Palace of Emperor Maximilian and Carlotta; the magnificent Catholic Cathedral in the Plaza; and many of the official buildings of the Mexican Government. They were thrilled with the large impressive murals which covered the walls of these buildings, that had been painted by the noted Mexican painter Diego Rivera.

On Sunday, they took a prepared lunch and, like everyone else who ever visits Mexico City, they went to the beautiful, famous floating gardens of Xochimilco. These were in winding canals on which boats, decorated with the beautiful blossoms, were paddled by the stolid, native Indians. Art, Eva and their children hired one of the prettiest boats and found themselves in a maze of lagoons with hundreds of other tourists and natives. Each party in a separate flower laden boat. Wending their way through the canals were hundreds of vendors; some were selling flowers, others hot tacos and others Mexican foods; or you could pay for a Mexican orchestra to attach itself to your boat and play your chosen tunes. This was a day of fiesta for all. Since Sunday was a bull fighting day, they left the gardens and their beauty to return to Mexico City in time for the bull fight. Trelva had developed the usual illness of most tourists in Mexico and remained at the hotel. The rest of their party went to the 'Plaza De Torros' to watch the masterly handling of the bulls, which were handsome specimens, by the picadors and the death plunge of the sword by the matadors. That Sunday evening, the younger generation was ready for bed, quite

as soon as Eva and Art were.

One afternoon while the others rested, Eva and Trelva went window shopping. In front of the huge, modern, internationally famous Hotel Del Prado, they nearly collided with a Mexican peddler. On his head was a large flat tray, piled high with dead and defeathered chickens; their feet and blank looking heads hanging from long, long skinny necks flopping in his face as he walked. The tourist learns quickly in Mexico that there are very few beasts of burden to carry their supplies. Nearly all of the products and various types of merchandise are carried by the natives on their own backs. The farmers bring to the market, their chickens, pigs, sheep, huge stacks of baskets, great bundles of fire wood or any other commodity, either tied to their backs or laced like a harness around their bodies.

While in Mexico City, they all went to the Latter Day Saint Mission Home, where A. L. Pierce presided as Mission President. Here they learned where Eva's sister Nora's eldest son, Jay Davis, was serving as a Mormon missionary. The next day they found him in a little village located under the shadow of the huge snow covered volcanic mountain, Popocatepetl. Taking Jay and his companion, they traveled on south stopping here and there among the little villages to see the chapels that were being built by the Mexicans who had become members of the Church.

At Cuernavaca, they visited the Palace of Cortez. This was now a museum. Here Cortez resided after he was replaced as Captain General of Mexico. From Cuernavaca, they drove on to Tasco, one of the few remaining cities of Mexico that had not lost its native simplicity to the modern, progressive world. Its streets were of cobbled stone and were winding and narrow. Only one street was wide enough to travel through.

Eva had saved her pin money prior to this trip with plans of buying silver pieces for her children while they were in Mexico. Tasco was the silver center of Mexico and very famous for its skilled workmanship. The women folks began the rounds of the various shops. Hidden in one of the little streets was a shop that sold nothing but beautiful silver. With their minds all set to one purpose, they began the process of buying. In Tasco, as is also true in most of the exclusive silver shops in Mexico, all the silver is sold by the actual weight of the article. The difference in money value was most confusing. They were quoted a price, but it took a pencil and paper to figure out how much the actual price in dollars was. Another conference was required by them all to

figure the price if they purchased eight similar pieces. When the final price was quoted, Eva was delighted. She had more than enough money and so asked the price of a lovely silver fruit bowl. The price was satisfactory and the bowl was also purchased.

Eva, Trelva, and Marba walked out of the store with their packages. Art, Ansel and the two missionaries were waiting and anxious to return to Mexico City. On the outskirts of town, Ansel stopped to have the car filled with gas. As they waited, they were surprised to see the owner of the silver shop coming towards them with some Mexican 'Policia' and ten to fifteen of the natives following. The shop owner began chattering in Spanish that he had made a mistake; he had figured wrong; they owed him more money. If it hadn't been so embarrassing it would have been very funny with the Policia standing very erect and looking very official.

If such a sale had been made in the States, they would only have had to say, "I paid what I was asked." But that was not sufficient south of the border. (Ansel was always the interpreter for the party as his Spanish was more fluent and versatile than Arthur's. Trelva's and Marba's was meager and Eva's was confined to half a dozen words.) So now, Ansel and the shopkeeper carefully discussed their problem. The Mexican insisted it was their duty to pay the difference, and so they did. They got into the car feeling that with all of its beauty and interesting sights, that it was easier to shop in the United States than in Mexico and that this little incident had only made them more eager to get home.

They returned by way of Brownsville, Texas, and Corpus Christi. The car was loaded for sure with hand hooked rugs, leather goods, Mexican jewelry, the silver pieces, and the beautiful hand-woven baskets. The last day in the tropics, they bought huge bags full of tropical fruits, mangos, avocados and Mexican bananas. They ate and enjoyed them, knowing that it would be perhaps a long time before they had another three weeks in the Land of Flowers, the Land of Mañana.

When they reached Safford, Trelva and Ansel got John Arthur in Safford and drove right on to Phoenix anxious to see Gayle. All of Art and Eva's children gathered to welcome them home. Art, who was always considered a quiet man, began to tell them of the wonders and exotic beauty of Mexico. Leona sat spellbound. She had been a member of the family for twenty years, but had never seen Art so thrilled and happy over an experience. It was then that all of them vowed they

would all do everything possible to see that their parents took a long trip every year.

Over the Labor Day weekend Phyllis and her family were there and they were happy to hear all about the trip first hand. While there, they enjoyed seeing the new home of Ben and Laura. Because Ben's office had been in Safford all of these years and his health was not as good as it had been, they sold their home in Pima about three years after the Lineses sold and at first they lived across the street from Eva. They had now built just one block away. Guy's family had also moved from the farm in Pima to a big new home in Safford in 1946 and about the same time Boyce and Carol's new home next door to Eva and Art had been completed. These families always added to the pleasure of a visit home for Phyllis. With Ella and Rilla's families in Pima there was still a tie for the Andersons in Pima. Rilla and Joe had had four children, two girls and two boys, and although they have both had serious illnesses they are glad to still be living, as are also Ella and Isaac, who have been the parents of five boys, four of them living but one son, Dale, having died during his high school years. He was a brilliant science student and it was a heartbreak to have him taken. Guy and Beth had three girls and then two boys, so that the promise made to Hakan over fifty years ago can be fulfilled, that the priesthood will not depart from his household. Nora, the one member of the Anderson family who has lived all of her married life away from Arizona, and her husband, Ray, have had four sons and they live in Pocatello, Idaho. It has already been mentioned that Laura and Ben have a daughter and a son.

Ben has been the Superior Court Judge in Safford for several years, and he is also a Patriarch for the church since moving to Safford. Isaac Blake is a Patriarch too and Arthur's brother, Joseph, was made a Patriarch years earlier. Joe and Lizzie had thirteen children of which eight were girls and five boys. Besides losing Cora, whose death has been mentioned, they lost another girl and a boy as children. Arthur's baby brother, John, lived in Pima for the first few years of his married life only. His family is now located in Oregon except for one son. He and Mable have had five sons and one daughter. The size of Milt's, Sam's, Maime's and Al's families have been mentioned. The posterity of Henry and Emily, and of Sarah and Hakan have already grown to surprising numbers.

One of the joys Eva and Arthur now have is the same their parents

had. They enjoy seeing their children and grandchildren participating in church, school and community activities. Boyce is a counselor in the Layton First Ward Bishopric and Ruskin was made a counselor in the Safford Ward Bishopric before Boyce received his appointment. Boyce and Carol have had the family to some very enjoyable suppers in their back yard and Ruskin and Jeana have had some wonderful barbecues and gatherings, too. It is gratifying to Eva and Arthur to have unity and love among the members of their still and, they hope, ever growing family group.

Marba had continued to teach in the Mesa Schools and she was making her home again with Trelva, who was also teaching school in 1949. Eva and Arthur were pleased when a few weeks after Meade Nielson returned from a Mission to Holland, he and Marba came to ask them for their approval for their marriage. They could see that Marba, the child-dreamer, was in a new dream cloud now, her dream was now of loving and being loved. After Meade's years in the service first for his country and then for the church, they wanted an early date for their wedding.

In mid-October, Trelva gave an Announcement party in Marba's honor at her home in Phoenix. Beth, Leona, Jeana, Carol and even Phyllis was there to share the pleasure of Marba's announcement. Mrs. Nielson, her daughter Luana, and Meade's sister, Ruth, as well as other friends and relatives, were there to learn the happy news. The wedding date was set for December 19. Besides Jeana who was also teaching, Leona was working as the Secretary of the Gila College and a trip was made to Tucson by some of them after the tea. Phyllis had come from Tucson that morning with Mickey and Bevan Blake who were attending the U. of A. as was also Aldean. Leona, Beth and Eva rode to Tucson with them. Vearl, Arthur, and Scott drove from Safford to Tucson to attend the football game that night with the women. Wayne was in Tucson too, for he and Phyllis like Vearl and Leona were there for Mother and Dad's Day. It was a happy reunion following the lovely party for Marba that Saturday afternoon.

Although they all returned to their homes expecting Marba's wedding to be the next one in the family, to their surprise Aldean was a bride first. The sixth of December 1949, Leona and Vearl were called on the phone to come to Tucson for wedding plans were on for Aldean. Like many parents, Leona and Vearl gave their blessing to the new bride and groom even though they had wished their daughter might have

waited to be a little older before taking this step. Harry Pollock, the groom, was a friend of school days and a fine fellow.

Marba had brought a great deal of joy and happiness to her parents and because she had been such a sweet girl to her father and mother, who were now well along in years, they had pangs of regret mixed with their happiness, knowing that the last ties of their children cleaving to them alone were almost severed. They spent the weeks before the wedding planning and preparing for it, wanting it to be complete in every way. December 19, 1949, Marba Lines became the bride of Meade E. Nielson. They had previously had their endowments so the ceremony was performed on Monday in a special ceremony with only a host of relatives and a few friends present. Opal was able to be there, also, and she and Phyllis were at this time sealed to Eva and Arthur completing the family group. After the ordinances, pictures were taken by Boyce and Ruskin in front of the temple of the large group present. Then all of the wedding party, including President Harry L. Payne, who had performed the ceremony, and his wife, the aunts and uncles on both sides of the family went to the beautiful, sun-kissed Camelback Inn out of Phoenix for the Wedding Luncheon. Marba and Meade then left for a honeymoon on the west coast.

While the young couple was honeymooning, Christmas took second place with most of the brothers and sisters of Marba, for the Wedding Reception was to be not only beautiful but original. With all of the help of all of the family and some good friends, they presented a musical with a series of silhouettes which portrayed the romance and marriage of Marba and Meade. Arthur cooperated and believed as Eva did that they should make it something special and it was a beautiful occasion. Arthur's children felt very proud as they watched their father lead their mother onto the dance floor to join the bride and groom in the first dance of the evening. Meade's father expressed his appreciation for the reception by saying, "It was just the kind of a party that should follow a temple marriage. Beautiful and entertaining but uplifting too." Eva was very glad that Nora, who was so seldom in Arizona for family events, was able to be there with her son Ted. Marba continued to teach school and Meade, hoping to become a doctor, entered the College at Tempe.

The week following the reception for Marba, Vearl and Leona honored Aldean and Harry with a lovely reception. There was a spirit of friendliness very much in evidence for all of the friends of both

families were present to wish the newlyweds happiness. Harry's relatives and friends showed their admiration for him and the many relatives of Aldean were proud to see her such a happy bride. All of the times that Leona had played her violin for entertainments, showers, receptions and programs had been appreciated as could be seen in the desire to participate in this reception for her first daughter to marry. The other three beautiful daughters were quite grown up themselves. It was apparent that there would be other receptions for Vearl and Leona to give as proud parents. The bride and groom made their home in Safford and Harry managed a farm in Thatcher.

Word came from Phyllis in the spring of 1950 that she and Wayne were planning to join a group of friends in taking a trip to Hawaii that summer and they would like to have Eva and Art go also. The trip was to be made in time to participate in the Centennial Celebration by the Church of the beginning of missionary work in these islands by the Latter Day Saint Church. Art was very busy, there was a severe drought and the trip would take over a month, it would be expensive. They both had always wanted to take an ocean trip and this one sounded like it would be a wonderful opportunity for an enjoyable one. The children urged them to go so they made reservations for it.

Trelva was ill but while Eva stayed in Phoenix to help her, she began getting ready for the trip. She bought some new clothes and selected some luggage. One weekend, when Art came to see them, at Eva's insistence, he went to look at luggage for him to use. When he decided the finest pieces they had were the ones for him, Eva didn't want hers to look cheap with his so she changed her order. But as Art said, "It will be something good enough to hand down to our children." Before they actually got off, there were a few times Arthur wondered if he should try to go but then he would laughingly say, "If we didn't have so much money tied up in new clothes and luggage, I might decide to stay home." On the new Frontier Airline, Arthur and Eva flew to California from Phoenix and then on another airline to San Francisco. The following is the story of their trip as written by Phyllis:

It was with grateful hearts that Mother, Dad, Wayne and I (Phyllis) stood on the deck of the Lurline as it approached the pier in San Pedro, Friday, August 25, 1950, and saw some of our friends and especially our children, Mickey, Evelyn Anne and Geraldine, waving enthusiastically to us. There had been much happiness and many wonderful experiences for us during the previous five weeks. Wayne was the only

healthy one when we flew from Burbank Monday afternoon, July 24 to San Francisco. Mother had a broken toe, Dad had a bad cough and developed Red Ear flying from Safford and I was in bed with Virus Pneumonia when they reached Glendale. The doctor gave dad and I some capsules of a new drug which helped us but he told us to get lots of rest, and we left by plane just in time to board the ship.

The arrival in San Francisco, the boarding of the Lurline, which was jammed with more well wishers than passengers, and the thrilling moment as the ship slipped out into the bay; all were exciting to us who were sailing on our first and, maybe, only ocean voyage. The pills for sea-sickness served us well for all four of us felt wonderful both going and returning. We fully appreciated the wonderful food and were encouraged by our steward to eat all of the delicacies.

Between breakfast, lunch and dinner, there were a variety of things to do. Some of the diversions planned for the passengers were: picture shows, dancing and tours to the bridge and galley but mostly it was a time of relaxation. The writing rooms were busy places for it seemed that everyone had letters to write. Mother carried on a wide correspondence throughout the trip and to do this she made use of every opportunity. The first two days out from the Mainland and the last two when returning, the air was damp and brisk so that walking on deck was not done leisurely. The sundeck and swimming pool had few who lingered near until the tropical seas were reached but then these became delightful spots for swimming and relaxation in the sun.

Excitement mounted as we neared the islands. For us it was a completely new experience and everyone on board reflected a tense expectancy. In the early dawn of Saturday, we could see the first outline of Oahu, and after passing Diamond Head, we could see Honolulu nestled against the side of the mountains and spread out down to the water's edge. Greeters boarded the Lurline when it stopped some distance out and we, like most of the other passengers, were given leis which had been sent out by friends. Pictures were taken and one of our group was later published in the daily paper. Then the great moment came, as the boat reached the pier. We enjoyed the enthusiastic welcome of the hundreds who were gathered to give the visitors to Hawaii a never to be forgotten experience. The friends who were there to greet us, the ones on the boat with us and others we met, all added to the pleasure of our entire vacation but without the kindness and sociability of the Hawaiians themselves it could not have thrilled

us to be there as it did and made us hope to return.

We had apartments at the Willard Inn which is located in the section of Honolulu known as Waikiki Beach. The first afternoon, while Wayne waited to identify our luggage and get a kitchenette apartment for us, Mother, Dad and I went to the Hawaii Calls Radio Broadcast at the Moana Hotel. The following week, we had a table reserved under the huge Banyan tree and ate a fine lunch before and during the broadcast.

The beach was just a block from our apartments. Wayne never missed an opportunity to be there. At first Dad was reluctant to try it but after Mother bought swim trunks for him and a suit for herself, we all went there frequently and found it delightful. The water being just warm enough to feel comfortable made it very pleasant. The fact that the beach extends out some distance without sudden depth encouraged Mother and I, the non-swimmers, to get out where we could dip and rise with the breakers. Watching surf board riders and the outrigger canoes was fascinating.

Four and a half days on the ship had given Dad and I the rest we needed but Mother had been very uncomfortable with her broken toe. Our first shopping tour was to find shoes she could wear without irritating her toe more. With two pair found, she was ready to see the sights. We tried to see as many of them as possible. Having the use of cars belonging to friends, for some of our trips on Oahu, helped a great deal. The Eastman Kodak Show at Kapiolani Park was entertaining and interesting for, besides hula dancing, we were shown poi making, coconut tree climbing and fish net throwing. Then we saw the varied and interesting collection of fish in the Acquarium.

We went to Wailapahu on the Oahu Sugar Plantation and saw on film the story of the growing of sugar cane and the processes by which it is made into sugar. Then we were taken on a tour of the plant to see the machinery in operation. Our visit to the Dole Pineapple Plant was most interesting, everything is so immaculate and the chilled, free pineapple juice is wonderful. Fresh pineapple was one of our favorite foods while in Hawaii. In our tours on Oahu and later on Maui, we were impressed with the thorough job done in the production of both sugar and pineapple.

In order to see the islands of Maui and Hawaii, we first flew to Kailua on the big island of Hawaii and stayed two nights at Kona Inn. Their chef is in a class with few in the excellent food he serves. Dad

was disappointed that we missed seeing the cattle loaded on ships in this bay by swimming them out tied to small boats. The cattle had been loaded the preceding day. Henry Lau, a very intelligent chinese guide, drove us to see the points of interest. Among other sights, we saw the recent lava flow from Mauna Loa and felt the heat from it even though the eruption had occurred six weeks earlier. Twenty feet of lava blocked the road until a new one could be built.

To reach Hilo, on the other side of the island, we rode through the Parker Cattle Ranch country and sugar plantations, mostly. At Hilo, we were presented with orchids and orchid leis. We were shown Rainbow Falls, Kilauea Crater, tree ferns and beautiful tropical growth and all kinds of flowers. We went to the Volcano House on Mauna Kea Crater and the Rehabilitation Center where veterans make articles for sale. Our lunch at the Lanai was delicious and after staying over night at the Naniloa Hotel, we flew to Maui. Our stay was brief on Maui but we did go up to see Haleakala Crater, which covers an area of thirty-three miles and is a real climb up to it. Their 'Little Yosemite' is a beautiful sight. The Hawaiian Commercial Sugar Plantation and Sugar Mill are the largest in the world and Wailuku is the main town on this island. As we flew back to Honolulu that evening, we saw a most beautiful sunset and had good aerial views of the islands of Lanai and Molokai.

A tropical storm hit Kauai so we could not go there. Part of the storm reached Honolulu and Mother and I got soaked while out shopping. During one of Wayne's golf games, Mother, Dad and I took an interesting bus tour of the residential section. They have good transportation and we had a better idea of the city after riding in different parts of it.

We have fond memories for the five families who invited us into their homes. Hospitality seems to be an important part of life there. At the Parker's, the singing, dancing and sociability of the native church members that came to join in entertaining us was such we could never forget it. The graciousness of Dr. Cloward's family to us all; the evening with the Parry family and Mrs. Parry's mother, Mrs. Tenney, and the one in Gordon Nielson's home where his parents were visiting. Then the Sunday afternoon at the home of Alex Tokimoto. Eating with these families was a pleasant experience. The food served by each was delicious but our most lasting remembrance will be their kindness in inviting us to join with them.

At the Oahu Stake-Waikiki Ward Church house we attended not only the regular church services during our stay but the Stake Conference Sessions for the Centennial. The grounds are beautiful and the building spacious. It is listed as the most beautiful church in the islands. Three thousand two hundred and fifty-six were in attendance Sunday morning, August 13th, to see and hear President Smith. One evidence of their love for him was the horseshoe lei of one hundred and fifty orchids presented to him as he reached the stand. Another was the large choir and the songs in which their voices blended with such harmony. The meetings were in every way inspirational. Besides the special church services, a number of events had been planned to observe the Centennial.

We attended the program, "A Night in Hawaii," in the McKinley High School auditorium. All of the outstanding talent on the islands performed freely to portray the development of Hawaiian songs and dances. It was exceptionally well done. At the Amphitheater of the University of Hawaii, we witnessed the pageant, "One Hundred Years of Mormonism" and were thrilled with the entire performance. Most of the cast with speaking parts were descendants of those who had led out in the work there. The big climax came when the set showing the Temple at Laie was presented.

We had been anxious to see the Temple, having heard often of its beauty. Soon after our arrival we had gone there on a tour of the island. Our second visit was to participate in a Temple Session and each time the perfectness of the setting impressed us more. Pictures cannot show the overall scene. The green mountains for a background, the landscaping with lawns, terraced pools, trees, shrubs and flowers; the Temple itself like a jewel; and, when we were inside, a sweet spirit of love and joy was all about.

In contrast to the quiet peacefulness of the preceding visits, our third was to attend the Hukilau at the Laie Beach. The crowds were double the usual size for it was part of the Centennial program. After the Imu barbecue pit had been opened to show us how they had roasted the pigs for the feast, we watched the men take the net out in a boat and then pull it in with the fish they had caught. Then we were served the following: punch, poi, raw fish, roast pig, yam and a small serving of pudding. Those wishing more could buy hot dogs, pop and ice cream but the Hawaiian food was included for the Hukilau tickets. In the afternoon, a very colorful program was presented on an open stage

(Top) Eva, Arthur, Wayne, Phyllis and their friends wearing the leis sent out to them as they approached Honolulu. (Bottom, left) In the patio of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel the afternoon after arrival; (right) Under the Banyan tree of the Moana Hotel during Hawaii Calls Broadcast.

(Top, left) Eva and Arthur on path to Hawaiian Temple; (right) Metta Heder and Eva seated in front of temple. Other pictures are: President Smith at rail of Lurline; Hawaiian entertainers at departure; Phyllis, Eva, Arthur and friends at scenic points; Harry and Lou Brooks on deck; Temple and Hukilau.

beginning with the arrival of King Kamehameha and his court. When the Hawaiian dances were completed, the Maoris livened things up with their more exciting dances including sword dances. All of it was entertaining and appreciated by us.

We went up to the Temple Grounds for a last look and to get more pictures. The view of the Temple and the one you see from the Pali are perhaps the most breathtaking on Oahu. That evening the concluding event of the Centennial was held at the Stake House. It was the Holoku Ball and a big success. After participating in these varied events and many others which have not been mentioned our stay in Hawaii neared its end.

When we saw the Lurline sail past Waikiki Beach early Monday Morning, we felt good to know that we were going home when it went out in the afternoon. We boarded the ship early so as to have time with our friends who were coming to see us off. As the leis of farewell began to pile around our necks the leavetaking grew harder. When the visitors had gone ashore, the serpentine began to unwind and a program of dancing and music was presented on the pier. The great moment came as the ship moved slowly away and the words of "Aloha Oe" swelled out. In a short time the leis of many of the passengers were thrown overboard in hopes their owners would some day return.

The voyage home was in some ways more interesting than going over had been. Some of the thirty missionaries who had been released joined in singing and playing Hawaiian songs with the girls in our group as they relaxed on the deck. President Smith was also on board. We were thankful for the opportunity we had of seeing the islands and the mixture of races that lived in harmony there but as much as we had revelled in all of this, we were now anxious to get back to the Mainland and more specifically to our loved ones in California and Arizona.

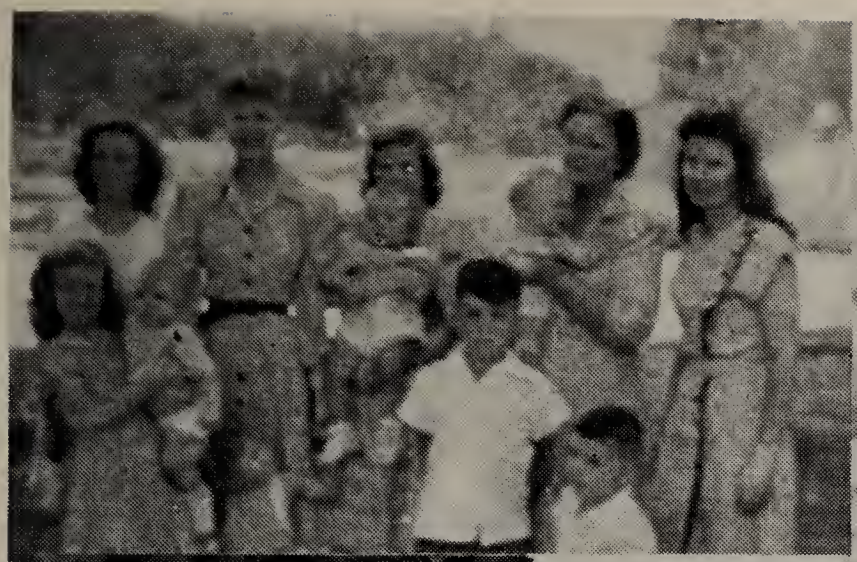
Arthur and Eva returned home very acutely aware of Arizona's faults and failings. After their stay on the beautiful tropical islands, Art insisted that if he had seen Hawaii fifty years sooner, he would have left Arizona with her hot summers and meager rainfall and would have gone to the islands to start anew. One morning as they were sailing out over the deep blue ocean, Arthur remarked to another man in their party, "I can't understand it. I just can't understand it." To which his friend said, "What can't you understand Brother Lines?" The answer from Arthur was, "I just can't understand how Arizona can be so dry

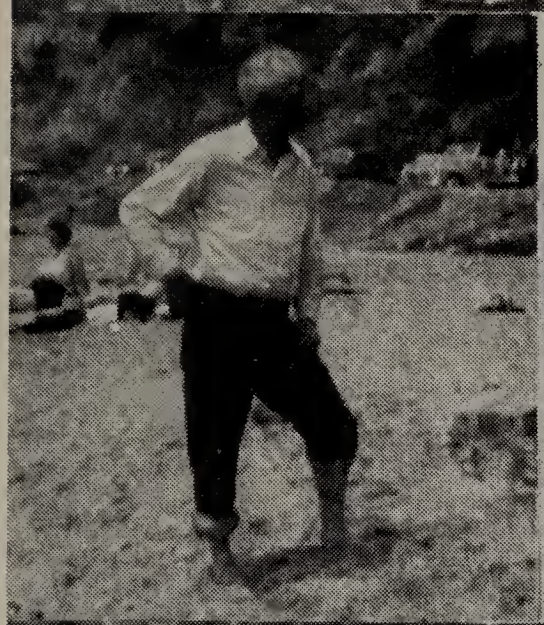
when there's all the water we have seen for the last three days." To which his friend added, "And you're just looking at the top of it, Brother Lines. It's two miles deep." His children felt it was wishful thinking when Arthur talked about going elsewhere. He was too much a part of this arid land to be satisfied anywhere else.

They knew he loved the cattle ranch and the farm, in fact one reason he had been reluctant to take the trip was because of the farm. He had planned to not lease it this last year, but January 1, 1951, at the age of seventy-one, Art began the management of his farm again, with the help of hired men to follow his directions. The farm had been neglected during the time he had rented it. It had proved once more that working with the earth did not necessarily make a man love it. Art knew now that no one could ever love and run his farm like himself. This farm that he had almost built with his bare hands.

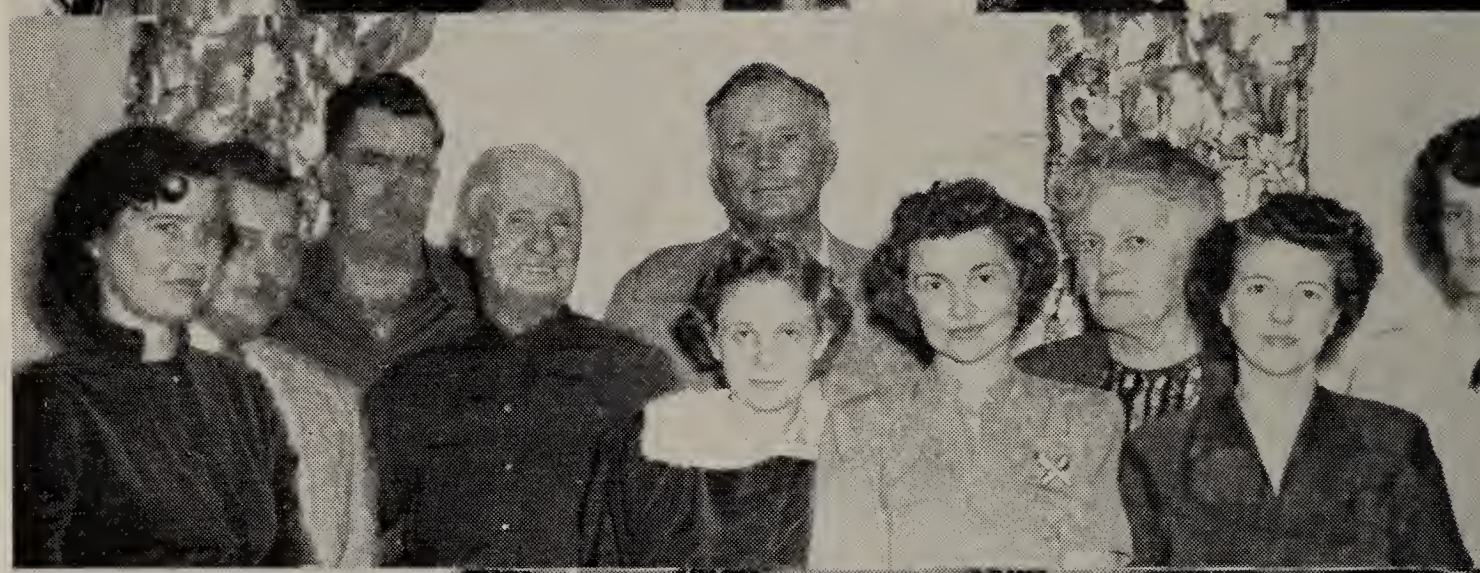
Knowing that he had already given the sons a lift financially, Arthur had been anxious to give to each daughter five thousand dollars to compensate for what he had done for the boys. He was more ready to think of him and Eva having a better home to live in once he had given the girls this much of their inheritance. In the spring of 1951, Vearl told his mother of a lovely house in Safford that was for sale. Eva and Beth went to see it together. It was a large home with plenty of room for their children when they came home to visit. It was the type of home that Eva had been dreaming she would like to have for years. She returned home to tell Art about it. He was not particularly interested in the suggestion, but was willing to look at it and agreed that it was a lovely home. Eva had long since learned that Art could be led but not driven. That night he said, "That's a lovely home, but if we bought it where's the money coming to furnish it?" Eva said, "I don't know." The following morning there was little conversation but their minds were on the subject of the house. Just before he left at dawn for the farm, Arthur said, "Do you really want to buy that house?" Eva said, "Yes, I truly do." Then Arthur surprised Eva by saying, "All right, tell them that we will take it."

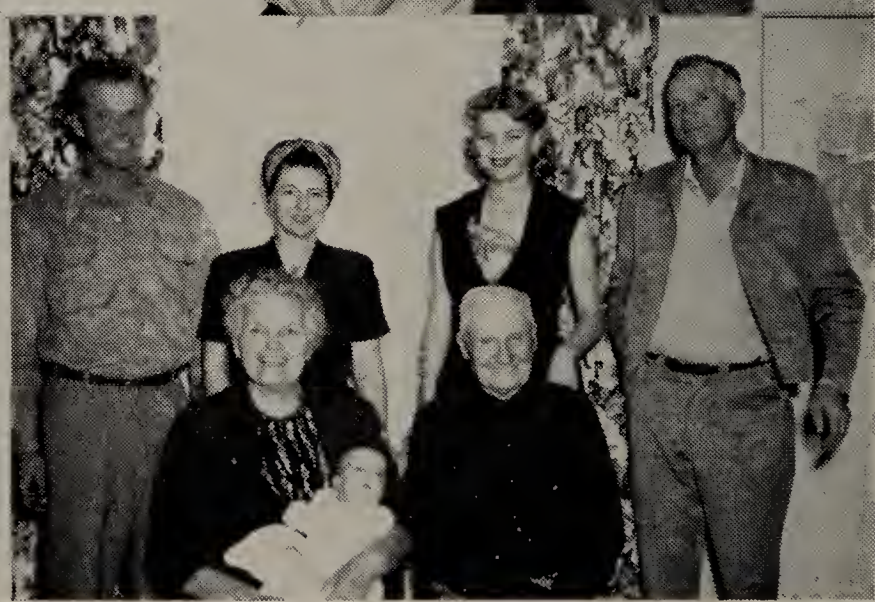
In March 1951, they moved to their new home on Eighth Avenue. The house was large; it was new and modern. Although it was Eva, who knew that she wanted the house, it was Art who really found joy and pleasure in its beauty and convenience. The big drive and space in the back were perfect for his car and truck. Eva loved the new home and was in her glory adding to its furnishings and working in the yard.





Family pictures on this page are of the following: Linda, Aldean, Dian, Rickey, Eva, Steve, Marba, Artha, Paul, Pamala, John Arthur, Rusty, Ansel, Vearl, Arthur, Trelva, Ruskin, Boyce and Beth.





Pictures on this page were made during a family party at the Lines home on Sixth Avenue and includes shots of four generations. Those in the pictures are: Marba, Meade, Scott, Arthur, Carol, Vearl, Jeana, Eva, Leona, Beth, Linda, Aldean, Dian, Artha and Debie.

After a month or two, Arthur remarked that Boyce had mentioned to him that he thought he could get him a Crawler Tractor now but he didn't think he should since they had bought this home and had not sold the other one. Eva said, "If you need a crawler, tell Boyce to get it for you." Now one year later he has the tractor and his men are using it to reclaim fifty acres of river bottom land.

Before they bought their new home, there were some additions to the family. Vearl and Leona became grandparents November 17, 1950 when Eva and Arthur's fourth great-grandchild was born to Aldean and Harry. She was named Deborah Pollock. After moving into their new home Boyce and Carol had their seccond daughter and fourth child. Sherilynn, born the 27th of May 1951, was named for her grandfather Lynn Driggs. Carol had been under the care of a doctor in Phoenix and had been confined to her bed for several months before the birth of the baby and was required to continue to stay in bed until just before school started in September. She will have to be very careful but hopes to enjoy good health now.

To make the picture complete, Marba and Meade had a baby boy, their first child, born the 25th of August 1951. They named him Ellis Arthur in honor of both of his grandfathers. Eva went to Mesa to be with Marba at the birth of this baby, while as many times before, Art stayed home and managed without her. This grandchild was their nineteenth.

These babies like her children and the other grandchildren and great-grandchildren were sung to by Eva. Sometimes it was the little song about 'Bonnie Cock Robin.' Oft times it was the songs of her girlhood days. Her favorites were "Two Little Girls in Blue," and "Sweet Genevieve." All of the children had their grandmother play the little finger game with their toes. She often heard her own daughters saying it to their children.

This little pig says, "I want some wheat."
This little pig says, "Where you going to get it?"
This little pig says, "Grandpa's barn."
This little pig says, "I'll go tell."
This little pig says, "Wee, wee, wee. All the way home."

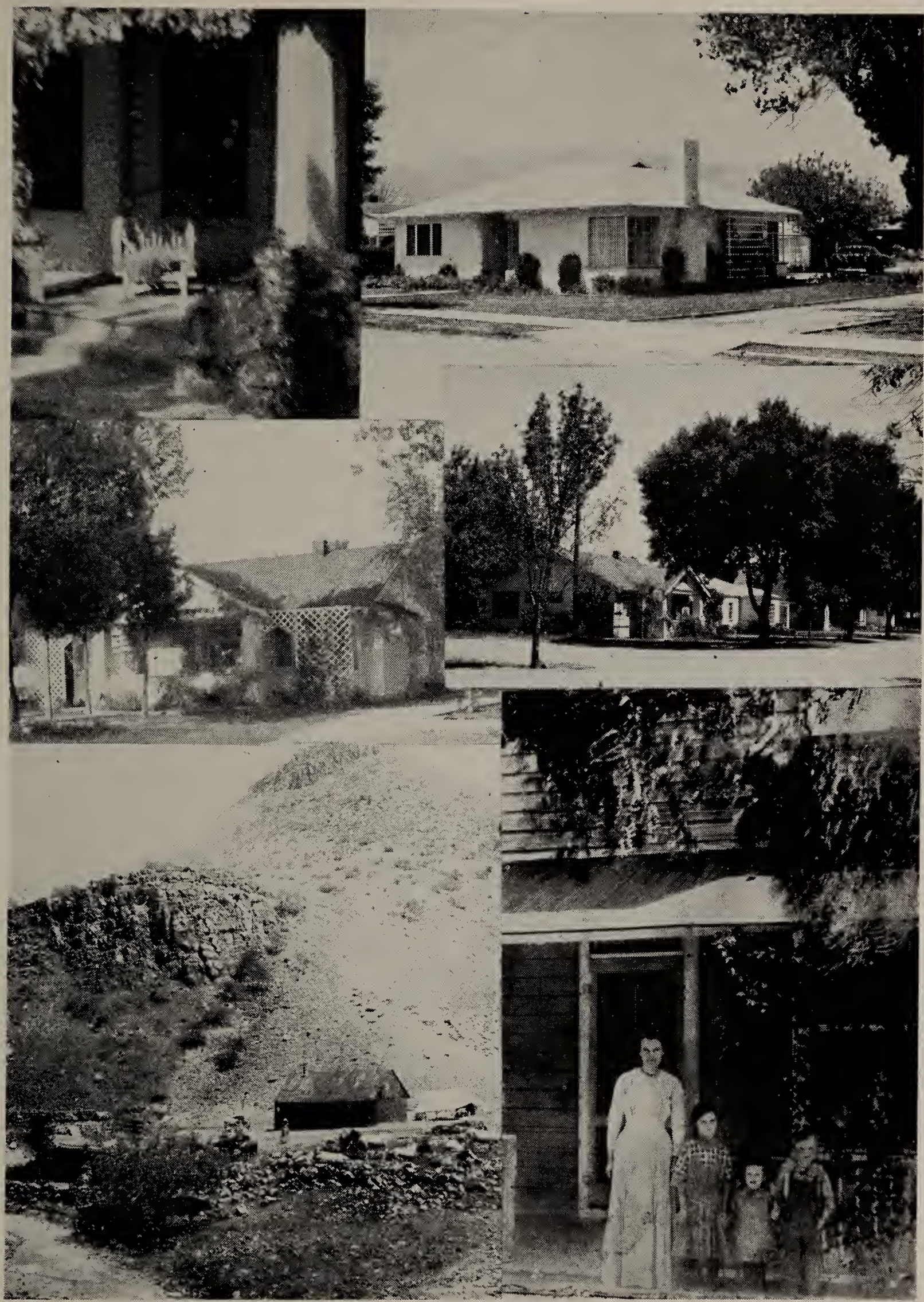
Eva and Art had been very generous in many ways to their children. When they have been ill, Art has insisted that Eva go to them and stay as long as she was needed. (With a large family, she has been called often and, as a result, Art has stayed alone cooking for himself mostly

until Eva could return home. These stays began with the birth of Evelyn Anne in 1933. She also nursed Opal through the pneumonia in 1938.) This would have been easier for them both if they had always enjoyed good health. The two operations on Eva in recent years, especially the last one, required months to recuperate. Arthur, too, felt little signs of age creeping upon him. By carefully watching his diet and methodically taking his medicine, he has been able to feel fit. Arthur doesn't talk of age. He has always said, "I don't want to count my years until I have nothing else to count."

With four of their children living in the valley and four elsewhere, they have the advantages of a family close together and at the same time have four different places they can go for a visit. Marba and Meade have bought a home in Phoenix, and Art and Eva are proud to have all of their children now living in homes they own. Vearl's new home having been completed in January 1952. Trelva and Ansel, now living in Cleveland, moved into their home in November 1951. Eva was visiting with them giving Trelva help in the writing of the book and the move came during her stay. Everyone of the Wilson family treat her grand when she is with them and little Gayle shows, by her usual remark, when her Nana comes just how they all feel, "I've been missing you," she lovingly says. Trelva has had to devote so much time to the work on the book that it has been hard for both Gayle and John Arthur to understand why they don't get as much attention as before. When Trelva sent the last copy she said, "Now, maybe I can do something besides 'story.' When Gayle came wanting me to do something a few minutes ago, I said, 'Gayle, if you will go play for a little while I'll be all through and put up this typewriter and not touch it again for a year.' To which Gayle queried with surprise, 'Will you really Mommie? Are you really going to be through with the story?' " Trelva's happy answer was, "Yes, I really am, and I don't think I'll ever try to write another one."

One of the grandchildren's most favorite visiting spots is at 'Nana' and Granddaddy's. John Arthur and Mickey were both born in Safford and they are proud of their birthright. All of the grandchildren love to spend a day or night with their grandparents and are treated as special guests. They know that they are always welcome.

The State of Arizona is very different than the Territory of fifty years ago was. Nowhere does the Old and the New come together in sharper contrast. When Eva and Arthur were married in 1902. most



Homes of Eva and Arthur. (Top, left) Front entrance of brick home in Pima; (right) home at 1108 Eighth Avenue moved into March, 1951. (Center) Two views of house on Sixth Avenue. (Bottom, left) The Rock House Dairy in Clifton when first purchased. Frame house in Pima in which they lived from 1907 to 1913.

These pictures were taken of Arthur, the farm and cattle by Ruskin in May, 1952. (Top and second row, left) Arthur, a rancher at 72, standing by his new crawler tractor. (Top, center) Arthur standing between Ruskin's and his own saddle horses. (right) Cattle on the farm. Remaining pictures show Arthur on his horse in the corral and in the pasture.

of the cities were mining camps, wild, rough and crude. Today they are prosperous communities with fine buildings and excellent schools. A generation ago the large population of Indians were an object of dread to the invading white man. Today they live peaceably on their own reservations.

Despite its little rainfall, large parts of Arizona have been improved under irrigation and are now valuable agricultural land. Stock raising is a leading industry. The open range is gone. In its place are ranges as carefully fenced as a concentration camp. There is no driving of cattle to the nearest railroad for shipment as Arthur did years before. The 'loading chute' on the range is used and a quick transfer from corral to truck has become a modern part of Arizona ranch life. The 'squeeze-gate' is used as a device to brand the cattle in an upright position. However, a few of the small cattle companies are still using the corral from which they do their branding, using the old busting and tying method. Now, each ranch has its own weighing scales to give the correct weight of each truck load of cattle as it leaves the ranch.

There have been many other changes too. Now, a cowboy can raid the ice box, or phone for a date and can hop in a car or a jeep to drive to a dance. Their skin-tight Levis and two-tone zipper shirts resemble practically nothing seen on the dance floor or anywhere in the beginning of this century. At first, the real cattleman was quite shocked with these 'western get-ups' but now they are accepted because Arizona has become a mecca for the eastern tourists and the 'Dude-Cowboy' is found on many of the ranches.

The greatest change to the cattle industry has been in finding an efficient method to carry the cattle through the Arizona drouth. Up on Turtle Mountain Ranch, Art and Ruskin have reduced their losses greatly by the feeding of salt and meal. Although it has to be carried on muleback and distributed over the range to be fed from the containers near the water holes; because it is a concentrated feed which is similar to an appetizer, it causes the animal to drink a lot of water, then go out and eat the dry grass and brouse as though the feed was more palatable. Art has found that even if it is expensive, with the price for cattle high, it is worth the cost.

Changes, many changes have taken place in the lives of Arthur and Eva. They have welcomed most of these changes in Arizona and themselves. They were two children of the frontier, the last frontier in the United States. They helped, like their parents, now gone, to build this

valley and to make it a worthy part of this nation. As they grew in ability, character and stature, the valley and state have grown because of the many others working with them toward this goal of building a great state and nation.

During the seventy odd years in which Arizona has been their home, they have found peace, contentment, joy, and a certain degree of wisdom. From their blessings they have learned that life is usually what you make it. For life can be beautiful. 'Age is not too heavy a burden to carry in payment of having once been young.'

"Old age will tell us that the memory
Is the treasure house of man.
Gold and fleeting fame may vanish,
Memories' treasures never can."

Section Three

By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them

Chapter XX

OPAL'S STORY

They tell me I was born on a hot day in August (25, 1903) in the Anderson Ranch home. My earliest recollection is of playing with Mexican children at the Metcalf Dairy. Then we lived at the Ransom house (in Pima). My new little baby brother came to live with us and they named him Vearl Arthur. He was very blond without much hair and what he did have you couldn't see so his lack of hair was compared to my generous curls. It was a relief to me when he finally grew enough for Mother to comb it in a large curl on the top of his head. They all said he looked like the Andersons while I was a Lines.

Then we moved to the George Sims house. There was a very large living room and a rose and green carpet was on the floor, white lace curtains at the long windows, a black, leather covered couch, a combination desk and bookcase, and later a Story and Clark piano furnished this room. Papa kept his saddle and navajo saddle blanket in the large back closet off the kitchen, until he built a carriage house, stable, chicken coop and corral on the back of the lot. A garden grew on the back and side of the lot around the house. Each year when the billy goats had to be separated from the nannies at the goat herd they were kept in the back lot until a better place was fixed for them on the farm. Their long, curly horns terrified me.

I was very reluctant, for the first time, once when Grandfather Anderson came to leave Grandmother and to take Vearl and me to their house. My suspicions were confirmed that things had been going to happen at our house, when Grandma called on the phone and said I had a new baby sister. They named her Phyllis. I liked nothing better than to have Mother put her in my wire mesh doll buggy and then let me wheel her. Then she became ill with diphtheria and Vearl and I were sent to Grandmother Anderson's again. Several days later I seemed to be getting sick, too, so they sent me home. It was so lonely there with no one coming in the house. Grandmother talked to Mother

through the closed window. Finally Phyllis was better. That was the first in a long series of illnesses in which Mother was usually alone because Daddy would be at the dairy or goat herd. When Phyllis was a little older she too had a doll buggy and the family cat had some kittens. We children did not go in much for dolls, I guess because live babies were so much nicer. One day, she loved several of the kittens and carefully wrapped them in her Christmas-present doll quilt then placed them lovingly in her wire doll buggy. Mother and I were washing and she wheeled it up to us and said so maternally, "See baby sleep." Mother looked and to her dismay the kittens were asleep all right. Sleeping their last sleep.

Papa bought two beautiful trotters to drive in our one seated buggy. When Vearl was a baby, he bought a horse from Bryces. He was a lively one and every time Daddy rode him, until the horse learned he had a master, he would try to buck but this horse, Banty, was a wonderful animal. He was the family favorite for years. When I was thirteen, I was allowed to ride him bareback and would rather ride him than eat when I was hungry. Going after the cows, he would follow them when they went under the apple trees, scraping me off with the low hanging limbs. But he'd always wait for me to get back on.

We had a cow named Susie, who with her first calf had been as gentle as one could ask a cow to be. But the day she came home with her second calf, her new motherhood and being confined in a corral seemed to infuriate her. When Vivian Birdno and I set out for the toilet, to our surprise, she took after us and we did well to reach the safety of it and get the door shut. There we stayed until Mother got our neighbor, Mr. Hanchett, to drive her away with a club. Then, one evening, as Papa was getting ready to milk her, she spied Phyllis by the water trough. Phyllis ran but Susie drove her into the corner of the fence. Because the fence was of wood the length of her horns saved Phyllis from being gored. Papa sure gave her a beating and took her to the dairy where she could have more room.

We went on trips where I learned about the wonders of elevators and other things. When we were at Catalina Mother had to miss her first opportunity to go to the beach with friends because she had not yet bought the long black stockings so necessary a part of her bathing outfit. She was disappointed to miss going with them.

Dad's cousin, Hyrum Carter, together with another couple, who were relatives, visited us. When I had visited Utah with my parents, his boys

had operated their magic lantern for me, and I hadn't forgotten it.

When I was at Grandmother Anderson's once, while my Great Grandparents, the Barneys, ran the store at Glenbar (though it was called Fairview in those days) I went with Grandmother to trade her eggs for groceries. We went in the buggy drawn by Old Ginger. Old Ginger was named for his style and no one could handle him better than Grandmother (but after he ran away with her a few times she didn't have the same confidence in him and they sold him to the army). Reaching the store, I was greeted royally and led to the candy bucket under the counter, and was told to take all I wanted.

Later on the Barneys moved back to their ranch above Safford. One night Grandmother Barney was in bed and her daughter Azelia, who had gone to Utah with her husband and children, appeared to Grandmother and told her she was going on and wanted her mother's promise that she would see that her children were cared for and got an education. The Barneys had heard nothing from Zelia recently so they carefully watched the obituary notices in the Deseret News, which they received, and there saw in a few last lines on a page the notice of her death the night she had come to her mother. They went to Utah and got the children and kept them until they were grown. There were two girls and a boy. The second girl died of the measles after she went to live with her father and his second wife.

We had very fine church organizations in Pima then. Phil C. Merrill was the Bishop and his wife Pearl was a fine President of the Primary. The Home Drama Company put on a lot of shows in Lines' Hall and Uncle Joe Lines was such a realistic villain, I was almost afraid of him when he wasn't acting.

When Mabel Allen and Uncle John Lines were married, I was a flower girl together with her sister, Clara. Less than a year later, Clara died and when I marched by her bier with my school mates, she was so very, very still. I was horrified at death.

Sometimes when Daddy was away in the summer, on Saturday, we would go to Grandmother Andersons', walking down the canal bank after we'd crossed the Wash. We had wonderful times there. When the watermelons were ripe, Grandfather would always take us children with him to pick one to be eaten in the shady back yard. There were long ropes from the rafters in the barn upon which we could swing from one pile of hay to another, and always the eggs to hunt; in the hay and under the granary where you had to get a long rake to pull

them out. When you were too warm you could swim in the blue water of the white rock tank the windmill pumped into, and in season a big tree by its side had red and black mulberries on it. And Grandmother had a wonderful parlor with red and green carpeting on the floor, a leather couch, a piano and a center table covered with souvenirs. But, best of all, on the table was a stereoscope and lots of views to see through it. They also had a phonograph. How we would laugh at the Uncle Josh records and the one about the nigger and the white boy counting walnuts in the cemetery.

I always liked to read. Grandmother Anderson used to say when I got older and came to see her that when I arrived and was ready to leave was about the only time she saw me. Because in the first lull, I made a beeline for the parlor and, curled up in one of their big leather-lined chairs, lived in the enchanting world to be found in her set of the Books of Knowledge. At home we had the Junior Classics and I loved them. When we came to some of the information and stories in our school studies, it was old stuff to me. We also had a Doctor Book, which revealed the facts of life to me realistically illustrated. Then we had an illustrated Bible Story book. There were two books of public readings (Heart Throbs) and while I never memorized one of them in my life, I used to love to read them. Mother used to be asked to give a lot of readings. The one I liked best was "Old Ephmn Jones." Once she gave the story, "The Great Stone Face," in an M.I.A. Stake Speech Contest.

I liked equally well to go to the home of my Lines Grandparents. Clara Lines, Uncle Milt's daughter, came from Morenci and stayed there to go to school, and she and I used to play by the hour in the fig trees. Once digging by the side of the house, we found a little wooden box filled with heavy grey marbles. Delighted we took them to Grandfather, who said they were bullets. It was a regular ritual to have Grandfather Lines read the funny paper to us and to be weighed in the big scales that hung on the back porch. Grandmother's cupboard smelled better than any cupboard I ever knew. I once asked Mother why she couldn't make cookies as good as Grandmother Lines. Mother told Grandmother how I loved her raisin bread and all my life, while she lived, she would frequently send me a loaf. They also had a phonograph and a stereoscope.

A gentleman called Pennsyl, who lived on a beautiful farm in the upper part of Pima gave Grandmother Anderson a pair of guinea hens

and a pair of baby peacocks to her delight. But someone left the top off the swill barrel and the female on trying to investigate lost her life there, making Grandmother very unhappy. The male lived to a ripe old age, and could be heard on the adjoining farms screaming from the top of the high barn. Great-Aunt Nora, Grandpa's oldest sister, came to visit them and was entranced with the peacock's beautiful tail. She begged to be allowed to cut it off that she might take it home with her. Grandmother was simply aghast at such heresy, knowing how long it took for the peacock to grow a tail, only losing one feather at a time, and wouldn't hear of it. But Great-Aunt Nora departed to visit other friends, knowing that the family would all be away at conference the next Sunday. While they were gone, she returned and hired the little Mexican boy, Ramon, to catch the peacock and she snipped the whole tail off. That peacock surely looked silly strutting those stubs until he grew another tail.

When Uncle Ike's mission in England was completed, Aunt Ella, who had been running the dairy with the help of Sam Blake, Ike's brother, went to England and toured Europe with him. I had often visited them at the dairy in Globe, going down in the care of an adult who was going there to work, and I loved them dearly. So their homecoming was a big event to me. Aunt Ella brought me silver jewelry with blue stones. It was Aunt Ella, who took me into an ice cream parlor, ordered something for me that looked very much like mud-pie material, and seeing my delight at a sip from the very long straw, told me it was a chocolate ice cream soda.

Having heard so much about the wonders of Aunt Ella's trip to Europe, Mother got the fever and decided she wanted to go there. She sent for some lovely clothes, two suitcases whose sides would expand, and made preparations to join a party led by a lady who had sent literature. Up until almost time to go they planned to make the trip, but Daddy thought he couldn't leave his affairs that long, so they compromised by buying a new Ford car.

I was coming home from school when I saw Mama and Papa driving down the street in it. Picking me up they drove across the Wash, past Mattice's, to a ditch, newly cleaned out, with straight up and down sides and no bridge. The clutch on the Fords then required a small push to put it in neutral and a bigger one to shove it into low. I guess Papa shoved too hard, because rather than stopping, with a surge of power, into the ditch we went. Mother fell against the windshield.

When she put her hand to her face, blood was upon it. Papa turned the Ford around and took us home. Just as we reached the house, Mother missed her glasses. It was the broken lense that had cut her around the eyes but not seriously.

It was really quite an education to have young aunts. I seemed to have been to Andersons' every time anything of importance socially went off. Groups of young folks would walk down the lane together and have wonderful parties there. I first heard "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "In the Gloaming," "Love's Old Sweet Song," "Where the Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way" and one about Bob White singing in the meadow as the young folks sang around the piano. The young men used to make a great fuss over me but I lived to learn it wasn't me they were interested in, but my aunts.

Papa decided instead of the Ford car that he would like to have a Case and he bought one from Willard Pace. My but we cut a shine in that new car. Driving down the road at twenty-five miles an hour, the wind tugging at the top, fastened by long straps to the body, and the streamers from Mother's yellow chiffon silk motoring veil blowing in the wind. And meeting a buggy with the frightened horse rearing up, while the driver struggled to keep him from running away, was very exciting. There were a lot of brass trimmings on the car and what a grand gesture, when Daddy had to reach out and shift the gears on the running board. We made a trip to the dairy at Clifton on Chase Creek, and while the dairy boys were ready to bet we'd never make it, we went up, what seemed to me like a very high hill, to the dairy at Morenci.

If Daddy was disappointed that Trelva wasn't a boy, he didn't show it, and he set about finding a name that wasn't already in use by one of our numerous relatives. He decided on a name no one had ever heard, Trelva. When she grew up this sister was to be honored many times by babies being named after her. I had reached the critical age and compared her with all the other babies I knew, and she was the cutest one there was in town.

The J. H. Foster family were going to spend the summer on the Graham Mountains. Mrs. Foster suggested to Mother that she would send her son, Jack, down with their horses and move us up to the mountains. There were lots of stars in the sky that night, as 'Uncle' Andy Carlson drove us up to the foothills. Mother had allowed Vearl and I each to have ten cents to spend for something to take up to the mountain with us. Vearl had bought candy, but I had a temporary

fancy on for stick cinnamon, and invested my money in that. Waiting for Jack was our downfall and we had eaten up all of our treat before we heard the jingling of the horses' empty saddles. We had fried chicken at the first waterhole for breakfast. Going up the 'saddle,' I cried with weariness so Mother put me off my horse to walk for a way, then I cried even more, as they rapidly got ahead of me, lest I be left behind. But, finally, we reached Columbine and the rude cabin we were to share with Cora Lines. We children slept on a bed made on a pile of pine boughs, while Mother and Cora had a regular bed. When Roderick Williams' family went down the mountain they gave their fern mattress to Mother and it was much better for us.

Daddy came to see us there and we waited down the trail by a big pine. I was so happy to see my Daddy. We had a wonderful time gathering wild strawberries in the old ball park and hunting pine gum, the surplus of which we put in a baking powder can to take home with us. Cora was suffering with the after effects of an attack of typhoid fever and she spent several summers on the mountain. She died while at the mountain two years later. Mr. Moon was camped over in Hospital Flat and he operated the Heliograph station from Webb Tower. He was one of the men who carried her body down the mountain, and all the other men allowed themselves to be spelled except Mr. Moon. I have often thought it was his tribute to a brave girl with unreproachable character.

Papa let the contract for our new home and, when it was finished, we moved in with a new stove, rugs and linoleum but any plans for more new furniture went up in the smoke when Lines' Store burned. But it was a very nice and comfortable home. Phyllis and I had our own room, the front bedroom, and at the windows hung the scrim curtains with drawn work that Mother had learned to do. At Christmas time, the sliding doors to the living room could be locked and were by Santa Claus. Mother or Dad would not open them until breakfast was eaten, dishes were done, beds made and everyone's hair combed. Guy usually stayed with us Christmas Eve and he and Vearl would open the window screens the night before so that they could make a stealthy trip into the parlor and look over their gifts before the doors were opened. While I knew about the windows, I could never use them because I had to be in the kitchen helping with breakfast and the dishes. Besides, I don't think I had the courage to try it.

I used to wish that Vearl and I could have just one fight to a finish. Mother would send Vearl in to wipe the dishes when I had to wash

them. Phyllis would wait by until Vearl started to stinging my legs with the corner of the dish towel. Then she would run to tell Mother that we were fighting. I always had to finish the dishes. But, the worst teasing Vearl did was when I started to have boy friends. He had a gang of boy friends. And he got a kick out of bringing them to where I was working and then he would tease me about the current boy I was going with. He thought it very funny but I was so embarrassed.

Saturday was indeed a day of preparation for the Sabbath and we could then have a pleasant Sunday. Mother and Daddy never pressed us to go to Sacrament Meeting in the afternoon but we always loved to go to Sunday School. Even today, I think that the sound of a church bell in the summer morning air is one of the sweetest sounds in the world. We always had an extra special dinner on Sunday and were free to bring our friends home. Then when Mother went to church, as soon as we were sure we were alone, we quite took possession of the place. Sometimes even wearing Mother's stylish hats and her beautiful dresses. Clackety clack, up and down the long hall went her high heeled shoes. We seemed to respect her things though and had them carefully put away before her return. I guess, that was our youthful thanks for the *fine dinner* with the best dishes and linen on the table. Many afternoons, I with my friends would take long walks down to the river or up the railroad tracks. Town picnics were usually at Cluff's Ranch.

Mother joined her sisters in San Francisco to see the Exposition in 1915. Phyllis stayed with Grandmother Lines while Vearl, Trelva and I stayed at Andersons'. My morning chores included wiping the dishes for the hired girl. Vearl and Guy were to do the churning of the butter. One morning, wearying of their task, they kept looking into the churn, which was a big ten gallon barrel that turned in a metal frame, to see if the butter had come. There was a time when they forgot to tighten down the lid, and, as they made the next turn, sour cream splattered all over the cellar. Grandma was very angry. The pigs got the cream that could be swept up, the rest was washed out through the cellar drain. After that, churning became my job. I didn't mind it though, because I'd have the churn set up in the back yard, knowing that the Mexican boy, Ramon, would come and ask to churn for me. And he did.

One day as Guy and I were making the upstairs beds, we decided to put a stick of wood, someone had used to prop up the window, some opened and empty cream and lotion jars, cluttering up the dresser drawers, and small empty boxes in the bed of Mike, the hired man.

Then we managed to give the bed a very innocent appearance, though I don't suppose Mike cared much about its appearance, for it was long past midnight, when he arrived from a dance at Eden. What happened when he threw himself down on the bed, I didn't waken and hear from where I was sleeping in another bedroom. In fact, I slept so well everyone was eating breakfast when I reached the foot of the stairs. Mike spied me and up he stood with a roar, accusing me. I admitted my part but denied having anything to do with the pin that Mike claimed was in a piece of paper. But Mike was unconvinced and declared he was going to whip me. He adored baby Trelva and just as he started to push back hs chair, Trelva gave a terrified scream. Mike sat down. But I knew I had had a close call.

I always say the cruelest thing Mother ever did was when it was necessary for her to punish us and she would send us out to the pomegranite tree to get our own switches. We didn't have the close, daily contact with Daddy and so jumped at his bidding like little angels.

Pima was the town where 4-H Club work made its most successful start in the state. I was in the Canning Club and also the Pig Club. Vearl started to raise a pig, but forgot to feed it one time, and in trying to make up for the neglect fed it so much it died. Guy killed two pigs with separated milk the very same way.

As usual, Mother was to be alone while she was in bed after the arrival of our baby, Boyce. The hired girl who cared for Mother would get our breakfast and us off to school but when Mother needed her she would many times be gone. Mother would try to care for the baby and, of course, her worrying didn't help so, by the time I arrived home from school, the baby would have a bad case of colic. I was up so much at nights helping Mother I was terribly sleepy every morning until Boyce was older and slept better.

Children wore their hair in a dutch or Buster Brown cut and had bangs. Boyce was so cute. He was the busiest little boy I ever saw and so smart. We had thought Trelva couldn't be beat with her tricks, such as the one where she asked for five cents worth of candy at Lines' Store and when she had the candy in her hand, calmly laid some rocks on the counter and walked out. Well, Boyce could pull a few of his own. One day at dinner, Vearl asked us if we knew what Mormon buckskin was. We didn't and he said it was baling wire. Then he wanted to know if we knew what Mormon money was. Again we didn't. Vearl said it was

"God Bless You," since that was what the Elders in the mission fields rewarded the people with who did them favors.

That afternoon, Trelva and Boyce were playing in the swing between the umbrella trees back of the kitchen, when Trelva came in demanding that Mother make Boyce give her his nickel. It developed that he had wanted to swing in Trelva's turn, promising her his nickel if she would let him, and Trelva, generously, had not only let him have one turn but two. When she demanded her money, Boyce laughed and shouted "God Bless You, God Bless You." When Boyce grew up I was to know the depth of his kindness and generosity, for he was good to me.

We bought a new Hudson car with two jump seats. Every time we children were free, we'd beg to go with Daddy to the goat ranch on the Aravaipa. I loved the Aravaipa and always thought the hills sang. But now I know the song was in my young heart. Sometimes when he went on Sunday, Mother would invite a guest to go with us. It sometimes would be our teachers at school, and I wished Mother wasn't so well acquainted with them. They knew too well she wanted us to do the right thing, but in the end it was better for us than children whose parents would cover up for them. Once our principal at school went with us.

This principal was very strong on discipline. Two of the older boys at school, having acquired an old telephone which would give a shock when the handle was turned decided to have a little fun. They wired the seat in the girls' toilet one night. The next morning, just before the rush should begin, they got excused and stationed themselves behind the little room. When sounds from within signified an occupant, they madly turned the crank, but to their horror, it was no shy, young girl. It was the principal herself. Brought before the school by the trustees, they were threatened with a public whipping, but it petered down to being expelled. They never went to school again. A teacher with a less sensitive dignity would have made a smart start in their lives, probably, by requiring a theme on electricity. I wonder what she would have done if she'd been punishing my Daddy and his pals for what they did one Hallowe'en. They took a donkey up the stairs of the church to where the bell rope hung, tied it around his neck, placed some hay before him and the church bell rang all night as he reached for the hay.

Mother went down to Globe and had her tonsils out. I went along to care for Boyce while the other children stayed with the grandparents. I had decided I was old enough to put my hair up. Aunt Ella and some young men at the dairy talked me into taking it down and Mother

bought me beautiful ribbons for it.

Uncle Walter was a very handsome young man. In fact, before he had graduated from the eighth grade, the young teachers noticed him. And when he was going to Gila, there were many of the girls anxious to go with him. I adored him, and well I might for, when he was at the dances and I was there, he always danced with me. He was popular as an athlete and gave excellent readings.

With the Lines Hall in ashes there was no place suitable for the Primary to hold its spring festival. Mother was working in the Primary and she got permission from Mr. Pennsyl for it to be held on his farm. I think she was even a little surprised because he seemed happy she had asked him. When the Primary arrived on hayracks, even the barnyard had been swept. Everything went off well, but when some children threw trash on the ground, Mr. Pennsyl came out with a broom and swept it up. He was an old soldier, who had been stationed at Fort Grant. Every Christmas he gave every widow in town a fifty pound bag of flour.

Mr. Pennsyl had a flag pole built and gave it, a rope, and a beautiful flag to the school to help the school students appreciate their country and flag. We had exercises frequently when it was hoisted and every evening it was taken down. But there came a day when on Mr. Pennsyl's Monday visit to town the flag was not flying in the breeze. Up the school steps, he came to the principal's room, demanding to know why. The answer was, someone had stolen the rope. The rope was taken many times but every time he'd buy a new one that Old Glory should wave o'er the land of the free.

The Fourth of July when I was thirteen, Mother said I might attend the adults' dance that night. I had a lovely embroidered voile dress. Alas, just as the afternoon part of the celebration was to start, the creamery caught on fire. Daddy was sent for a fire extinguisher, as we came down Main Street, heedless of our screaming horn, a driver turned in front of us and we hit the car. Trelva went out on her side, skooting along the ground with her chin and I went out the other side and made my ride on my shoulder and nearly hit the other car. Mother went through the windshield and her eyebrows had to be sewed up, and to her horror when the bandages were taken off they had not been sewed together right. She massaged them until they met properly. When the nerves grew sensitive, the pain in her head was terrible.

We often visited our Barney great-grandparents and after my Great-

grandmother's death, Grandmother Anderson took me aside one day and showed me a dish which she said was a sugar bowl. She said that it was to go to the oldest child of each of Great-great-grandmother Farr's descendants, and that some day it would be mine.

Uncle Walter had been called to labor in the same missionfield that Aunt Nora had already been in a year. The Flu came suddenly and we received a letter saying Uncle Walter had it but was better and would be well by the time the letter reached us. The next morning, Vearl came in and said the Depot Agent and Uncle Sam Lines had told him that they had a telegram for his Grandparents saying Walter was dead. It seemed impossible, but it was true. Everyone worried about the way Grandfather would take it, but it was Grandmother who couldn't understand. The Mission President sent a letter telling what an unusual and fine Missionary Uncle Walter was, and Aunt Nora arrived with the body. Then there was the funeral under the leaden sky, where the chorus was inspired to sing the song Uncle Walter had hummed so much the day before he left for his mission, and was the last words he uttered as he prayed for his recovery, "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord; I'll do what you want me to do." Not many realized the hidden grief in Grandmother's heart until one day she was left alone and a passing neighbor heard her sobbing, as looking over his things upstairs, she gave way to her sorrow. It was Uncle Walter she greeted, I know, when she left us.

In the previous September, a new little baby brother had come to us and, as usual, Mother had to send for Daddy. We had washed that night because the electricity was only on during the daytime on Saturday and, if one washed Saturday, they had to iron at night. I had gone running for Aunt Ella, the doctor, and to the Kellys to get Roy to go to the goat herd for Daddy. I was not invited into Mother's room so I went to bed in mine, but I didn't go to sleep until I heard a baby cry. Mother named him Ruskin. He was a darling with the disposition of a saint and big beautiful eyes. Mother had a new baby buggy, which I loved to wheel him to town in, when I went to the store. But I had graduated from baby tending to house work, so Phyllis got the pleasure of that most of the time.

The Influenza became so bad three people were buried in one day in our town, and all public gatherings and schools were closed down. I had started my first year at Gila, riding back and forth each day with the Eyring boys. At last, the danger seemed to be over and the

schools were opened again, so Donna Crockett and I went up to live in an apartment kept by Allens. I went to school one day and the next day took sick at school. Mother had such troubled dreams she asked other Pima students how I was and they told her I was sick. So up she came the next morning with Arlie Follett driving our car and took me home. The last thing I remember that was normal was eating some greasy soup, and then delirium overcame me. But at last the terrors fled and they told me my life had been spared through the power of the Priesthood. But my health was never to be the same again.

Trying to go to school the next term was more than I could do. I couldn't even see very good. But I hated so much to be left behind, I begged my parents to let me go to the Saint Mary Magdalene's Academy at Silver City, New Mexico, where I could study only what I could stand. Finally, they consented. At first, I wasn't very homesick but, by the time Daddy was there to see me, I felt pretty bad and tried to talk him into letting me go home. But he didn't think I should.

I had never considered whether I had a handsome father or a beautiful Mother until I went to this school. It was enough that they were my parents and the source of all my wants, but at school all the girls spent much of their time bragging about their parents' looks. Then one day I was called to the office and there stood my Dad in a beautiful brown suit and, in spite of the joy inside of me at the sight of him, I looked at him objectively and knew he was indeed a handsome man. But my real triumph came that evening when the subject started again. The Nun present interrupted to say, "I have seen all fathers. Today I saw Opal's. He is the most handsome of all." Never again did the subject arise.

After Daddy's visit I wrote letters telling Mother how homesick I was and I mailed these when I was sent after the school's mail but they didn't reach her. An older student told me she had felt the same way when she first came there but she phoned the Sheriff and then they let her go home. I asked permission to use the phone across the wash and told the Sheriff how badly I wanted to go home. He said he'd do something for me. The Mother Superior came to the door as I finished my call and after I told her I had phoned the Sheriff so I could go home she said she did not realize that I was so unhappy and promised me I could go home. When Mother came, I was so happy at the thought of going home, but before we left the school for the train, my music teacher asked Mother if she'd like to hear me play. Mother was simply

delighted with the progress I'd made. My teacher said I was a genius, but if they'd been as homesick as I had and practised to forget it as much as I had they'd have been geniuses too. The punishment I had expected from my parents because I did not finish the term of school was never mentioned.

When I started to school at Gila the next fall, girls were asked to submit their applications if they were interested in the position of organist, so I put in mine. Very shortly after, I was called to the President's office. Arriving there, I found both President Leland Creer and Wesley Taylor. Wesley Taylor had been my music teacher and President Creer said that Mr. Taylor did not think I had enough training. He had been my music teacher before going to the Catholic school. Although some of my girl friends had told Mr. Taylor about my new and unusual ability at the piano, he could not believe that such an advancement could have been made. My feelings wounded, I fled. I protested later when Mother wanted me to take lessons from Mr. Taylor but Mother knew it would keep me practising so she persuaded me to do it. The winter went by and I had never been asked to play in the programs or to take part with my music.

The last month of the school term, the sophomore student body representative came and told me if I were willing, Mr. Taylor said I was ready to present a piece. I said I would but music students on the piano were usually something to be endured and when I sat down at the piano, I could feel the boredom in the assembly. I played "Tam O' Shanter" and as I finished there was a second of silence then a mad applause and as I hesitated about an encore, the organist popped on the stool and started the march, the signal that assembly was over. When I went to pass the foot of the stairs going up. Mr. Creer called me out and apologized for not giving me the organist job. Later that month, I appeared in a music and speech recital at the Pima church and in respect for the building no applause was given until I played, when they forgot and applauded loudly.

All my life, I enjoyed the pleasure of beautiful clothes without the worry of getting them. I know now that I was the envy of many a girl, but at that time it meant little to me. Mother bought such fine woolen material that I had outgrown them before their value was gone, so she made them over.

The Pavilion was the coldest place in the world. But what wonderful times we had there dancing to the pianola. After Uncle Walter's death,

the family was so saddened and there was so much sickness from the flu, then I was a long time recuperating. It was very different from then on for all of us.

The Christmas of 1920, I spent with Piercie Weathersby in Klondyke. Local people furnished the music for the holiday dances, and I was asked to play the piano. At the practices, I met Merrel Haby and he asked me to marry him. We were married on the fifteenth of May 1921 in the parlor in front of the fireplace by Uncle Ben Blake and had a wedding breakfast afterwards. Then he took me to his home where he announced our marriage to his parents' surprise. As he hadn't told them, and that was a surprise to me too. Mr. and Mrs. Haby were fine people.

My baby, whom I named Evalyn Marie, after her grandmothers, was born in the house of Mrs. Craig in Pima, on the afternoon of September 15, 1922 at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Craig said she was the 39th baby she'd helped care for. She swore that as she dressed her, Marie hearing the train go by, raised her head and pushed the table with her foot. I didn't need any one though to tell me she was beautiful. I used to wake her up to see her eyes. Mother and Mrs. Haby took care of me. But, when I was left to my own, I let her become so spoiled I could get nothing done. Grandmother Anderson found me in such a predicament and showed me how to put her in a large rocker and get my hands free, but I had to keep talking to her constantly.

Beth played in the room while Marie was born. She was just a year old and Mother had to bring her so that she could be with me. Beth was a little blonde angel and Marie with her dark eyes and hair made a perfect contrast to her. They were very good friends. When Marie was a baby, Ruskin and Beth had the measles. Mother stayed at home for what seemed to me a long time, but one day as I was coming around the house I was surprised to see Mother. She took Marie in her arms and as they stood there, they made a picture that left no doubt in my mind that I had a beautiful Mother. I wasn't home when Marba was born, but I saw her shortly after. I wanted to name her Patricia and call her Pat and I still think it was a perfect name for her. I used to compare very critically my brothers and sisters with other children and always felt they were very special in looks. They had such well shaped heads. Boyce, Ruskin, Beth and Marba were born in the new house in Mother and Dad's bedroom. The boys were almost like twins, fine and handsome. Beth was a little golden haired cherub. We had a

wonderful home and parents. They never did a lot of preaching but I never was in doubt as to their principles. They lived them.

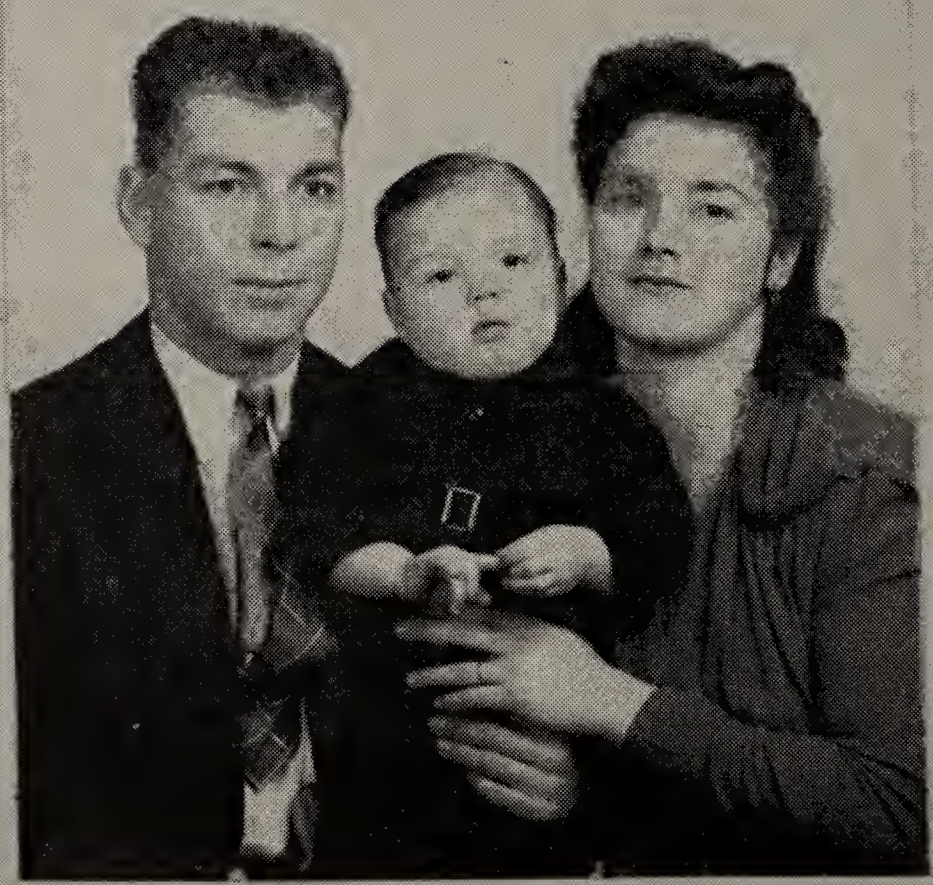
Vearl returned from his mission and shortly afterward married a girl whom he met in the mission field, Leona Olson. The folks had a tan Dodge, for the new blue one they'd bought the year before had burned up in the garage together with five boxes and trunks of mine. Once when Mother and Father went to Mesa to the Temple, Vearl and Leona took the children over in the Dodge while Daddy drove Grandfather Anderson's car. As they passed through Miami, Marba asked what town it was. Leona answered her and said, "Miami" (Mi-am-a). Later someone mentioned the name Miami again and Marba spoke up, "It isn't your Ama, it's Leona's Ama."

Marie learned to swim at Granite Dells. When the Buckeye football team came up for two weeks, they thought she was the cutest thing. They took her in hand because I wouldn't let her swim by herself across the pond. A little later, a group of students from the U. of A., hunting bugs, came and they carried on from where the others left off. It wasn't long before Marie could swim under water at least six feet.

Grandmother Anderson broke her hip and was very sick for four weeks. Then she left us. The next summer Mother visited Aunt Nora in Idaho. Aunt Nora felt like she was so far away from the rest of the family and she asked Mother to let her have the heirloom sugar bowl. Mother did and when I was disappointed she said I could have the little iron kettle her folks had brought to Arizona. I later asked Aunt Lilly, Grandma's youngest sister, when she lived in Phoenix if I had not been entitled to it. She said, "Yes, I had been, because it was supposed to go to the oldest child."

When Marie and I were staying at Grandmother Lines' once, Grandfather told me the story of their trip to Arizona. No one at his death seemed to know anything about it and I imagine he would have thought telling it often would be bragging. But I am sure it was true, for he told me with his own lips. Lorenzo Weech started to Arizona with the Lines family, in fact, it was his horses pulling the wagon. Shortly after Lorenzo decided to go back and tried to talk Grandfather into doing the same. Lorenzo reminded him that if he went back his horses would go with him, but Grandfather said he'd hitch his cattle to the wagon and this he had to do. Grandfather said he was worried about the Indians attacking a lone wagon and he would lay under the wagon at night with his rifle but they were never attacked. When the reach broke

Opal when about fifteen (top, left) ; Opal on left of platform for program in the Lines Hall (right). Opal when one year old (inset). Opal and Vearl (bottom,left) ; Phyllis, Vearl and Opal (right).



(Top, left) Eva and her granddaughter, Marie; (right) Marie. (Bottom) Harold, Jonie and Marie.

he thought the end had come for they were far from timber but they were able to chain it together and they finally reached a camping spot where they could repair it.

For two years, I lived in northern Arizona among the Navajos. I learned to admire them very much as a people. While at a squaw dance, I met a famous artist, Nels Hogner, who came out from Boston with a commission to paint for the Santa Fe Harvey Houses. We went into see the pictures he was showing at the Inter-tribal-days. I told him I admired the one called "The Laughing Girl" more than any other. He picked it up and said that it had received the most favorable notice at his show in Santa Fe, and he presented it to me. I have kept it ever since and hope that my descendants do the same.

A year before Mary Haby's death, she told me to take Marie to live with me in Prescott. Unable to get Marie to the funeral because we were out to the mine and didn't receive the telegram, I sent Marie to visit her father and his folks. When she was expected to return, I heard nothing but later she wrote me that she was going to stay and go to school in Tucson. The next summer, she came up on the fourth of July and stayed the rest of her young life with me.

Marie was a sweet, intelligent girl, who never gave me anything to be greatly concerned about. She was always the light in my life. She learned to tap and do acrobatic dancing at Pima school and did it very well. A Missionary, whom I thought a good judge, said she was the best acrobatic dancer he had ever seen and that she was limber as a rag. She was Queen of the Green and Gold Ball and Harold Brown was her escort. She looked beautiful in her rose gown.

Marie and Harold were married while I lived out in Forbing Park. I gave them one of my two lots for a wedding present and they started then to build a home, buying in time the other lot from me. They have a comfortable home and if the future is to be judged by the past will continue to improve it. It is their own achievement.

I met Bill Neese in Prescott and was very pleased when he started to tell me, not knowing I was a Mormon, about the Salt Lake Tabernacle and the wonders of Salt Lake City. Our friendship developed and we had a nice trip to the Grand Canyon. I started a boarding house, upon his suggestion, in Jerome and we bought a place at Cornville which while small offered a lot of possibilities. We were married the 4th of July 1943.

We had a two room house erected upon our place and later built the

basement ourselves. We hope to add to it until it is a comfortable home. There was very much to be done, but we have a small orchard and permanent pasture upon the tillable land to date. We intend to plant more trees and berries. It seemed cheap when we bought it but we have had some problems. For five years we struggled to get electricity. It is wonderful. We hope for better things.

Despite his interest in Salt Lake City, Bill didn't madly jump into the force that made it. He confided to me one day that even if he did at some time join the church, "He wasn't going to pay tithing. He made his money and he was going to spend it. Adversity gets one down to basic things though and things reached such a state that I suggested we pay tithing for just two months and see if it paid. That if it didn't, I'd never asked him to do it again. I marvel at my audacity, but Bill was willing to try it and so he paid tithing over a year before he joined the church and he is still doing so. I had previously done the endowment work for Mary Haby and Bill did the work for Gregory Haby. We have the satisfaction of feeling they were willing and ready through the influence of Grandmother and Grandfather Anderson, to accept the work. Before this we were happy to have had our own marriage in the Mesa Temple for eternity.

Marie has three boys. When Jonathan was born September 12, 1942, he was a perfect image of his father and he hasn't changed much since. He is a smart, sweet child, always trying to do the right thing. William Gareth was born September 8, 1944 while his father was in the Navy. He was such a handsome child every one thought he was a girl. He worships Jon and is very clever too. Merrel, born the 15th of April 1948 is just as smart and cute as his brothers, whom he adores. He is as handsome as his brothers. In fact, when a friend asked me if I had ever seen three more handsome boys, I don't think I was prejudiced as I answered, "No."

I feel that the Lord has been most generous to me, both in my family and ancestry and in the gifts he has given me in my daughter and her husband, her children and my husband. I am glad that this is not the end.

(Top) Bill and Opal Neese in 1952. (Bottom) Marie and her family in 1952. Standing behind are Jonathan and William Gareth; Marie, Merrel and Harold are in front row.

(Top, left) Marie and Beth; (right) three poses of Marie. (Second row, left) Beth, Marba and Marie; (right) Marie holding baby Gareth, Jonie standing. (Third, left) Gareth; (Center) Jonathan; (Bottom) Gareth, Great-granddaddy Arthur and Jonie.

To Marie

Little girl of mine, my child,
It was just five years ago today,
That my girl heart came to know,
Of joy, its sweetest, purest ray.

For upon my arm asleep, there lay,
A wee baby's glossy, black head;
A song in my heart, for when you came
My every grief and care fled.

Today that little black head,
Is just as sweet to me,
And though blue eyes are brown,
They're as fair as eyes can be.

And in that tiny, beating heart,
Where love's seed was sown;
For her mother, perpetual love,
A gorgeous flower has grown.

And as the years pass on and on,
Though we may have to part;
My sweet Marie, know this,
You'll always claim my heart.

Mt. Graham, I Love You (1927)

I love your hazy morning gown, your transparent evening veil,
I love your rugged horizon, o'er which the white clouds sail.

I love your snowy, winter dress, your frost touched autumn gown;
I love you when in spring's caress and garbed in summer's glossy down.

I love your craggy, barren peak, your treacherous, rocky trail.
I love your tall pine covered slope, and sunkissed flower strewn dale.

I love your spraying waterfall, your noisy, rushing brook.
I love your green moss grown seep, and crystal pool neath shady nook.

I love your tall and stately pine, your gnarled and sturdy oak;
I love your quivering quaking asp, and all your woodland folk.

I love your patrician columbine, your shy wood violet;
I love your pink, wild rose; your luxurious ferns I'll ne'er forget.

I love your timid, sheltered deer, shy fox and slinking cat;
I love your bear and quaint racoon, admire your shrewd trading rat.

I love your old deserted mill, empty cabins with doors open wide;
I love your useless old mill pond, the still tram that scars your side.

Yes, Old Mt. Graham, I love you, with a love that is inborn.
Keep and guard my homeland, Till the Resurrection Morn.

A Prayer

Oh, God, grant me one more chance
To right my shattered life;
Give me the power to remove
The chaos with which it's rife.

Help me to pick up its threads,
Broken, scattered and lost.
Give me the power and courage
To bear my heavy cross.

Help me to be what I once,
But for mistakes, might have been;
My parents' faith and confidence,
Help me once more to win.

Help me to believe in myself,
To know the depth of my own mind;
And above all else, I beg
Faith and courage in you to find.

• • •

Kiss Me Again

Dear, if I could behold your beloved face
And know again your warm embrace,
I would say, Kiss me, Kiss me again.

But miles and mountains do divide,
Yet in your dreams when I abide,
Kiss me, Oh kiss me again.

Chapter XXI

VEARL'S STORY

Mother has always had implicit faith in the ability of her children. For years she tried to make musicians of us all. Not one of her eight children escaped the slow moving hands of the clock measuring the practice hour. And now, with her same unwavering faith, notwithstanding her many disappointments, she is trying to make writers of us.

If her love and ambition had been all we needed, I am sure we would be the most illustrious family in America today. Dad was a willing partner in all of her plans and dreams for us and considered anything that was for our educational benefit a necessary expense.

Actually they had two families. Opal, Phyllis and I comprise the first family. Trelva is between and so she belongs to both. Boyce, Ruskin, Beth, and Marba make up the other family.

I guess all of us except Marba came in for a share of baby sitting. I took my turn with Trelva. As a result, she has always occupied a very special place in my heart. At the time, however, I was sure that no one but Job had ever borne such sore affliction.

I remember one afternoon in particular when I was elected to get her to sleep. Guy was waiting for me and we were both anxious to be on our way. Mother placed Trelva in the baby carriage and instructed us to wheel it around the porch until she was asleep. We tired much sooner than Trelva did. Between the two of us we contrived the idea of tying a rope to the head and another to the foot of the carriage and with Guy on one end of the long porch and I on the other we pulled it back and forth with the ropes. We soon had the carriage rolling along at great speed. All at once, baby, carriage, blankets and all went whizzing through the air, off the high porch, and onto the ground. It is a great wonder that Trelva wasn't severely injured. Guy and I hurriedly put everything back in place and wheeled the carriage back and forth as if nothing unusual had happened to cause Trelva's terri-

fied screams. We didn't tell mother because we wanted to continue the rope business.

I have often thought that it is a decided disadvantage to be one of the oldest children in a large family. However, I had one advantage that the younger children did not enjoy. I knew the love and companionship of four grandparents, Grandma and Grandpa Lines and Grandma and Grandpa Anderson, who were as different as two families could be.

Grandma and Grandpa Lines were small, quiet, humble folk. They were completely unpretentious. I called on them frequently as a boy and they were always interested in anything I did. I had all the faults and failings of the average boy but they never criticized or tried to change me. They accepted and loved me just as I was.

They had many grandchildren and several were the same age as I. They loved us all equally well, I am sure, but somehow I always felt that I was particularly important to them. Now in retrospection, I am sure the other grandchildren felt the same. We were simply blessed with grandparents who had the gift of making us feel important and indispensable.

There was always a great deal of activity around the Anderson home. Grandma and Grandad Anderson were large, jovial people with a great zest for life. They were intensely interested in anything that took place in their small town.

Grandma Anderson never hesitated to tell you if she thought you were wrong, but she was equally generous with her praise when she thought you were right. There was no subterfuge about her. She was absolutely open and above board.

Grandad was an optimist. It is rather a joke among his own children that he could always visualize great financial rewards from investments in gold mines, new insurance companies, oil wells, tramways to bring lumber down the mountains, etc. He was a salesman's bonanza if they could contact him without benefit of Grandma's presence. He gave Grandma, who was a thrifty, practical soul, a few bad times when he impulsively made his investments without her advice. Actually, he wasn't as gullible as it appeared. He was a shrewd business man in most of his undertakings.

Grandad loved a good joke. He could take the most trivial occurrence and elaborate it into a funny story and never grow tired of re-telling

the countless little tales he kept in his head about the different members of his family.

An incident that he chuckled about many times and never ceased to rib me about occured one Sunday afternoon when I was visiting the Anderson home. Boyce was about three weeks old and Grandad inquired how mother was feeling. In the vernacular of a ten year old farm boy, I replied, "She's kinda' sick. She's got a caked 'tit'."

Grandad's mode of travel was a horse and buggy long after he bought an automobile. He was so heavy that the side he sat on sagged about eight inches lower than the other side and when I rode with him it kept me busy climbing uphill all the time. He never went any place alone. In the first place, he loved to visit, and in the second place it was very convenient to have someone along to open gates, drive horses and cows out of the way and run errands.

Every morning he went to town to get ice and very often he would drive by our place and shout for me. Each time I went with him, mother would declare it was the last. We would start out with perfectly good intentions of coming right back but usually it would be hours and sometimes all day before we would return and poor mother would be left with all my chores.

One morning Grandad, Guy and I drove past Jim Mack's place. There was a large watermelon patch next to his house and Grandad knew that Guy and I were especially fond of them. He stopped the buggy behind a mesquite bush and said, "You boys slip through the fence and get a couple of those melons and we'll eat them when we get to the shade."

Jim Mack had owned a large fruit orchard for years and had become quite experienced in his dealings with thieves; consequently, he had a reputation of being pretty tough when he caught one. Grandad waited until we each got a big melon in our arms and started back toward the buggy and then he yelled just as loud as he could, "Look out! There comes ole Jim."

We both ran as fast as we could and when we reached the fence we were so excited we dropped our melons and broke them. We expected him to "take off" as soon as we got into the buggy but instead he just sat there and laughed. His laugh was so hearty and contagious that we were soon laughing too.

When I was about five years old Dad began to take me with him when he went to the goat ranches. At first I could go only when he

went in the wagon, but as I grew older I was also allowed to make the trips on horseback. I don't remember a lot about those early trips, however, a few incidents are still vivid in my memory. On one of our trips to Aravaipa, an unforeseen emergency occurred causing us to spend the night there, completely unprepared. Our bed consisted of a goat skin apiece stretched across some boards. Although it was summertime, I can remember how cold I was in the early morning hours and how beautiful and warm the sun looked at dawn.

Another time we started out early one morning in the wagon for Markam Creek. The river was running pretty high and when we got out into the stream the horses had to swim and the wagon started floating down the river. I grabbed Dad and held on for dear life. When we reached the other side, Dad sighed with relief.

"I wouldn't have tried that if I had known it was so deep," he said.

The trips were long and hard but I was always ready for the next one. When we went on horseback Dad always visited the different herds of goats and inspected the feed conditions on the range. Sometimes I'd wonder if we were ever going to turn toward home. I was afraid to complain though for fear I'd be left home next time.

On Markam Creek Dad had from two to four herds of goats scattered over the range. Each herd was looked after by a Mexican herder and each herder had an individual camp. We always depended on eating in one of the camps when we made these trips. Some of the herders were single men and lived alone. The food in their camps was far from appetizing and I was always glad when we could stop to eat where the herder was married and had a woman in camp to cook.

Through the years there was a long procession of herders but I remember Luis Padilla better than any of the others because his wife was such an excellent cook. They had five or six children and it was always a pleasure to go to their camp. The cooking facilities in these camps were very primitive but her hot, flour tortillas, beans and chile were wonderful. Sometimes the food would be so hot with chile that it would cause tears to run down my cheeks but it was delicious! Even the water, which I drank only in case of extreme thirst, seemed sweeter in their camp.

Water all over the range had an unpleasant "goaty" flavor. The herders, however, did not seem to mind this condition because they drank coffee instead. It was very mysterious to Mother how in the world a child, who was never allowed coffee at home, could acquire

such a fond taste for it. If she had ever accompanied Dad and me on one of our trips to the goat ranches there would have been no mystery.

When I was about ten years old Mother decided that I should join the Garden Club. It all came about because of a leaky headgate. Over on the farm where the syphon crossed Cottonwood Wash there was a constant leakage just right for a small garden. Also there were about three acres of uncultivated land adjacent to this small stream of water. Dad hired Mexican labor to dig the mesquites and clear the ground and gave Mother and me permission to use as much of it as we needed. It was extremely rough even after the initial clearing. Anyone who has never cleared new land cannot realize how many roots there are to be cut and how much labor it takes to clear the land of rocks and level it for irrigation.

We started with just a small garden but, like all of Mother's projects, it grew and grew until we had cleared and leveled the entire three acres. We planted enough land in vegetables to supply the town of Pima. The balance of the three acres, we planted in sweet potatoes. Although psychology was not included in the curriculum at the Pima School where Mother received her education, experience had made her an apt student and she took full advantage of a boy's love for animals at harvest time. We hooked a burro to an old milk cart to haul in the produce. The burro and the cart was such an attraction, all the boys in the neighborhood went along to help with the harvesting. Sometimes I would put a pack saddle on the burro to haul the corn in. We had a wonderful time.

There were many boys in our neighborhood when I was growing up. As we were without benefit of the widely publicized athlete and movie cowboy of today, our adulation was given unstintingly to a good horse and his master. I soon learned that I never lacked for friends and willing workers in any of my various tasks, if a horse or even a burro could be worked into the scheme of things. When I hauled wood with a team and wagon for our household use there were always helpers eager to go along. In payment for their services, they were allowed in turn, to drive the team of horses. I know how they felt about it for there was never anything quite like the feeling of pride I always experienced when I drove a team or rode a horse.

The pasture was about a mile from home and it was my job to drive the cows home at night and back again in the morning. Usually, I managed to keep a horse or a burro to ride but on occasions I was

afoot. I can remember mornings when I would have to run all the way home in order to get to school on time. In the summer the sand was unbearably hot to bare feet and I always walked in the shade as much as possible. When I reached Cottonwood Wash there was no shade and I would run until my feet got so hot I couldn't stand it. Then I would jerk my hat off, throw it on the ground, and stand on it till my feet cooled off.

Dad was in the dairy business at Clifton, Morenci and Metcalf. (Metcalf is now a ghost town.) The baby calves from these dairies were sent to Pima for me to raise and I had to teach each one to drink milk from a bucket. When they were grown it was my job to break the cows to milk after their first calf, then, with their second calf, they were sent back to the dairies. I was always proud of each cow when she became gentle, and especially if she became a good milker.

When I was twelve years old, Dad bought Heber Bryce's cattle and range rights on the Bryce and Mattice range. Our interest included more than 500 head of cattle and approximately 20 head of horses. We ran our herd in conjunction with the Bryces and Mattices and other ranchers on two hundred sections of grazing land, half of which was located on Ash Flat in the Apache Indian Reservation and the balance under the mountain just north of Bryce in Public Domain.

The first round up after Dad bought the cattle, more than 1,000 steers from the different herds were brought into Bryce for shipment. There was bad weather the first night in Bryce and a loud clap of thunder caused the entire herd to stampede. The next day steers were gathered from as far away as eight miles. After cattle have once stampeded, they frighten easily and the herd stampeded for seven successive nights until finally they were herded into Peck's Wash which had side walls about ten feet high. Huge fires the width of the wash burned all night at each end of this improvised corral. Even then, it was hard to keep them quiet. I was too young to stand guard at night but I always managed to be in the middle of the works during the day.

When Dad went into the cattle business, it was a wonderful dream come true. To this day, nothing has ever taken the place of cattle ranching with me. For three years I traveled as a salesman for the Liggett and Meyers Company and for thirteen years I was in business in Safford. The experience gained during these years is certainly not without value but the ultimate aim of all my endeavors was to operate

my own cattle ranch. For the past ten years, that has been my work. The ranchers in this section of the country have just passed through a severe drought and there have been times when I have seriously questioned the wisdom of this choice but although it has its ups and downs I would not change.

When I was called to fill a mission for the Church I was not as enthusiastic as I should have been. During the years we had owned the cattle ranch I had spent every holiday and every summer there. At times I had worked and camped alone, consequently, at nineteen I was awkward and shy and socially ill at ease. My wise and generous parents knew my shortcomings even better than I did but also they knew the remedy.

Like many other new missionaries my knowledge of the Church and its teachings was inadequate for the work I was called to do and for the first ten months I worked and studied harder than I ever had before. The entire time I spent in the mission field was a wonderful experience and I shall never cease to thank Mother and Dad.

While laboring in the country districts in South Carolina, I contracted malaria and was sent to the city to recuperate. Each trip to the country brought on a recurrence so my labors were principally confined to city work. My companions became a succession of new missionaries who needed to be introduced to missionary life.

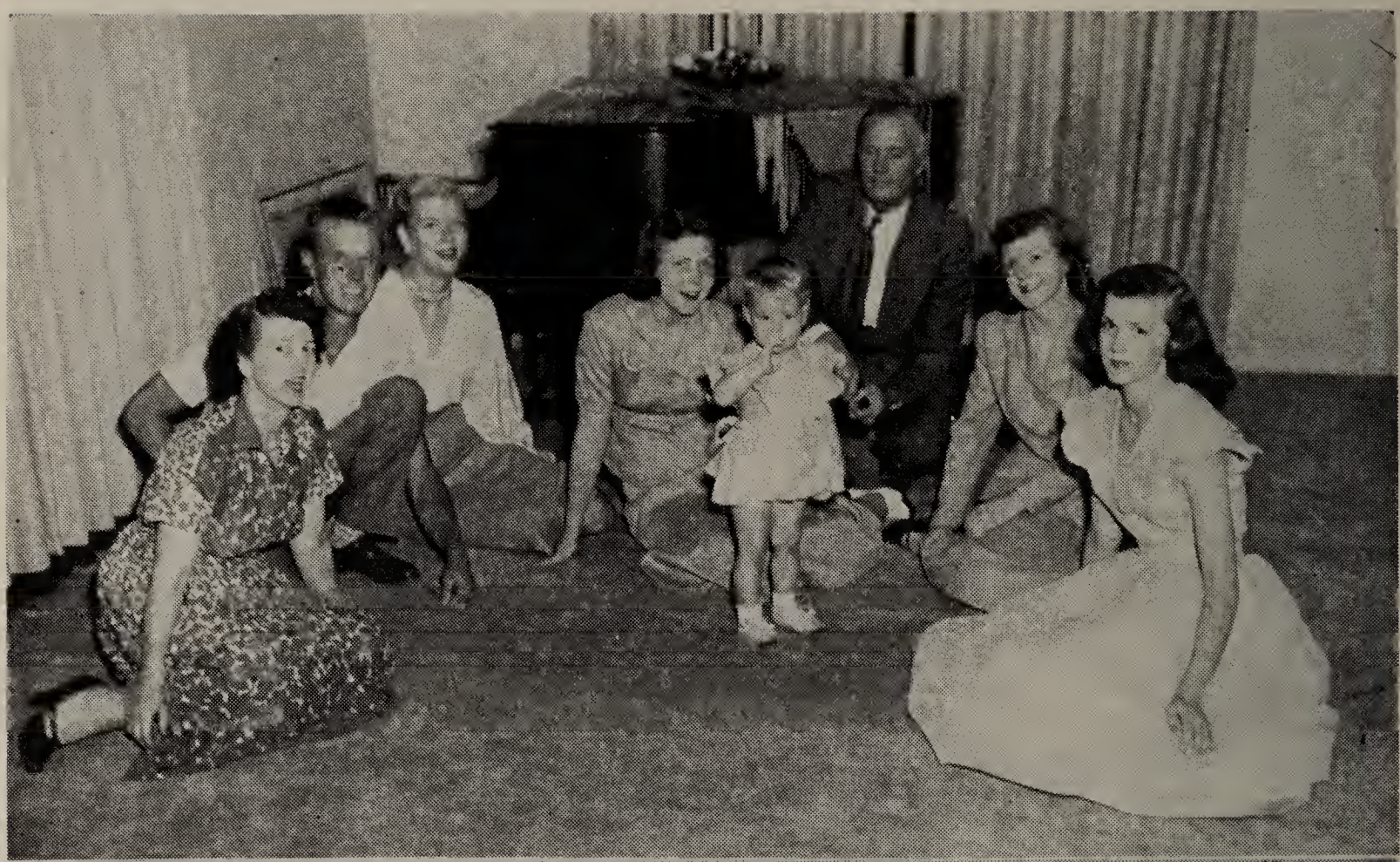
I met Leona in a shoe repair shop in Greenville, South Carolina. The owner of the shoe shop was an elderly English woman and an interested investigator of the Church. She was also the owner of the apartment where the lady missionaries were instructed to live. I had heard about a good-looking violin playing lady missionary in Georgia but I had not expected her to look like this. I was completely dazzled with her charm and beauty and so were about half the other Elders. She was very popular with all the saints and missionaries and we found that her ability with the violin was a great asset to our meetings and social gatherings. She remained in Greenville for four months and we shared some wonderful missionary experiences.

Leona had lived in the South most of her life and her only contact with the Church was the frequent visits of the Elders in her home. She attended churches of other faiths and she was violinist for the Baptist Church in Sylvania, Georgia, for three years. This condition worried her mother and also Elder Callis, President of the Southern States

(Top, left) two pictures of Vearl and Guy in Atlanta, Ga.; (right) Leona and Vearl. (Center, left) missionaries assembled for Conference in Atlanta; (inset) Leona and her companion; (right Leona, Sister Hanson and Vearl. (Bottom, left) Cecil Samuel and Vearl when they went to Rose Bowl Game; (right) Vearl and companion.

(Top) Safford Ward Singing Mothers' Chorus directed by Leona. (Second row) Linda, Mahala Malloy, Aldean and Carol in Relief Society program. (Third row, left) Vearl and Trelva; (right) family group in front of St. George Temple. (Bottom, left) Dian, Vearl, Linda and Leona; (right) Vearl holding Aldean.

Vearl's family on an outing in the mountains about 1940. From left to right they are Aldean, Linda, Leona, Artha, Vearl and Dian.



Pictures taken of Vearl's family in their new home at Safford in 1952. (Top) Leona, Harry, Aldean, Dian, Debie, Vearl, Artha and Linda in their living room. (Bottom) in their rumpus room.

Mission. He arranged for her to serve a short-term mission (8 months) in order to become better acquainted with her own church.

After leaving Greenville she went to Atlanta, Georgia, and, although we corresponded, it was not as regularly as I would have liked. Our next meeting was at General Conference in Atlanta where I was released. She had been released previously and was leaving soon for school in Salt Lake City, Utah. I had heard many rumors via the missionary grapevine concerning her future plans and I was afraid that I was not included in them.

After I returned home we continued to correspond and as time went on our letters became more frequent. I have never put much stock in my ability as a letter writer but as I look into the past I am convinced that I must have done an expert job the year that followed. I made plans to visit Leona during the October Conference in Salt Lake, but in the meantime, her mother arrived there and they decided to return to the South. Their itinerary, however, included a trip to Mesa and Phoenix to visit her grandmother.

I was camped at Big Springs when a wire arrived with the news that she was in Phoenix. Mother and Dad with their usual understanding of the situation took care of all the details. They answered the wire, packed my bag and had the car ready for my departure. They sent Boyce on horseback with the telegram and he reached me just before dark. I was so overjoyed with the news that we caught fresh horses and rode in that night and the next day I was in Phoenix. We were married in the Mesa Temple October 17, 1928.

Leona Olson was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, August 22, 1908. She is the daughter of Ella Shank, Phoenix, Arizona, and Willard Olson, who passed away November 11, 1932.

Her maternal grandparents were Salona Butler and Wiley Williams of Butler County, Alabama. Wiley died when his daughter Ella was two years old and five years later Salona married John W. Solley. They joined the Church soon after they were married and because of religious persecution moved to Utah where they lived for fifteen years before returning to the South.

Her paternal grandparents, Sophia and Magnus Olson, became converted to the Church in Sweden. Sophia, an orphan, came to America with her adopted mother and crossed the plains in the company known as the Handcart Brigade. Magnus, a fine concert violinist, was responsible for the first organization of musicians in Utah.

(Mr. Otte, Pima School music teacher when Leona and I were married, said that when he was a young man he had played in Magnus Olson's symphonic orchestra and that Magnus was known by the name of "Maestro.")

In the years since our marriage, we feel that we have enjoyed a great deal of happiness, perhaps more than our share. We have learned that every life has its joys and its sorrows but as we look back through the years a strange thing occurs. The memory of the good things we have shared remains vivid and bright; our sorrows and disappointments somehow have receded into the past and are hard to remember.

At this period in our lives our children have become the center of our interest. We have learned that the homely virtues which we took for granted in our own parents are really virtues and not just happy accidents of disposition. We have brought our children up past their baby stage and now they are bringing us up.

Aldean was born in Prescott, Arizona, June 12, 1930. She had her mother's lovely eyes and her tiny turned-up nose was a much improved replica of mine. She was all one could desire and immediately won my heart.

Nona, feeling completely inadequate to the task of caring for such a tiny little mite bought "The Book." It was our constant companion for a year and became the maxim for all our thoughts and actions. It is difficult for me to remember the actual occurrences of that year. I'm still confused as to whether certain things actually happened or whether the book said they would. As an older member of the family of eight children, I felt like an old hand and was a little supercilious in my attitude toward "The Book." It must have been a pretty good one though because when "Deanie" was 14 months old she was chosen Arizona's most perfect baby from a group of five hundred. I was perfectly content for "Deanie" to be an only child but Nona had different ideas. She reasoned that if one would bring so much happiness, two would bring twice as much.

Dian was born in Safford, September 27, 1933. She too had chosen her mother's eyes but in nearly every respect she resembled me—only, on her it looked fine. Sure enough, Nona was right. She was just as pretty and sweet as "Deanie." "The Book" was still in evidence but it had lost much of its former importance. Her little tomboy ways earned her the name "Dynamite," later shortened to "Di."

Linda was born in Safford, February 7, 1935. Again Nona's pretty eyes looked into mine from her tiny little face. She had the cutest grin I have ever seen. It spread all over her face and came out through her eyes. Her vivid imagination was a constant source of amusement. "The Book" was consulted only on rare occasions.

Artha, born September 3, 1936, also in Safford, was to have been a boy. We had decided to name the baby Willard for Nona's father and Arthur for mine. When it became evident that these names were not appropriate, I decided 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush' and adjusted the name Arthur to Artha. Nona thought she'd take a chance on the name Willard being appropriate at some future date.

Running true to form, her eyes were just like her mother's and for the first time Nona's straight little nose was in evidence. By this time "The Book" had completely disappeared and we didn't bother with schedules or complicated formulas anymore. We rocked her to sleep (when we had time) and fed her when she wanted to eat. She was a happy and beautiful child and we enjoyed every day of her babyhood.

On December 6, 1949, Aldean was married to Harry Pollock, son of Sam and Emily Pollock, Central, Arizona. Harry is a fine boy and he has an enviable capacity for making friends. We are proud to have him as a member of our family.

Deborah ("Debie"), our first grandchild, was born November 17, 1950. She holds us all—her three young aunts, "Nonie," and "Poppy" —spellbound in the palm of her tiny pink hand. It is whispered in our family circle that I am smitten beyond any hope of recovery.

Chapter XXII

PHILLIS' STORY

My life has been spent almost equally in my native state of Arizona, before marriage, and in California, since marriage. The years that I have been Phyllis L. Hancock are so much nearer that it has required a bit of remembering to tell some of the story of those years when I was known as Phyllis Lines. Now I understand the significance of Mother's advice to us, "Don't be in a hurry to get married. Once you are married it will soon seem as though you have always been married."

Two things were different about my birth on the 27th of October 1908, than for the other seven. I was the only one born in the frame house that was moved to the farm after our brick house was completed and my birth nearly took Mother's life. Months later, my baby picture was taken with me sitting on Mother's lap looking rather puny. By that time I had survived a huge carbuncle on my neck, twenty boils on my head at one time and a serious case of diphtheria. Then the worst was over, as far as my health was concerned, and I had normal health thereafter.

The first four years of grade school went along very smoothly but I frequently had to run to get there on time. Mother left the combing of my hair until the last. I was tender-headed and it was an ordeal to comb my black, curly hair. In September 1918 I was in the fifth grade. The war raging in Europe had not affected the lives of us children much; although, we were aware that sugar should be used sparingly and that our long, black stockings turned bluer with each washing. But, before the Armistice was signed on the Eleventh of November, we knew that a dread disease, the Influenza, was spreading rapidly and many were dying from it. In our own family, Uncle Walter's death had been caused by it. There was very little school the rest of that year. All of our family had the Flu in the spring. Opal and Dad were both seriously ill with it.

Classes were repeated during the next school year. I started in the

sixth grade in September 1920 but, in a few weeks, eight of us were promoted to the seventh grade. In the early spring, two of us were advanced again and I graduated from the eighth grade in May 1921 with the regular class.

There were other activities that I enjoyed, besides school work, outside of the home. Religion Class was held once a week after school and Primary and Sunday School also weekly. A girl friend and I decided not to go to Primary once but the spanking and scolding given to each of us changed our minds about trying it again. As soon as I was old enough I did 4-H Club work. The Third Year Sewing Club brought me the honor of being selected as State Champion of that group and this entitled me to go to Tucson to be honored with the other State Champions at the Farm and Home Week. The following year our Canning Club leaders trained three of us girls to give canning demonstrations and we were chosen to attend the Arizona State Fair at Phoenix and give demonstrations there. Each of us was presented with a picture, taken during one of our demonstrations and with a locket engraved with our name and the year 1922. These were both thrilling experiences for me and in each case gave me an opportunity to see the two largest cities of Arizona for the first time.

So many things happened in my childhood to make of them happy years that I feel like the poet who wrote, "I miss the nice old-fashioned world, the world we knew as kids." The association with so many relatives added greatly to this world of mine. Our visits with all of them were happy times but most of all the ones with our grandparents. The family dinners that we always had on Thanksgiving and Christmas and when the ones away from the Valley came for visits. Perhaps as much as anything else I enjoyed the discussions in our own family circle and some of the songs Mother taught us to sing for fun, including: "Bill Grogan's Goat" and "My Mother Told Me," as well as some of the stories she told us.

It was always a treat to ride with Dad. The trips to the Goat Herds to take supplies were extra special. The ones to Aravaipa were made when I was young and impressionable. I was thrilled with the colorful rocks and the scenery but always glad to get past the stretch of dugway. The road seemed so narrow and the bottom of the canyon so far down. In memory I vividly recall the fire that destroyed the Lines Store and later the robbery of its safe; the floods in the Cottonwood Wash, before the new highway was built that bridged it; and the floods in the Gila

River that washed away so much good farm land. Then there were the apple trees in the field above the canal and all the apples we picked from them; the figs that Grandpa Lines used to bring to us; and the watermelons we ate at Grandpa Anderson's farm when they were living there. The rebuilt Lines Store and the important part it had in supplying our needs as well as the experiences I had working there during vacations when I was older.

On at least two occasions, I created a little excitement for the family. One day I was riding a horse around the yard. I didn't handle him right and he started under the wire clotheslines. Someone grabbed the bridle in time and the cut on my neck left a scar to remind me that it could have been serious. The other happened when some of the family was enjoying a discussion in the kitchen. The pin that I was holding in my mouth slipped down my throat, as I threw my head back laughing. It lodged crosswise in my throat. Mother sent one of the children for a doctor and she tried to dislodge it. After following the doctor's instructions it went on down and there were no complications but the experience taught me to be more careful with pins and needles from that time on.

It was fortunate for me that there was a group of girls and boys in Pima near my age. We had many good times together and lots of parties. When one was to be at our home, Mother always helped us plan and have a good one. The outing that was the highlight of my Beehive activity was a week we spent in the Graham Mountains. Our leaders, Laura Taylor (Lines) and Louella Marshall, were such good sports and hiked with us from the Tram Station to Columbine at the top.

After finishing the eighth grade I went to Gila for the next six years. Four years of high school and two years of Junior college. The year I was a Junior they discontinued taking freshmen and the next year Sophomores. It became a four year junior college. It was still a Mormon Church-school. We had daily classes in religion and daily assemblies that encouraged a good school spirit. The first two years I was there, I was too young to participate in all of the social activities but I enjoyed the friends I made from other schools. During this time, I succeeded in convincing Mother that I didn't need to wear long underwear and high-top shoes to keep from getting sick in the cold weather. But she hesitated when I wanted to cut my hair short. It was just becoming popular; but slowly. Grandma Anderson came to my defense and said, 'if it was the style why not let me try it since there was no

harm in it.' In my junior year, I had a part in the school play, "Adam and Eva," and in the operetta, "Sylvia," for which I received Drama and Music awards.

Mother took the baby, Beth, with her when she went on a trip to Utah and Idaho with her parents. I was fifteen at that time and, since Opal was married, I was supposed to keep the family going under Dad's supervision. All of us were glad to welcome Mother home. When school began that September, I was a senior and Dad said that I was to prepare breakfast for the family before going to school. I was active in the Mutual being the assistant organist and had parts in their plays, the one in which I was a negro girl was lots of fun. I frequently gave readings on the programs.

I won the Oral Expression Contest at Gila and received a prize of ten dollars. In the election for the next year's student body officers, I was elected Vice-president. Our 1925 Senior Class was the largest that Gila ever graduated. My graduation dress was made of a beautiful, pale turquoise, georgette crepe trimmed with a silk, lace yoke. When we went on an all-day family outing past Clifton on the Springerville Highway, we stopped in Clifton to have my graduation picture taken.

I was sustained Secretary of the St. Joseph Stake Primary Board that summer. This was my third assignment in church work as I was also teaching a class in Sunday School on one of the balconies of the old Pima churchhouse.

The Freshman Class at Gila in 1925 included graduates from several high schools out of the valley. The new gymnasium made a wonderful addition to the school and the Tyler home was made into a music cottage. Gila hit the peaks with its basketball teams and this made for an enthusiastic student body. I was very anxious to go to the University of Arizona for my sophomore year but circumstances prevented this. Although I enjoyed the last year at Gila and had some wonderful times it was harder for me to finish and get my degree in two more years because I had been unable to get some of the lower division requirements and had to make these up when I was a junior.

Even though there were quite a few students at the U from the valley, it was so much larger in size than the schools I had attended that it took some time to adjust. Aunt Laura and Uncle Ben lived just a block from the campus and not much farther from Maricopa Hall where I roomed. They frequently had me to dinner and were always so good to me. Because they were very active in the Tucson Branch, it

was easier for me to get acquainted with the church members. They received word in March of Grandma Anderson's death and I rode to Pima with them to attend the funeral services. Grandma's loss touched me deeply. It had meant so much to all of us to have these grandparents build their new home across the intersection from ours and to know that every day Grandma would be in for a little visit. We, in turn, seldom missed a day going to their home. Just as surely as we got our mail at the post office, we got theirs. The sharing of family letters was an important part of the visits. It always pleased me for them to say, "You read the letters to us, Phyllis. You read so well." Without Grandma it was very different and very lonely for Grandpa. Aunt Laura and Uncle Ben sold their home in Tucson and moved to Pima to make a home for Grandpa. They were very good to him but I'm sure he missed Sarah greatly.

When I met with the Dean of Education to check my credits and requirements, it became apparent that I would need to take a half session of summer school to be eligible for graduation the following year. With Mother and Dad's approval, I made plans to attend six weeks at Flagstaff that summer. Mother and Dad drove me to Flagstaff and we made a side trip to the South Rim of the Grand Canyon before they returned home. It was a great thrill to see the immensity and grandeur of that natural wonder. Besides benefiting by the courses I took, I saw some of the other scenic spots near Flagstaff including: the San Francisco Peaks and Oak Creek Canyon. Then the trip home was over the Springerville Highway and we saw the Petrified forest, the Crater and some of the beautiful scenery of Northern Arizona.

The second year at the U was more enjoyable in every way. I continued to room at Maricopa Hall and had some good friends and interesting professors. A short time before the Christmas holidays, I met Wayne when we went for a ride with another couple. Before the school year ended, we realized we were seriously interested in each other.

Mother and Dad were unable to come to Tucson for my Commencement Exercises because Grandpa Anderson was not expected to live. I received an A.B. in Education and left early the next morning in order to arrive home in time to attend the funeral. His services showed the love and affection his family and many friends had for him. He had been a generous, kindly man to all.

Now that I was home again and was going to teach in the Pima Junior High School, I was given a Sunday School class to teach and

was made secretary of the Stake Y.L.M.I.A. Board. I taught English, History and Spanish and most of my classes were for seventh graders. It was good to be home with the family again.

Wayne came to see me as often as he could and I made several trips to Tucson to attend his fraternity dances. Mother and Dad reluctantly accepted our plan to be married after he finished college that year. They were surprised that I wanted to marry someone who was not a Mormon, knowing that I had always taken our religion seriously. The second time I had been out with Wayne he had asked a few questions about the Mormon Church and he continued to show an interest in it. He was at present an Episcopalian but had attended the Presbyterian Church and had been a member of the Congregational Church. In my fervor for the Church, I felt sure that as soon as he had an opportunity to learn more about our beliefs and its organization he would want to become a member of my church.

Wayne had been born in Edgeley, North Dakota, the 14th of September, 1906. His father, Thomas Mitchell Hancock, like my father's parents, had been born in England. His birthplace was London. Tom's family emigrated to Canada when he was a boy of twelve and later moved to the United States. Wayne's mother, Hattie Ethlyn French, like my grandmother Anderson, had descended from early American colonizers. She had been born in Madison, Wisconsin. Her family lived in Cass County, Misouri during most of her girlhood years. Tom and Hattie were married the 11th of October, 1894 at Canova, South Dakota. They made their home in Edgeley where Tom published the weekly paper. Hattie helped Tom and was also postmistress. In 1909, they moved to San Diego, California. Tom worked there as a printer until he purchased an interest in a weekly newspaper, the La Mesa Spring Scout. Then they moved to La Mesa just east of San Diego.

The Imperial Valley looked promising to Tom so their next move was to Dixieland. When that venture failed, he worked for a while as foreman of the newspaper at Yuma. It was not long until he returned to the Imperial Valley and joined in the settlement of Westmoreland where he established the weekly paper, The Westmoreland Mail, and continued to publish it until his health failed, a year before his death in August 1941. The desert heat was good for Tom's asthmatic condition but Hattie suffered in the heat so she returned to La Mesa with Wayne and the younger son, Gerald, after Wayne finished the eighth grade.

The older sister, Marguerite, was married and another sister born before Wayne had died as a baby.

Wayne delivered papers for several years and as soon as he was old enough he worked around the local newspaper shop and learned the printers trade. He continued to work there after school and during vacation. When he was in high school, he had peritonitis develop from a ruptured appendix and there was little hope for his recovery but after several operations and a year as an invalid he was able to go back to school and graduate from Grossmont High School. Then he attended San Diego State Teacher's College for two years. After working for a year at the La Mesa paper, some of his boy friends persuaded him to go to Tucson to the University with them. He joined his friends' fraternity, Zeta Delta Epsilon. He had not planned to go on to school so had not saved money for it. In order to earn his expenses, he did a variety of work. He waited tables at the Kappa House, did typing for fellow students, worked some in local printing shops, chauffeured two old maid artists around the desert and even built fires in the chilly, early mornings for a few families. One of the owners of the La Mesa paper was then the California State Printer and he recommmended Wayne to the Mergenthaler Linotype Company as a prospective salesman. After going to Los Angeles to be interviewed, Wayne was promised a job with them. We were elated for now we could make definite plans for our wedding.

Mother gave a lovely shower for me, the week before the wedding. Wayne's mother was the only one of his family able to come for the special day. It was a small, home wedding, the fifth of June 1930 but everything was done to make it a lovely one. Vearl and Leona were living in Prescott and could not be with us, for they were expecting a new arrival any day, but the rest of the immediate family were there and a few others including Grandpa and Grandma Lines. Uncle Isaac Blake performed the ceremony. He was the Bishop of Pima Ward. After the wedding we enjoyed a delicious wedding breakfast. Trelva and two girl friends helped so much with this.

Wayne and I drove as far as Phoenix that day in his Model T Ford. Opal was living in Phoenix and so Wayne's mother rode that far with her and also stayed over night in Opal's home. The next day we took Wayne's mother with us and went as far as Westmoreland, where we stayed over night with Wayne's father. We reached La Mesa the next day and I met Gerald, Marguerite, her husband and three boys. We

(Top, left) Boyce and Mickey; (center) Phyllis; (right) Wayne serving the family. (Second, left) Phyllis; (center) Evelyn, Beth and Mickey; (right) Mickey and Beth. (Third, center) Evelyn; (right) Jacob and Mary Magleby and Phyllis. (Bottom row, left) Wedding party for Phyllis and Wayne's wedding; (center) Phyllis and Wayne; (right) Phyllis and Evelyn Anne.

Pictures of Phyllis and her family, Wayne, Mickey, Evelyn and Geraldine. Some of the relatives in the pictures are: Eva, Marba, Arthur, Scott, Beth, and Mary Magleby. Others pictured are Nora A. Davis; her husband, Ray; and sons, Lynn and Hal. Ruskin's family, Jeana, Rusty and Ruskin.

spent one night in Los Angeles and then continued to our destination, San Francisco. Even though our honeymoon trip had been one that would enable Wayne to report for work at his promised job, it had been a thrilling few days for the two of us who were beginning our lives together. Wayne drove along the coast route so that I could see as much as possible of the ocean and its interesting coastline.

During the three months that Wayne was training for his sales work, we lived in Oakland and attended church in Oakland Ward. The company transferred him to the Los Angeles office in September and we were getting acquainted in the Hollywood Ward; Wayne was even playing on the M Men basketball team when the company decided in December to have him come back to San Francisco to work. That first Christmas could have been very lonely. Our families did not know of our move in time to get our gifts to us before Christmas but we were happy being together.

Wayne was given a territory to call on that required him to be gone out of town several days at a time. It was hard to get used to being alone nights. The tenants in the other apartments were friendly but we were going to have a baby in July and I was anxious to be home with my family rather than in a strange city for the event. The doctor thought I should not travel later than two months before the birth. I went by train and reached Pima the tenth of May. It was wonderful to be with the family and they were all so good to me. Mickey was born the 16th of July 1931 at one o'clock on a very hot day at the Morris-Squibb Hospital. I was sure he was the most wonderful baby in the world. Wayne tried to get there before his arrival but missed by two days. Because I wanted him to have his father's name, he was blessed by Dad and named, Wayne Mitchell Hancock, Jr. Boyce started calling him Mickey and the nickname has stuck.

When we returned to San Francisco we lived in an apartment near Golden Gate Park until March 1932 and Wayne was transferred again to Los Angeles. We lived on Carmona in the part of Los Angeles near Culver City. Trelva stayed with us that summer while she attended summer school at S.C. Mickey was getting around and into everything. Trelva helped him learn to walk alone. Later we moved to East Hollywood and were again in Hollywood Ward. Beth came for a visit after school was out the next summer. We took her with us when we went on a trip to Yosemite with two other couples. While she was here we moved into the Atwater section of Los Angeles, between Griffith Park

and Glendale. After Beth returned home, Boyce came out to stay with us and go to Los Angeles City College.

Wayne was traveling a great deal and, since the largest part of his territory was the State of Arizona, some of his trips were from four to six weeks long. Occasionally I went with him or joined him for a few days on his trips but, because he had to be gone so much, I was especially glad when some of my family could stay with us for awhile. Mickey had a big time with Boyce and we all enjoyed having him in our home.

When Evelyn Anne's arrival seemed imminent, two weeks sooner than expected, Wayne was in Riverside. After calling him, I took a taxi to the Glendale Sanatorium. He arrived at the hospital before the baby put in her appearance at four in the afternoon of December 6th 1933. Wayne's mother came to to take care of Mickey until my Mother arrived. Mother stayed with us until after the holidays. Evelyn Anne lacked a few ounces weighing seven pounds and Mother said she was the smallest baby she had ever handled. She was named Evelyn for the two grandmothers. Mother's name of Evaline and Wayne's mother's name of Ethlyn. There was lots of rain that winter and the Los Angeles River, just back of the house that we were renting, carried all kinds of debris in its swirling waters but we were not in the least bothered. Boyce developed a bad cold and went home at the end of the first semester. Evelyn Anne was a good, dear little baby. We were all very proud of her and Mickey just adored her. When he said her name it sounded like E'nan so she was soon nicknamed Nan. I took the children home for a visit in May and Dad named and blessed her. He was then Bishop of Pima Ward. Mickey developed croup when we returned by train. With the use of Ipecac he didn't get too bad but it was quite an experience in a Pullman.

I was the Gleaner Leader in the Hollywood Ward that year and the next. I had a grand group of girls to work with. We were fortunate in having a very nice, elderly couple next door. He would do the yard work and odd jobs for us and she was wonderful to stay with the children. We called them Grandpa and Grandma. Trelva and Ansel came to visit during the holidays and we went with them to see the Tournament of Roses at Pasadena.

In April 1935, we moved to a larger house in the same district. Mickey had a lot of fun with the boys next door. They were older and treated him as if he were their little brother. A fence did not keep

Evelyn Anne penned in long. She loved every dog she saw and sometimes must have gone looking for one. Several times I had a little trouble locating her but she never managed to get far away. At this time Trelva and Ansel lived in Los Angeles for a short while. We were sorry they didn't stay.

On Thanksgiving Day 1936, we bought our house on Highland Avenue in Glendale. It was in Glendale Park, a new subdivision. Besides liking the house, the lot and the appearance of the neighborhood, we liked having it near transportation; stores were going in just a block away and the three schools, grammar, junior high and high school were within four blocks. We moved the seventh of December, the day after we had a party for Evelyn Anne's third birthday. My family came for a short visit during the holidays. Mickey had been attending Kindergarten at the Glen Feliz school. The first of the year I enrolled him in Mark Keppel.

Hollywood Stake was divided and I became a member of the new Pasadena Stake Primary Board. The next September, Beth came to stay with us and to attend the Hoover High School. We were saddened when the baby we had been expecting was stillborn on the 31st of October 1937. The children had so eagerly anticipated a new baby and it was hard for them to understand why we wouldn't have our baby girl. Beth was surely sweet and good for me to have in our home at that time. She returned home when the school year ended. Trelva and Ansel were here on their way back to Safford from Salinas.

We took Mickey and Nan to Arizona to stay with Mother and Dad while we made a trip through the Northwest as far as Victoria, B. C. We saw some interesting places and beautiful country and had a grand time. The children enjoyed being with the family and in Pima so much that I am not sure who had the best vacation.

We bought a small printing company in Glendale in July 1940. Wayne's brother, Gerald, came to run it for us. I helped him and at first did not have to be there much as he had one or two fellows help him depending on the amount of work to be done, but as business increased, I put in more and more time there. I tried to be at home when the children were out of school. In the summer they went to the school summer playground. Wayne worked at the shop nights and week-ends as much as he could. Gerald lived with us until we bought a house in Glendale so his mother could move here and keep house for him. Their father, Tom, had died in August 1941. He had visited

us as often as he was able to come and we enjoyed our visits in Westmoreland. Wayne saw him at frequent intervals in his trips. We missed him. He was a good father and grandfather and was investigating the Mormon Church before he died.

The business was coming along fine and then came the 7th of December 1941 and the Pearl Harbor attack. Business increased even more with orders from defense plants but Jerry was unmarried and had to go in the service in May 1942. We had another printer run the shop and I continued to work there, until shortly before the 9th of December 1942, when Geraldine was born. Jerry was reported missing in action on the 18th of March 1943 and, in June, we were officially informed that he had been killed, so we sold the business.

Geraldine was born at the Physician and Surgeon's Hospital in Glendale. We were happy to have her, although Mickey and Nan had ordered twins, a boy and a girl. She was named after her Uncle Gerald. Wayne's mother helped the family while I was in the hospital and a practical nurse worked for us as this was the first time Mother could not come and I really missed having her with me.

Through these years I had continued to work in the Primary. After being Stake Secretary for a year and a half, our Ward was divided and I was made second counselor in the new Glendale West Ward Primary. I was released in June after Geraldine's birth and looked forward to enjoying the baby now even more. The following January, I was sustained as first counselor in the Relief Society. Wayne had always been good about encouraging me to work in the Church although he had not yet shown a desire to join. It was necessary for him to belong to some of the organizations in connection with his work and he had been a member of the Masonic Lodge when I married him but he had seldom attended the Lodge meetings. Those two and a half years in the Relief Society Presidency were harder because of the war and the restrictions it caused and because of the drive for Building Funds for our new church which required all kinds of money-making activities in addition to the regular program.

Wayne enjoyed playing golf and, after we bought our home, he became a very good gardener in our yard. He has had many admirers of his beautiful flowers and of how well the yard has been kept. There were a few years before and right after Geraldine was born that his back made him so miserable that he could not play golf or garden either, without making him stiff and crippled. He had several kinds of

doctors try to help him but it was not until he went to Mayo's and had an operation that he improved. He has been all right since but does have to be careful.

We had a good visit in San Francisco with Boyce and Carol soon after Pam's birth. Marba rode back with us on her way home but Mickey stayed for a longer visit. Boyce and Carol stopped over here on their way to Arizona and back and were here on their honeymoon as were Meade and Marba later. Occasionally Boyce comes on business and we are glad for each visit we have.

Of the family trips other than this one to San Francisco, I will mention only that we have had several besides our almost annual ones to Arizona, and that the longest was taken to Utah and into Idaho when we went to the Parks, the Temples and spent three days at Aunt Nora's.

Mickey joined the Glendale Police Boys Band when he was twelve and worked up to the second place in the clarinets before he left for college. This band marched and played in many parades, including the one on the opening night of Hollywood's Santa Claus Lane each year. On New Year's Day 1949, they represented Glendale in the Pasadena Tournament of Roses. Besides doing yard work for his Grandmother Hancock and for us, he has delivered papers, has worked in an electric fixture store and for three summers has worked in a machine shop. In his younger years he completed his Trailbuilder work in Primary and his Cub Scout work and then the four years that he was a Boy Scout working toward his Eagle Award and as Assistant Scoutmaster were very happy times for him. They had a lot of camping experiences. Mickey was always in on the planning and we were always in on the transportation. After Wayne became a member of the Troop Committee, Mickey enjoyed it even more. He was presented with his Eagle Award in June 1946, and in addition earned the Bronze Palm.

Evelyn Anne was determined to become an Honor Bee after Mickey got to be an Eagle Scout. She had completed the Homebuilder work in Primary and had been a Brownie and Girl Scout. There were only four girls in the Ward her age and of those only two that attended Mutual regularly, so the first year she had three Beekeepers. I took the swarm the next two years and we went to the Stake three-day Summer Camp. We were very happy when we both received the Honor Bee Awards in May 1947.

That summer the entire Boy Scout Troop in our Ward were able to attend the Church Centennial in Salt Lake City. Wayne had raised the

funds for the trip. They used a rented truck to haul their equipment and some of the boys. The rest rode either in the Scoutmaster's car or ours, which Wayne drove. The work with the scouts and the understanding attitude of our Bishopric and other Ward members encouraged Wayne to attend church. He was baptized the third of August 1946. This was the day we had long hoped would come. We were able to go to the St. George Temple on a Ward Temple Evcursion where we were married in the Temple and had the children sealed to us the 14th of April 1949. We were happy that Mother could be there. Dad could not get away but Mother came and had a visit with Vearl, Leona and their girls who lived in St. George that year.

Mickey graduated from Herbert Hoover High School in June of the same year. He received letters in basketball all three years. In his Junior year, the team won All Southern California Championship and took third his Senior year. Mickey was selected All-League guard his Senior year. He was also in the A Capella Choir and the Operetta when he was a Senior. For the first two years of college he attended the University of Arizona and went out for basketball the first year. He was still on the string until he broke his thumb and decided that was enough. He joined the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Social Fraternity and received a bid to the honorary Commerce Fraternity. The second year and the last part of the first year he lived at the Frat house.

From the time Mickey was old enough to know about Missions he had looked forward to going on one and was expecting to go after his sophomore year. He received a call but was unable to go because of the international situation. The Church had been criticized for sending fellows draft age on Missions so they changed their requirements to include release from the draft board. Mickey's draft board wouldn't say yes. He had been taking Air R.O.T.C. at the U. of A. and when the B.Y.U. started a unit, he decided to finish his Business Administration work at the Y. The past year at the Y has been the happiest of his life and a wonderful experience for him. He has been promoted to Cadet Major with the position of Wing Adjutant, which is third in command of the Cadet Corps. When they organized the Arnold Air Society, he was selected to be a member of the Board to select the girls for the newly organized Sponsor Corps of the R.O.T.C. By election he has been chosen to be Adjutant Recorder (secretary) in the A.A.S. next year. Mickey should graduate with a degree in business next year and will then be a second lieutenant and expected to serve two years or

more in the Air Force. We still hope he gets to go on a Mission and to do graduate work in either Business or Law. Marriage also looms ahead.

Evelyn Anne graduated from Hoover High School in June 1951. She had done outstanding work in sewing and tailoring and had won two prizes on tailored suits. She also won a Quarter Scholarship to B.Y.U. in a Stake M.I.A. Speech Contest. Evelyn was on the first team for the girls in basketball, volleyball, hockey and badminton. She entered the B.Y.U. as a Freshman last September when Mickey enrolled as a Junior. They both enjoy the Y and the association they have there with members of their own faith. They have been anxious and willing to participate in church meetings and activities. They have both received individual awards for attendance in the years they were eligible.

After Evelyn went back to the Y following Christmas vacation, she was chosen to help organize new social units on the campus to take care of the increased enrollment this year. She was one of the ten girls who were organizers of the Ri Veda social unit and has been active in that group. She was chairman in charge of the social unit carnival booth for the 'Y' Bell Shrine and also chairman in charge of tickets and invitations for the A.W.S. Recognition Banquet. Evelyn Anne has been a big help at crucial times. I could not have gone to Hawaii without her assistance. Mickey had the virus pneumonia and was just recovering when I had it five days before we were to sail to Hawaii. Evelyn kept the family going, took care of me and packed my things. While we were gone she managed the house and together with Mickey took care of Geraldine. Mother and Dad as well as Wayne and I really appreciated it all.

Geraldine is doing well with her school work and piano lessons. She is taking Ballet lessons, Mickey and Nan took 'tap' dancing at her age. She is a Homebuilder in Primary and also a Brownie 'Flying up' to Girl Scouts this year. We are glad that she is young enough that she will be with us for several years before she will be ready to go away to college.

I have been Ward Chairman for the L.D.S. Program for the girls since I was released as a Beekeeper, then the Ward President of the Y.L.M.I.A. I was Supervisor of the Junior Sunday School for two and a half years, just being released. I have been a Relief Society Visiting Teacher for nine years now and besides church work have been active in the P.T.A. and a Brownie Leader.

Two years before Wayne joined the Church, he became a member

of the Kiwanis Club and has served on the House, Entertainment, and Sports Committees for that organization. Since his baptism, he was in charge of the Ward Welfare for two years. It was at the same time that our new church was under construction. He had projects to raise the cash assignment such as, selling olives and Christmas cards. For two years now he has been on the Stake Cannery Committee and will be in charge of the Cannery for two Stakes this year. For a year and a half he has been the Advisor of the Adult Members of the Aaronic Priesthood and is doing a splendid work with these men. His mother died in August 1951. She was so ambitious the last two years were hard on her when her health prevented her from keeping busy.

We have had many of the family visit us and have always enjoyed their stay. In turn we have made many trips to Arizona to see them. Ruskin and Jeana were here with their boys last summer and it gave us a good chance to get better acquainted. The few days we were in Safford last Christmas were wonderful. To see and be with so many of our loved ones made us feel very fortunate.

Although mother has been in our home frequently, I have only mentioned a few of the times. She was most needed when she helped after the births of our babies but we have enjoyed and appreciated every one of her visits, as well as Dad's goodness in encouraging her to come even though he could not come. Good parents are a blessed inspiration and I have had goodly parents. My greatest desire is to give to our children and their children the strength and encouragement, the assurance and opportunities that Mother and Dad have given me and mine and that the sacrifices made by all of the ones who have gone before will lead us on toward the goal for which they were striving so earnestly.

(My first story was twice this long and all about the Lines family. In rewriting it I seemed to have reversed the situation and it is mostly about the years since my marriage. Living away from the family has not lessened my love for them at all. I would be inclined to say that I believe we appreciate them more because of not seeing them often and because at our age we value our parents' sacrifices more. Learning trials of their past while working on the book makes me grateful that although they were tried and tested in many ways, Mother and Dad came through with heads high, a smile on their lips and love in their hearts.)

(Top, left) Wayne; (right) Phyllis. (Bottom) Picture of Phyllis's family in 1952. Standing are Evelyn Anne, Geraldine and Mickey; seated are Wayne and Phyllis.

(Top, left) Picture Ansel took of Eva; (center) Trelva; (right) Trelva, Maxine Mangum (Davis), Minnie Green (Foster); (Three pictures in middle of page and bottom right) Trelva. (Bottom, left) Opal, Vearl, Phyllis and Trelva; (center) Trelva and three girl friends.

Chapter XXIII

TRELVA'S STORY

Often-times the middle child in a family of eight, is neither a very glorified nor a very desirable position. The novelty of babies has long since been displaced with the acute knowledge of the keen responsibility and work involved. However, being the middle child in our family has two excellent advantages. I was born in a home where there were already three children who could shower all their love and affection upon me. The four children who were born later, gave me the same opportunity to love and adore these children, and find the happiness that can come only from within a large family. Then, even a greater advantage is the perspective of the family picture I possess. It is more intimate and accurate than many of the children's, for I have known both the older and also the younger children as they grew up. I, too, can remember when Mother and Dad were in the younger set of Pima.

I did not arrive on time. I arrived early, fearing that I would miss out on all the fun and the stir that the family was having, while they were moving the lumber house, in preparation for the new brick home which was soon to be built. But far worse than that, when I arrived, I was not the long sought boy. I was just another girl! Not accepting my destiny, and having unlimited faith in magic and fairies, by the time I was four years of age I was secretly trying all forms of magic. Constantly, I tried to kiss my elbow so that I would instantly and miraculously be changed into a boy, and thus gain even greater approval in the eyes of my father, whom I worshipped. Life's first bitter lesson was learning to accept the fact that I was a girl, and that I would remain thus always.

Just growing up in Pima was a wonderful time. It was full of trips to the goat ranch; and in the springtime, that included the stop, while Daddy peeled us a prickly-pear. It was full of the love which we gave the litle orphaned kid-goats, that Daddy brought in from the goat ranch as we fed them on the bottle; and the heart sick poignant first

hand knowledge of their dumbness, as I witnessed an adorable little black kid-goat chew up and swallow the remains of my most beautiful pink, chiffon trimmed, milan straw Sunday hat. It included the days when we were allowed to take an egg to the store to buy candy. It included the time Mother took me to Relief Society to play with the other children in the back yard, while she participated in the meeting. I found the children and their games tiresome. With a slightly pricking conscience, I gathered up five nice round pebbles that would fit in my little hand. Innocent looking, I walked slowly down the hard, smooth worn sidewalk. I crossed the main street and walked into Lines Brothers Store. I chose my clerk carefully, being sure that she would be sympathetic, if not understanding, to the insatiable desire that a small child has for sweets. I ordered a nickel's worth of the confection selected from the huge glass case with its many compartments and varieties. As the clerk folded and twisted the top of the little brown paper sack, I carefully slid my closed hand up and onto the smooth oak counter. With a firm grip on the candy sack, I unfolded my closed hand and let the five little round pebbles lay innocently bare on the counter. I said not a word, but hastily turned and made for the door and freedom. I had made a wise choice. The clerk accepted the pebbles as if she did business like that regularly. This new found method of acquiring candy, I found so successful that I used it quite a few times. I used this method until my mother was informed, and that put a sudden stop to this profitable business.

The farm, long before cotton took reign, with much demands for water and picking, was a rather lazy, glorious farm; with huge fields of dark green alfalfa, indolent in the sun as the swarms of yellow butterflies flitted their few glorious days of life through it. Then came the culmination, the mowing and a week or two of baling, and the bustle of ten hired men at home for a hot lunch, with our dining room table pulled to its full length. The hot wood-burning stove in the kitchen, covered with pots and kettles of food, often included a kettle full of fresh "roastin'-ears." This was followed by the stacks and stacks of dirty dishes that had to be washed. And all this with the Arizona heat ranging around 110 degrees or more in the shade. Our home was one of the best in the community and one of the coolest ones; but that was the pre-cooler era, certainly long before air-conditioning, as we know it today.

Growing up in Pima was full of visits to the Anderson Ranch. To a

little girl's eyes, the big black ornamental iron fence with the big gate in front was very beautiful. The huge maze of interesting things in the back of the house; the pump house, the smoke house, the big cement reservoir, which we used as our private swimming pool, were all very wonderful. The questioned fear that Grandpa Anderson really meant it, when he gaily welcomed us in and begged us to spend the night saying, "We'll hang you up on a nail."

Full of the indescribable pleasure which we received while calling on Grandpa and Grandma Lines. We did not go there too often; but when we did, we acted our very, very best. We sat as still and as quiet as possible; and of course, waited until the cookies were offered. Then we ate only a few mincingly, as we listened to the wind-up phonograph with its flared horn, out of which came the beautiful music. At each visit, we examined minutely the picture of the white dog and the words, "His Master's Voice." We were always treated like adults at our Grandma Lines' home. It was most flattering and we did our best to live up to it.

Growing up in Pima included, the wild free summer at the cattle ranch, and my first smothering of all outward signs of fear. To be a sissy before the cowboys was unthinkable. Perhaps it upset my entire nervous system; but to them I never admitted I was ever afraid of anything. Most of the tiime I was just plain "scared!" The hundreds of times that Boyce and I had to jump from the China-berry trees in back of the house, to the roof, to sweep the leaves from the valleys of the roof were like asking me to fly to the moon. I'm terrified at any height over three feet off the ground.

I convinced my mother I was truly unafraid. One night, or rather early in the morning at four o'clock, she needed the family doctor badly. She awakened me and asked me to go for him. The two long country blocks seemed like miles. The sidewalk was lined with big mulberry trees most of the way. I felt the evil of darkness hiding behind each of them, waiting to jump out and grab me as I passed. Trembling with fear and sheer exhaustion from the run, I pulled and pulled on the buzzer of the doctor's door. When he boomed out in his loud half asleep voice, "Well, what do you want?" I was so surprised at the sound of his deep coarse tone, I knew that I had been caught by the huge terrible dark 'unknown one' of the night.

Those and all the other things, which I did was only my indomitable will forcing me on. By then, I was living only to please my idol, my

big brother Vearl. I was a dreamer and in my mind he was my knight in shining armor, and only the "brave and unafraid" rode with him. No one ever had such a wonderful brother! I loved to do anything for him; from shining his shoes to running his errands, wanting only his smile of approval. He always repaid me a hundred times over, usually with a quarter and many times only with his love. But as is typical of him now, he did it quietly and with no show. This secret sweetness between us, made him only more wonderful to me.

I was inwardly very pleased with my name Trelva, for my father had made it up just for me. And I was even more proud, to have my family give me the pet name of "Sunshine," which was also started by Daddy. I was gay, happy and scatterbrained. Not at all like Phyllis, who was really always a very ideal child. I wanted to be a perfect child, ever so badly; but somehow I always tore my dresses, or knocked over the ink or broke the best china. I always felt very badly and was pitifully embarrassed. I dreaded the spanking which I usually received, but most of all I hated the terrible scene I seemed to cause.

Life to me was to love and to be loved, by family and friends. I gave my love freely to all. The sharp bitter knowledge that everyone did not value friendship so highly, I learned in the third grade. It was like an earthquake to my philosophy. "If one loves, love should be returned," I found to be an empty cup. The last day of school, in my third year, was a mighty important day to me. Our teacher had at the beginning of school offered a reward for the child who improved the most in writing that year. Shortly after school began that Fall, I was bitten on the fingernail by a pet squirrel of Opal's. To avoid the scene and punishment I told no one about it until my hand was badly infected and the pain so severe that I was forced to admit my guilt. I wore my arm in a sling from then until after Christmas. But then I began to practise writing. I practised night and day, and blessed if I, of all those little anxious boys and girls, was not called to the front of the class and awarded the prize. All the joy and pleasure fled when my best and very dearest friends refused to speak to me. I couldn't understand or wouldn't believe that a friend would value glory and reward above friendship. From then on I never attempted to really excel in anything. I preferred to have the friends I loved receive the honors.

The years danced merrily and gaily along. With plenty of good wholesome food we all grew like young yearlings. Mother and Dad knew when I had measles and mumps, etc.; but the times perhaps when

they should have been told, I only prayed. I prayed the time when I swallowed the big open safety pin during a dinner party that Mother and Dad were giving for Mr. and Mrs. Haby. I was so embarrassed to think that I had done such a stupid thing, and fearing it would cause a terrible commotion and upset Mother terribly, that I told no one. Just a week or two before, I had witnessed Phyllis in a similar situation when she got a pin in her throat. It frightened Mother terribly. So this pin ordeal, I thought I would go through alone. I did hastily eat a raw potato, a raw egg and several slices of bread. This was the same procedure that the doctor had ordered for Phyllis. When I crawled into bed that night, I was a very humble, frightened little girl. I sincerely prayed with true trust in God. I finally dropped off to sleep, promising myself I would tell Mother what I had done a minute or two before I died, for I felt surely that I would have that much warning. When I awakened the next morning and I was still alive, there was no need to tell Mother, and so she did not know of the safety pin incident until about twenty years later.

My years at Pima Grammar School were years of competition between my Lines cousins, as Uncle Sam's daughters, Verna and Avenal. and Uncle Joe's son, Claud, were in my class. Our teacher the last three years at Pima was Aunt Maime's daughter, Della. She was a true teacher for she taught not only the three R's, but, more important, she built our character.

When the gravelled country lanes were forgotten and a new narrow strip of cement and asphalt highway cut through the valley, the traffic and speed of the automobiles increased with the years. There was no traffic cop menace, for the towns through this little valley in Arizona were small. Their only sign of law was usually a Justice of the Peace, who only performed in his official capacity when someone came to his home. The highway made a sharp right angle turn in front of our home, and the curve was not graded properly. For several years after the highway was laid, we were often awakened with the thundering crash, as a car failed to make the turn and came plowing into one of the huge mulberry trees that bordered our front sidewalk. One summer there was a wreck in front of our house nearly every Friday night. We children often saw death in these cars. We saw misery and suffering, as we pulled injured persons from their mangled machines, and waited for someone to take them to the hospital in Safford. The big towering mulberry trees became weather beaten with their bark torn and scarred

from the many cars that wrapped around them. At times, the car missed a tree and came flying over the irrigation ditch, through our three feet wide hedge, over the cement sidewalk to stop barely missing our front bedroom. As it went on the other side of the house, it landed in the middle of Mother's cement lined rose beds. Now days, a person causing such a wreck would be responsible for damage; but then we were only thankful if not too many were hurt, and glad to have them pulled out and on their way. Mother had a dreadful time keeping her hedge looking nice because of the many wrecks. We named our street and house 4735 Wreck Ave. Whenever we answered a come-on coupon in a magazine we used this address. Soon most all of our mail came to us at 4735 Wreck Avenue, Pima, Arizona.

When I was attending Pima Junior High, I pleaded and I coaxed; I begged and I cried. At last Daddy allowed me to discontinue my piano lessons and take up the saxophone. I was very proud of this beautiful instrument, and found great satisfaction as I played it. The tones were sweet and low. I had only had it about three months, when our music teacher took the school band and a few soloists on a little tour of Southwestern Arizona. Was I delighted and proud to be allowed to go! During these programs, when he announced my solo, I became petrified. I loved my saxophone; but the fear of my audience I never overcame. One Fourth of July celebration, Ruskin played his clarinet, I played my saxophone and Boyce accompanied us on the piano. Boyce and I returned to our seats shaking and white, while Ruskin seemed only to have enjoyed it. How we envied him!

The big brick house of my Anderson grandparents was a second home to me. When I had a new dress, a new hair style, or was just lonesome I ran to Grandmother's. One afternoon as I returned home from school I found our house cold and empty. No one was home. The ice box had little to offer so I went to Grandma's. Knowing I was hungry she insisted that I fix myself a big roastbeef sandwich. Trying to make it extra good for me, she suggested I put some of her horse-radish mustard in it. I did. With the first bite, the strong fumes and burn of the horse-radish seemed to take my breath away. I rushed to the dish cupboard and took a plain white cup. I hastily filled it at the sink with water. With one swallow, I gasped even more. I knew I was choking. Grandmother handed me the cup again thinking I still had something in my throat. I did not realize it was the same cup and took another swallow. With this second swallow from the cup, all

chance of getting my breath seemed to be gone. I grew weak. I felt my legs shaking, the muscles in my hips quiver. I struggled to the side door and staggered out, my sandwich dropping from my hands. As I slid down the wall to the first step, I was able to draw in a wee breath of precious air. In a few minutes I was breathing normally again. By then, Grandmother realized that I had been drinking from a partially filled cup of lime water which she had in the cupboard. I can see her now, as she hovered around me, trying so desperately to help me. I was young and within a few hours felt no ill effects; but Grandma did not sleep that night, and I haunted her dreams for months. At her passing away, she left more children than those to whom she had given birth. All the Lines children loved her like their own mother. In her trunk, she had saved a carefully wrapped little linen dresser set which I had made for her when I was very young. She had never used it; but saved it carefully, telling me that she too loved me like her own.

I followed Phyllis' footsteps and finished my high school education at Gila Junior College. I also took my freshman year at Gila. Mother was so very generous, and saw that I had lovely clothes and often a second hand car from the garage.

When I entered the University of Arizona, I felt surely that I was not capable of completing any course in College, and I wondered how Phyllis had ever graduated. Time taught me I was only lonesome for the big family at home. I transferred from the University of Arizona to the Arizona State Teachers College at Tempe, when I found that I could not receive a Primary-Kindergarten major in Education at the University in Tucson.

My years at college were happy years, even though it was during the depression and my allowance from home would barely cover expenses. I was very proud and found that my pride was hurt occasionally but little else suffered. I found the dating, and parties; the socials and teas; even the cramming for the school examinations enjoyable. One semester, while I attended Tempe, I lived with Vearl and Leona. They were wonderful to me. I adored their baby Aldean and was most certain that I could never love any child more, not even my son. She was beautiful and I spoiled her badly.

When I received my degree and signed a contract to teach in the Pima School system, I had no idea a new teacher would be asked to teach fifty children in the fifth grade. It was my test of fire and I happily survived. Each night I came home exhausted, and after using

psychology and my sweetest charm all day I had little left for the family. And just as happily they survived that year too.

These two years at home, I saw Marba begin the emersion from her shell of dreams. I saw Beth gradually change from the extra tall child into a willowy young girl. I saw Ruskin receive many honors and still have a modest charm of personality. I saw Boyce struggle to develop patience. (With his quick sensitive mind he found it hard to let life work out its problems in a natural way.) Boyce had that inner drive that made him want to correct the errors of the world.

The second year of teaching in Pima, I was even more anxious for the afternoon bell to sound; for almost every day I received a letter from El Paso. Ansel lived in El Paso. I had met him in the fall of 1933. He had a modest yet keenly appreciative respect for the sensitive emotions of others, yet an inborn air of culture and refinement, which I had found lacking in my other boy friends. All my life I had been a very emotional child. I was either very, very gay with the world on a silver platter, or so despondent that life had no reason or rhyme to it. Ansel gave me the reason and the rhyme and was with me when I was gay. About the middle of August of 1934, he came to Pima. We went for a ride up into the cool pines and wooded sections of Mt. Graham. It was here that I accepted his ring, and we set our date for marriage. That fall, winter and spring we spent every other weekend together. Ansel had a touch of his father's southern charm, and the year flew by quickly. Thursday, May 17, 1935, I became Mrs. James Ansel Wilson. We were married in the Mesa Temple by President John F. Nash. On Saturday, Mother and Dad, honored us with a wedding reception in Pima. We then went on a honeymoon through the southern part of the United States.

Ansel was born in Mexico, February 11, 1910. He was the second son of Charlotte Elizabeth Butler Wilson, who was born January 27, 1875 in Paragoonah, Utah, and John W. Wilson, who was born in Olaton, Ohio County, Kentucky.

His mother, Charlotte Elizabeth Butler's parents had moved from Utah to the Mormon Colony in Colonia Juarez, Mexico in 1899. Within a year both of her parents died. Elizabeth took on the responsibilities of both mother and father while she taught school and acted as Matron for five years in the Juarez Stake Academy.

Ansel's father's family were shocked and indignant when their son John W. became a member of the Mormon Church. To flee from their

disapproval he went to live in the Mormon Colonies in Mexico. Here he met Elizabeth and they were married in the Salt Lake Temple on May 17, 1905 by John R. Winder.

Elizabeth and John remained in Mexico until 1912. During this time Pancho Villa, the Mexican bandit often raided these Mormon towns and stripped his merchandise store of anything they desired. Several times, John W. was stood up in the town square to be shot. His life was spared when he gave them the ransom fee which they demanded. On one occasion when the town had been stripped and their was nothing left, Sister Anthony W. Ivins came running with the ward's Fast Offerings to bargain for his life.

When the Mormon settlers were driven from Mexico in 1912, John and Elizabeth left Mexico with their six children and settled in El Paso. Ansel graduated from El Paso High School July 1927. He began working for his father who had the Maytag Distributorship, and continued taking courses at the Texas College of Mines for the next two years. In the fall of 1930 James Ansel was called to serve a Mission in the East Central States. Six months of his mission he traveled the whole mission as the Book of Mormon Lecturer.

The depression was still strongly felt when Ansel and I were married. We struggled to find our place in the financial world. We were like all parents proud, proud, proud, when our son John Arthur arrived on March 21, 1938. A year and a half later I had to undergo a serious operation. When I recovered and learned that he would be our only child I found myself heartbroken and crushed with no desire to live. As time passed, those feelings turned into bitterness toward God and mankind. It was then my mother led me. I was home on a visit. I said to her, "You can't know my feelings, you have had eight children." She arranged that I see a family of children who were not physically normal. That night, for the first time in many months I gratefully thanked God for my blessings and I humbly thanked Him for my son who was a perfectly normal, handsome, intelligent child.

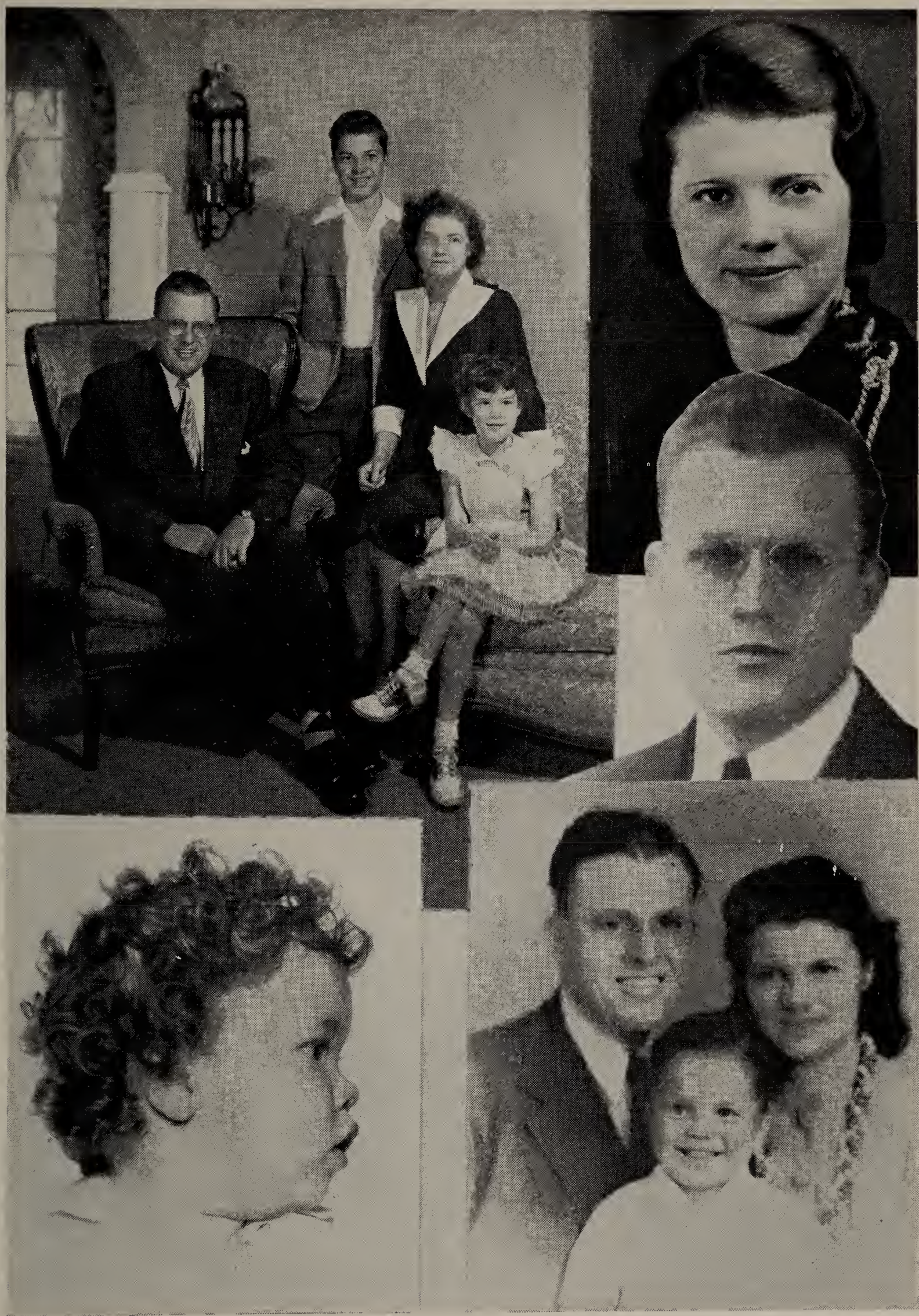
With the plunge of the United States into World War II, came a demand for school teachers. An urgent need was felt everywhere. I soon found myself back in the school room. Teaching children was pure pleasure to me. Ansel was traveling a great deal and John Arthur and I were busy going to school. The years I taught kindergarten in one of the most progressive schools in El Paso, I did many things that brought me praise and honor. I gave several demonstrations with my

kindergarten children to all of the teachers of Southwestern Texas and New Mexico. Yearly I gave a rhythmic demonstration to the eight hundred teachers in the El Paso School System. The last two years I taught, I acted as a critic teacher for the Texas College of Mines.

Ansel and I found ourselves living and dreaming for our one son John Arthur. Our home was always full of children but only one of them was ours. For our son's more normal development and since we had a great deal of love to give, we began to pray for a daughter. This "chosen child," was born on April 7, 1946. We gave her the name which John Arthur had selected, Alicia Gayle Wilson. With her our family had a new beauty that had never existed before. We knew that God had sent us a daughter.

Ansel and I have both participated and been in church activities since we were considered old enough to handle responsibility. He was ordained a Deacon when he was ten years of age. (This was a special privilege given to the El Paso Ward since they were such a small ward and had no deacons.) At the age of fourteen he was teaching Deacons' Quorum. He has acted as leader in the Mutual Improvement Association, worked in the Sunday School Superintendency, was a teacher in Sunday School. He has been a Scout Master, a Scout Committeeman, a Cub Committeeman and always active in his priesthood organization.

I began teaching the nursery class in Sunday School when I was fourteen years of age, and since then, have held Stake positions in the Sunday School, have worked as a dance instructor in Primary and also acted as the Primary President. I have been a teacher in the Relief Society. I received the Honor Bee award in The Mutual Improvement Association. I have acted as Gleaner Leader and as a Counselor and President of The Mutual Improvement Association. The year of 1946 was my third year as Gleaner Leader in the El Paso Ward. That August, the El Paso Ward Gleaners and M Men, were hosts to the Youth of the Church in this Southwestern part of the United States. Gayle was four months old, and I found a new baby was no asset to the many responsibilities I had in planning, preparing and executing this convention. That weekend there were sixteen boys sleeping on cots in my back yard and four Stake leaders in my house plus my two children and husband to care for. We had made preparations for four hundred individuals and were faced with the problem of feeding and sleeping seven hundred and fifty. The testimonials, given by these young boys and girls at the Sunday church service, were a spiritual feast. Many of them were war



(Top, left) Ansel, John Arthur, Trelva and Gayle in 1952; (right) Trelva and inset of Ansel. (Bottom, left) Gayle; (right) Ansel, John Arthur and Trelva.

(Top, left) Ansel, Gayle, Trelva and John Arthur; (center) Beth, Boyce, Ruskin and Trelva in swimming; (right) John Arthur; (second row, left) John Arthur; (center) Trelva seated holding J. A.; (right) John Arthur; (Third, center) Gayle; Bottom of page shows Trelva and John Arthur on a horse in the mountains.

veterans with wisdom usually found only in older men. When it was all over and we had passed out the last lunch for them to eat on their way home, we found that it had been a tremendous responsibility, but a task from which we received full compensation with the joy one receives from serving his fellowmen. However, when it was over I went to Safford for a two weeks' rest up in Mother and Dad's cabin on Mt. Graham and soon felt fine.

In the spring of 1948, while we were living in Phoenix, Arizona, Mother came for a short visit. As we drove her to my home she said, "I'm going to buy me a typewriter and learn to type. Then I am going to write up the stories we have of our ancestors and rewrite my notes that I have kept all my married life." I never dreamed that this would involve more than thirty or forty pages so I said, "Oh Mother, tell me what you want and I'll do it, or help you. Thus we began this book. I became very ill in 1950 and required constant companionship. Mother came over and we continued putting material together, adding on and on whenever we could.

It was while I was ill so long, and was unable to care for my children that Opal and her sweet Marie gathered my jewels and kept them well preserved for me. Marie took little Gayle and loved her as if she were one of her own. John Arthur stayed with Opal. The goats and their baby kids, the running creek close by for fishing and swimming, the wild free animals that roamed the countryside, were all the things a young boy desires. Each Sunday, Opal prepared a lunch and the three of them, Bill, Opal and John Arthur set out for new adventure. They took him all over Northern Arizona, to the colorful landscapes which are the settings for many of the western movies, to the Indian villages and the tribal dances, to the ruins and caves of other prehistoric dwellers. They gave John Arthur a summer of pure freedom and all their unlimited love. With the knowledge that my children were being well cared for and receiving so much love, I rapidly improved in health.

From the spring of 1948 until the fall of 1951 we gathered our material. This last year we have tried to compile it all together. I well realize my meagre talent in recording such a history for posterity; but with the help of all the family we have it in this form for our children and their children.

Through these years of working on the book, I have been greatly rewarded. I have gained an intimate and close love with Mother, that

is one of my most cherished possessions. I have learned to truly know my father. When I learned to appreciate his background of hard work and sacrifice, I learned the complete unselfishness of my father and his pure love and devotion to his children. I have looked at my brothers and sisters from the eyes of another person and have found that each one of them has a quality or special talent that I greatly admire and from their close association will try to add these virtues to my own life;

From Opal, I would choose a little from her fountain of simplicity and beauty which she can express so beautifully in her poetry.

From Vearl, I would ask a little of his sweet peace and love which radiates among all the family.

From Phyllis, I would desire her queenly grace and calmness with which she adds to the lives of others.

From Boyce I would beg the ability of quick decisions with no after worry as to whether they are right or wrong.

From Ruskin, I would like the modest yet determined persistence which leads him toward his goals and ideals.

From Beth, I would gather a portion of her abundant unselfish love she bestows so freely on her friends and family.

From Marba, I would ask only to hear some of the beauty that her music adds to our lives and to the lives of others.

With these talents and beauties to gather and glean from my family my life has a purpose, it is full and I realize I was a blessed child indeed.

Chapter XXIV

BOYCE'S STORY

During my youth, life was just one wonderful, continually changing experience. I must say I was most fortunate in being one of a family of eight children. With such numbers there were naturally many different interests and with each a variety of events. Home became the pivot wheel where all good things began whether productive work or just good old individual or family fun.

My good father was most versatile in making a living. He had a large farm which was continually being improved and made more modern with the times. From each improvement I learned a new fact of life, whether it be relative to a new method of levee control or a different approach to eradication of the mesquite. Dad's goat ranch, on Markham Creek just north of Pima, Arizona, is best remembered as the place I visited often with father when I was a youth of tender age. I could always manage to stay wide awake on our outward trip and while at the ranch but the return was made in solid slumber with my head on Dad's lap. Our cattle ranch which is known as the Slaughter range (now a part of the San Carlos Indian Reservation) was the one operation which seemed most exciting to me but of which I knew the least. In my own eyes repairing and cleaning of rental houses was the most undesirable economic pursuit owned by Dad. The stepchild of all of Dad's enterprises was a partnership interest in a general merchandise store, the headache of which was bad accounts never paid. The most perplexing and often discussed problem associated with all of the above, for good or for bad, was moisture. Mother often said the only way it could rain to Dad's satisfaction would be likened to the faucet where he could turn it on and off at his will. With the passing of years I find moisture still the most pressing problem of the day.

Living with seven wonderful brothers and sisters was a self developing experience I feel most inadequate in describing. Sensing this

I feel my best approach would be recalling incidents concerning the family, our pets, and the livestock on both farm and ranch.

As for pets, Queenie was a female collie dog. Her special calling was to furnish the yearly requirement of pups to be used on the goat ranch. These pups, while still blind, were taken to the goat ranch and given a fresh goat as a mother. As they grew they developed the inherent ability of shepherding the flock. Their persistent foes were the coyote and lynnx cat. No dog ever loved us children more than Queenie, and I must say the feeling was mutual. She loved each batch of puppies and seemed delighted when we would first recognize their presence. Many a minute was spent loving each tiny one. Upon her passing naturally everyone was sad, but to Beth, Marba, and my niece Marie Haby the loss was almost unbearable. They shed tears in abundance and went to considerable effort to see that she was properly buried.

'Ole Ring' was a catch dog of first rate. His predominating features indicated much bulldog but his pedigree was apparently "just dog." Vearl purchased him from one of our cowboys for twenty-five dollars. This price he returned many times in catching mavericks in the extremely brushy country. While a young dog and during suitable weather he was used on the range working cattle. The balance of the time he was our joy. In driving the milk cows to and from the farm, each night and morning, he was our constant companion. He was a great one in working over the straying animals and seeing that they went as they should. In addition he had a knack for handling growing-stock appropriately. He was a whiz in open field and saw to it that we were able to catch a certain desired horse. After a few years he began to show the wear of a rugged life. His joints began to stiffen and his black hair became sprinkled with white giving a greying affect. In view of this, his passing, though, sudden, by electrocution from storm, was not one to cause sorrow but rather, relief.

The first horse I could call my own was given the name Flaxey. She was a pinto Indian mare predominately flax in color dashed with a number of white spots. She had one specialty, a quick side step, which she used often to remove Ruskin and me from her back. As a result of this challenge we both became good riders.

The next horse of importance in my life was a buckskin cowhorse, branded with the now-famous seventy-six, named Buck. He was a topflight cow pony but had a physical weakness which gave us boys the privilege of using him most of the time. When he was ridden for

long with a saddle, his back would become sore regardless of any precaution taken. Hence as experienced bareback riders we had full reign and enjoyed the privilege.

Bellerguts (what a handle) was the milk cow I enjoyed most and naturally remember best. Her father was a registered Holstein bull, her mother a registered Jersey. She was a magnificent producer with a large udder. Every cow buyer always gave her the first look. She just seemed to have a fifth sense, a sense of understanding no other cow enjoyed. Should we be late, she would be waiting at the gate first to be milked. At calving time, she seemed greatly to appreciate the care given her little offspring. Then when her calf was taken from her she attempted to adopt whoever milked her. She was a loving, gentle, obedient cow long to be remembered.

A family outing I will remember was when our family went to the cattle ranch for the summer when I was a small boy of six. We camped at Slaughter along with the Bryces, Pollocks, and Pecks. What a time we all had! As a boy of such tender age all things looked so massive and colored to me. Well do I remember the rides on Pete, the burro, and mother's favorite horse called Banty; and the time mother and I went out behind the horse pasture to pick wild cherries and rain wet us to the bone. Of course, I couldn't forget the self inflation gained when I carried my own bridle across the wash and up the hill to the large corral where the cowboys caught my safe old mount for the day. Then with grown help I was placed on my horse's back. Without further assistance or incident I rode my horse down the severe slope, across the big wash and over to our camp site. At the time I just knew no other boy of such size and age had ever accomplished such a feat. In the passing years I always longed to return for another such outing but the occasion never presented itself.

Dad was Young Men's Mutual president while I was a Boy Scout. With this calling, he was responsible for the success of the local Scout troop. This was a fortunate situation for us young boys. He offered them so we often used his pickup truck and other facilities many times for the troop activities. For this program, he gave freely of both his time and money. During this same time interval, I was showing my first interest in girls. A must was to be able to dance. Dad, an ardent believer in wholesome entertainment, made sure I always had the dollar for a dance ticket. For a boy of such age that dollar seemed like an awful lot of money and was appreciated.

Many consecutive winters my father spent in bed, a victim of flu. Mother contended that Dad, while half sick, continued to drive himself until he was ready to drop; then to bed he went, where months were spent recovering his needed strength. This situation was a severe hardship on my good mother both in worry and additional work.

Dad was one to see that we boys always had jobs to keep us busy. Some of the assigned responsibilities were almost more than we could handle when one considered our age. These responsibilities required us to make our own decisions—some bad, some good, but all developing. One such experience I readily recall. Mother and Dad decided to take a six weeks' vacation traveling through the Rocky mountains to Montana. Imagine leaving a teen aged boy with a few trusted employees to care for two hundred and fifty acres of cotton during the crucial months of June and July. I suppose I had a rabbit's foot in each pocket because everything went well. Upon Dad's return, he commended me by saying, everything was certainly in good order, probably better than if he had been supervising it himself. The fall harvest was very good, proving Dad's praise was well taken. This bit of praise accompanied by success gave me a boost in confidence.

Mother, as a girl, wore shoes of improper fit. This created a situation which has caused her much trouble in later years. In view of this she always cautioned us children about wearing shoes of correct size. This was a perfect opening for us. Many disliked pairs of shoes were discarded by our contending their improper fit.

Before and after school the piano in our home was a busy instrument. Mother had a schedule worked out giving every one a practice session daily. As I look back, I marvel at her patience and self control. When a friend or relative came from out of the valley, we children were a bit of the entertainment. Each of us played our best known number whether simple or complicated. This was the reward for mother's untiring efforts. I do wish she had been more insistent. I would so like to be able really to play the piano.

Mother always contended that the boy or girl away from home attending school was the apple of father's eye, and that whatever the particular student's need, it was furnished even if the home folk went without. Since we were all given the opportunity of attending school, this was certainly fair.

Dad and Mother were not set in their ways for doing things. If a new and better way was brought home from school, a discussion usually

over the dinner table, was held. If available, the idea was adopted and put into practice. They contended there was no advantage in sending your children away to school if you were not willing to benefit by knowledge they obtained. An example of this was the profitable operation of my high school agriculture poultry project. Mother liked the idea so into the chicken business she went. Because of the undesirable complications, I often wished she had never heard of such a business. But there was a brighter side since many a personal item for members of the family was obtained with the money raised by the sale of eggs. I recall one such instance well. While attending the University of Arizona, I won a place on the poultry judging team. As a result, it was my privilege to go to Chicago, Illinois, for the national contest which is a part of the International Livestock show. Of course my expenses were paid but a boy does need some spending money. Just before our departure from Tucson, a letter arrived in which was tucked a twenty-five dollar money order. Attached was a note encouraging me to have a good time and do my best. Mother cautioned me not to mention the money in my next letter since Dad was in a very blue frame of mind. As a matter of information twenty-five dollars was a lot of money in depression times. In fact it did buy a lot and I was able to return to Tucson with approximately fourteen dollars. This was my first trip on a transcontinental basis. The big cities fascinated me.

The children nearest me in age are the ones I remember best. In all things Trelva, my older sister, was an excellent promoter. Many times she was given permission to do things and go places my parents had previously agreed were objectionable. Often she was censored for having too many dates, but any curtailment from such was short lived. When I was a growing boy she frequently counseled me as to my dress, grooming, and proper manner while in company of other boys and girls; and this was appreciated. Trelva was accomplished at playing the saxophone. She had occasion to play often at many different places. Mother and Dad were very proud of her ability with this instrument. During each performance the satisfied expression which spread over the faces of my good parents indicated repayment aplenty for the money, time, and effort spent in her development.

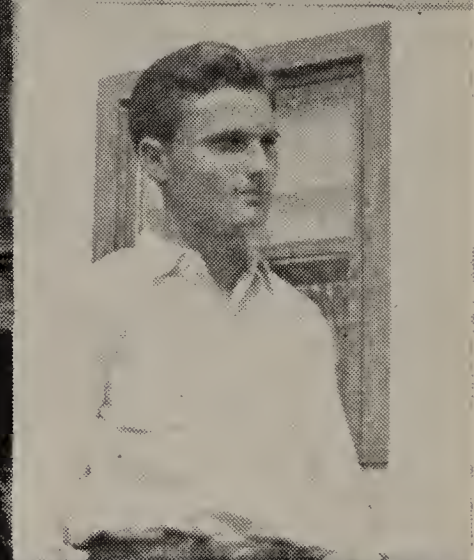
Ruskin, my younger brother, was two and one half years younger yet seemed almost like a twin. As I recall there never was a time when we were not bed partners. Naturally as the years slipped by we grew in size and strength and our ability to control the bed covers likewise

improved. From such development many a quilt was split down the middle.

Never as boys were we without morning and evening chores, with milking and tending the cows predominating. Gradually the milk cow herd decreased as Mother's chicken flock made a comparable increase. With these daily chores it was our charge to arise between four and five a.m., dress in a hurry, bundle up in the winter-time, then go groping out into the darkness to find our milk cows in the pasture. There could be no waste of time because everything was scheduled in order that we finish in sufficient time for breakfast before departing for school. At times Ruskin seemed to be dragging his feet and causing delay in completion of our required jobs. Waiting out in the open in freezing weather was hard to do. This procrastination by Ruskin caused me to needle him and often led to our only arguments. Through it all I learned that life was not just an easy touch but rather that all good things require hard work to attain and acquire.

Ruskin, from a very tender age, was a cute little brown headed boy. He had a quiet way about him and was continually being given assignments to perform in public. First it was to give a poem, then a reading, later speech contests, and, finally, major parts in high school and college plays. For many years, it seemed the accepted procedure for the family to help him learn his part or speech and then to criticize his delivery. Beth gave many an hour ungrudgingly assisting him with his parts. Even while milking he practiced his delivery on the cows. And also due to Mother's perseverance he became quite able at the piano. Later he took up clarinet playing in the high school band. Mother and Dad never hesitated a moment in spending money for our music lessons.

My school days were happy ones. During the third grade, with Lavenda Mattice Ellsworth as teacher, I was given extra opportunity hence at the end of the year it was my lot to be promoted with two others to the fifth grade. As the year progressed, with Hazel O'Brien Clark as teacher, again it was my good fortune to be given special attention and with my parents' approval I was promoted to the seventh grade. I suppose this was thought to be wise but many times such rapid advancement proved to be a hardship. My depth of foundation in some phases of learning was very thin, hence extra effort was required by my dear mother who willingly gave. This rapid advancement jeopardized my chance for class leadership and opportunities in sports.



(Top, left) Boyce and Trelva; (right) baby picture of Boyce. (Center of page) Boyce; (right) Boyce in 1934. (Bottom of page, left) Boyce; (right) Ruskin, Boyce and Trelva.

(Top, left) Boyce; (center) Rickey; (right) Carol and Boyce with cakes for announcement of engagement. (Second row, left) Eva, Pam and Margaret Driggs; (inset) Pam; (center) Mickey and Boyce; (right) Pam. (Bottom, left) Carol and Boyce; (center) Pam; (right) Carol.

Even so, I did play first string end on our junior high school football team. Upon graduating from Pima Junior High School I became a student at Gila Junior College, which at the time was maintained and operated by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. While attending this school I received instructions as a junior and senior in high school and freshman in college. Many a good time was had there. Outstanding in my memory, was participation in the pageant at Red Knolls. In the play "Joan of Arc" I was a mounted horseman.

My favorite teachers in school were Stella Norton Brown, first grade; Lavenda Mattice Ellsworth, third grade; Hazel O'Brien Clark, fifth grade; Mr. Oldfather, eighth grade history; Phyllis Lines Hancock, tenth grade Spanish; Della McBride, tenth grade government; Miss Cunningham, eighth grade algebra; Wesley Taylor, history and political science; Bern P. Broadbent, college chemistry; and Monroe Clark, college freshman English.

After finishing my freshman year in college, Phyllis and Wayne talked my folks into my going to Los Angeles Junior College for a try in the field of journalism. This experience was certainly developing for a country kid but I soon found journalism was not my first love and after one semester I returned home. I will always remember the sweet unselfish way I was accepted in my sister's home. The treatment and care given can be likened only to that of a loving father and mother. They went so far as to permit me to use their car to date girls in company with my boy friends. One such boy friend has since grown to be one of their good friends. During this time Mickey was their only child, and I guess because of this close association he will always remain close to my heart. He was such a precious little brown-eyed boy. Now, as a family man I really appreciate and realize how generous it was of Phyllis and Wayne to take me in and be so good to me.

At the beginning of the following school year, September 1934, economic conditions were very tight. Sensing this I felt my chances for continuing school were slight unless I could find some way to help with the costs. My cousin Claud Lines, son of Joseph Lines, came to my help and assisted me in getting part time work and housing at the University of Arizona Poultry farm at Tucson. This financial lift was sufficient and Dad consented to my continuing school. I registered as a student of agriculture but soon found that agricultural theory was not my desire or liking. After considerable study, I came to the conclusion that, in whatever field I chose as a means of making a living,

I must have good business sense. Bearing this in mind, the next semester I became a student of Business Administration. In the spring of 1937 my parents presented me with a lovely Elgin watch as a graduation gift. This was my first wrist watch. It was certainly appreciated and will be long remembered.

The three years I spent as a student at the University of Arizona were happy ones. My social life was limited due to finances, but I readily recall the one hour dance socials held every Tuesday evening sponsored by the University. During this period, my alma mater's athletic fortunes were above normal. Being only human I did enjoy the football, basketball, baseball and polo games. It is easy and fun to be a winner. As a junior, I lived in Arizona Hall; as a senior, I lived in Cochise Hall. During my senior year, with all my tough courses completed, I was able to let my hair down a bit and have a good time. Ansel's brother, Melvin Wilson, an employee and now part owner in the El Paso Hotel Supply Co., had Tucson as a part of his selling territory. Since we were good friends and both single, he arranged to spend most of his week ends in Tucson. This was a splendid arrangement, a car and plenty of girls from which to select a date. After a while, we began hearing stories about the happy hunting grounds in the Salt River Valley. All such accounts centered around the dances held regularly every Friday night at the Mezona in Mesa. Finally, the lure overcame our good judgment and off we went to spend a weekend. To our surprise, the reports were not over colored. We found good looking and snappily dressed Latter-Day Saint girls on every side. It goes without saying the week end was a social success. This experience caused us to return often. We did have good times!

After I graduated, Dad suggested that I go into business with my brother Vearl as a partner in the Dodge Plymouth Automobile agency at Safford, Arizona. We operated this for a year doing fairly well, considering the times. In the fall of 1948 we were given the International Harvester farm implement contract. The territory was loaded with competitive equipment making the pickings slow and tough, but we were persistent and gradually began to be felt.

During this same period of time, I was also very busy continually looking for a life's companion. The happy week ends spent in Salt River Valley weighed heavily upon my mind. I always had a hankering to return for another look. The opportunity finally presented itself. My cousin, Grant Farley (Arrilla Anderson's son), obtained employ-

ment and residence in Phoenix, Arizona. Since he was single we gave the girls a fling. Early in December, 1939, we attended Sunday School in Phoenix Second Ward. I couldn't help noticing the snappy well dressed girl who gave the two and one half minute talk. She certainly took my eye. At the conclusion of Sunday School I made the opportunity present itself and asked Grant to introduce me to this eye-catching girl. Little did I realize my life's companion, Carol Driggs, was standing before me. Often, I have wondered how I mustered the nerve to ask Grant for the introduction. Action such as this, I always considered, was not that of a refined gentleman; but a mate as fine as Carol was certainly worth the breach of conduct.

Our courtship was no whirlwind affair. On the contrary, for the first month or two, there was much competition with two other gentlemen. All known effective methods of salesmanship were used. Early in the spring I was able to sense my efforts were being productive. Gradually, I noticed dates were easier without considerable advance notice and the reception more personal. When I asked Carol's father for her hand, he was so unprepared that a glass of water was necessary before he could make an affirmative reply. Our engagement became a reality on September 14, 1940, the occasion being a dinner with Carol's close friends and relatives in attendance. During this same time interval, Grant Farley was very busy in a similar way. He had likewise found his life's companion-to-be. Our future mates were long time, close girl friends so we had many good times as a foursome. On February 24, 1941, in the Mesa L.D.S. Temple with Charles V. Pugh officiating, Carol and I were married for time and eternity. What a blessed occasion!

This story would be incomplete without a thumb nail sketch from my good wife Carol. Her prepared story follows:

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Since the Driggs family already had one boy, a little girl was a very welcome addition. I made my appearance on October 5, 1919, at the home of my maternal grandparents in Rexburg, Idaho. I am the daughter of Louis Lynne Driggs and Margaret Smith Driggs.

My parents come of pioneering parentage. My maternal grandparents were called by Brigham Young to go with the first company to settle the Snake River Valley. They settled in what is now known as Rexburg,

Idaho. My paternal grandparents were called by Brigham Young to go to the Teton Valley and settle. This town came to bear their name, Driggs, Idaho.

Our first home was in Driggs, Idaho; then when I was five we moved to Victor, Idaho. In 1929 the family moved to Mesa, Arizona, our home for three years. The next and last move was to Phoenix, Arizona, where I finished grammar school.

While I was in the eighth grade, I was chosen to represent Kenilworth school in a day of playground activities. From this beginning, I was ultimately chosen to reign as queen over the city wide May Day program. Mother, at the time, was in Salt Lake City attending Relief Society Conference. Daddy when apprised of this selection was so proud of his only daughter he immediately placed a telephone call to Salt Lake City.

My high school days were spent at Phoenix Union high school, one of over five thousand students. With so many students I was regarded as just another number. I graduated from high school in 1937. The following September I became a college student at Brigham Young University. Here I spent two wonderful and eventful years. There was more than academic gain associated with college; we had a spiritual influence which could be felt but never measured. This experience should be afforded every Latter-Day Saint girl or boy. Where ever we have lived I have found college friends which has been a great joy to me. Boyce used to kid me in San Francisco about my many BYU friends. Before church each Sunday he would say, "I wonder who you will meet tonight?" Strange as it may seem there was usually some old school friend whom I hadn't seen for a long time in attendance at each meeting.

I was raised in a family where our church played an important role. The positions of service I have had the privilege of holding are: Primary teacher, Sunday School secretary and librarian, Stake Gleaner secretary, member of Stake Primary board, member of Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association presidency and Relief Society sewing instructor. Since it was at Sunday School one morning, that I met Boyce, often we tease each other by saying "it surely pays to attend church."

My first impression of Boyce at the time of our introduction was nothing to get excited over. He appeared to me to be the biggest flirt I had ever had the misfortune of meeting. In fact when Grant Farley

called a week or so later wanting me to accept a date with Boyce for New Year's Eve I was extremely happy to report I would be in Los Angeles. Boyce was persistent and found cause to be in Phoenix on January 3. This was our first date. During this first evening names were a part of the topic of conversation. When he asked me to spell his first name, it was a bit embarrassing but I "lucked" out. Never again did I have trouble remembering his name. Apparently all future Harvester Company business in Phoenix was taken care of by Boyce.

As the weeks and months slipped by and the dates became more frequent I found how false my first impression had been. In fact, knowing him as I now do, it is hard for me to understand how he got the nerve to act as he did on that first meeting. All I can say is I am thankful he was such a "great big flirt."

We felt very fortunate on our wedding day in having both of my grandmothers present. May R. Driggs was, at the time, an ordained worker in the Arizona Temple. Caroline M. Smith, at the age of eighty-four, made the trip from Rexburg, Idaho, to atend the wedding of one of her favorite grandchildren. For my "something blue," I wore a ring Grandmother Smith brought from England with her when she was just eighteen years of age. This ring she sent to me a few months prior to her death in 1944 since she felt that no one loved and appreciated it as I did. For my "something old" as well as "borrowed," I had a penny placed in my shoe which was a century old. This our good neighbor furnished.

Life has certainly been good to me. A great deal of happiness and joy has come from our union. My family is my greatest joy.

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After spending our honeymoon on the coast with Phyllis and Wayne we settled down to ordinary living in Safford. During the next couple of years, our hobby was spare time gardening with week end diversion of horseback riding on Marba's horse, Prissy, and the Bay Mare.

During this same period the threat of war seemed to be increasing. Finally, it became a reality. It appeared my lot was that of a future GI. Ruskin, an agent with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, suggested I make application for a like position since at the time the need for men who could qualify was critical. I felt, as an agent, I would be serving my country as well as if I were a soldier in arms so I

applied and was accepted. I departed from Safford in November 1942, reporting to Washington, D.C., for three months intensive training. In February 1943, I was assigned to my first field office, Springfield, Illinois. A month later, with Dad's driving help, Carol was able to join me. Here we spent four enjoyable months. The work and the new and different country were educational and broadening. My next office of assignment was San Francisco, California. In this office, we stayed the duration of the war. During most of the time in this office, I was assigned to the squad checking on activities of our allies, the Russians. They then were no different from now. The information then obtained was just as expressive of their ultimate goal as today's action; the difference is that our leaders now are pressed into action only as a result of public pressure and resentment.

While living in San Francisco our first child, Pamala, a girl. arrived on April 12, 1944. A new experience it was. We soon found a greater happiness than ever before. She was followed by a sweet little fat boy, Richard Boyce, born on July 4, 1945, and often referred to as "our little firecracker." San Francisco was very good to us in many ways. We enjoyed our many friends both in the Bureau and in and through the San Francisco ward. The rich experiences associated with the arrival of our little ones, our many friends and Bureau ties, all a part of San Francisco, were difficult to leave. But in life's program the show must go on, so in the fall of 1945 with the war over I resigned my Bureau appointment and with my family returned to Safford to our business.

During the war, Vearl and I agreed to dissolve our partnership when convenient. In line with this upon my return I went about attempting to raise the necessary cash to buy Vearl's interest. I cashed our war bonds, sold our car, and converted everything possible to cash but still lacked sufficient finance. My good father gave me the necessary assistance by loaning me the balance needed. This help could never be measured in dollars and cents for it was a lift long to be appreciated.

Time slips swiftly by. Six years, and what are our accomplishments. A quick inventory shows addition of two members to our family, Harold, a brown eyed boy born June 1, 1948 and Sherilynn, a perfect baby, born May 27, 1951. Our family is in balance—two boys and two girls. My efforts to make a bigger and better business have met with surprising results. In civic activities I have been given the honor of

(Top, and bottom left) Boyce with Pam; (center, left) Carol, Pam and Boyce; (center, right) Eva, Arthur and others at Temple after wedding of Boyce and Carol who are in picture at right. (Second row, center) Their home on Sixth Ave.; (Third, left and bottom, right) Pam, Boyce, Sherilynn, Carol, Hal and Rickey in 1952. (Third, right) Carol, Pam and Rickey.

(Top, left) baby picture of Ruskin; (right) Ruskin, Boyce, Trelva, Phyllis with Marba and Beth in front; (inset, center) Jeana. (Second row, left) Ruskin holding pet hen; (center) Jeana, Rusty and Ruskin; (right and bottom, left) Marie, Ruskin and Beth. (Bottom, center) Wayne, Jeana, Ruskin, Evelyn, Geraldine, Mickey and Rusty; (right) Boyce, Trelva and Ruskin.

being Graham County District Chairman of the Boy Scouts. Presently I am serving as a member of the board of education for the local junior college, formerly Gila now called Eastern Arizona Jr. College. It has been my good fortune to serve in various capacities in our rich church program. The calling of an auxiliary teacher, Sunday School superintendent, president of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, Assistant ward clerk, and counselor to our ward Bishop are humbling yet developing service experiences.

Life has been good to me and I have been richly blessed. The heritage and education given by my parents, the goodly wife I was fortunate in finding, the four precious children we have, my little success in the business world and my church responsibilities are a joy to look upon in retrospect.

My parents' counsel, by word of mouth, act, and deed, was to be honest, trustworthy, seeking out all good things, to believe in a God who is just, fair and real, to so live that always I would be unafraid to have my life pass in review. It goes without saying that parents' success in life is measured by the worth and good deeds of their children. I realize my obligation to them and hope my life to date and hereafter will reflect well on their efforts and sacrifices.

Chapter XXV

RUSKIN'S STORY

Looking back, and trying to recall our life in the Lines family, it would appear that one of our noteworthy blessings was being born into a large family. Membership in this family, consisting of five girls and three boys, taught each of us to share the luxuries and the necessities of life. We also learned to respect each other's rights and privileges.

Likewise, we shared our disappointments and joys. We were thus made more ready to face life, when we would no longer have the immediate family relationship to lean upon.

Reminiscing, it is difficult to try and recapture an individual trait or talent of each member of the family that would seem outstanding. What is said here about each of my brothers and sisters is not meant to be a portrayal of character, but just a little thought about each of them that flits through my mind's eye as I try to relive some of our experiences in the Lines household.

Opal is remembered for her poetic ability. She was blessed with an inborn talent to tell beautifully in rhyme the inner feelings of the soul.

With Vearl, it it his talent as a story teller. He can always sense and remember the humorous side of an incident. He enjoys recounting these happenings and anyone hearing him enjoys the stories as he tells them.

Fastidiousness in dress and appearance is the characteristic of Phyllis that is recalled. She is a beautiful seamstress, and her dress and appearance reflect this ability.

If an outing, party, home evening, or social event was to be held, it would be Trelva who would plan the event. She enjoys planning and holding social functions.

Boyce, and this may be surprising, is remembered for his ability to trim the hedge in a professional manner. Whenever he finished trimming the hedge, it would always be straight and true.

Modesty and virtue seem to typify Beth. She is a sweet individual and intends to harm no one.

Marba, of course, is remembered because of her great love for music and music appreciation, and for her inherited talent in this field.

The single aspect of our family life in Pima that seemed to impress me most, was that our home was such a busy place. Each child had his own chore or assignment of work. Mother and Dad supervised the children to be sure each task was performed. Along with our work, however, we enjoyed parties, home evenings, and family gatherings. Both Dad's family and Mother's family were closely knit, and many family affairs and reunions were held and enjoyed at our home in Pima one block from town.

It was the desire of Mother and Dad to give their children every possible aid and assistance in the fields of literature, art and music. Many hours were spent by them in instructing their children in these fields. Possibly thinking that a name might engender a bit of literary ability, Mother suggested that I be named after the great English writer John Ruskin. Dad followed this suggestion, and that great writer's surname became my first name.

Inasmuch as Boyce and I were close together in age, he was some twenty eight months older than I, it was natural that our boyhood was closely linked.

One of the chores that seemed to fall to Boyce and me was the driving of the milch cows from our home in town to the farm. This was one chore that was not particularly burdensome. While making these drives, everything happened to us that happens to boys who are growing up. We saw the rabied skunks; shot mourning doves with our "bean-flippers"; waded in Cottonwood Wash; trapped quail with homemade wooden traps; and fished in the Smithville Canal.

Some of these trips to the farm, while driving the cows, were made on foot—many of them were made while riding horses or burros. Sometimes we would drive the cows down the Pima-Bryce road to take them down to the old Ransom place. Quite regularly we would hear the 8:30 a.m. school bell ring just as we were turning the cows into the pasture. Thereafter we would "lope" the horses or burros all the way back home in order to get to school on time.

On one occasion, Boyce and I were riding double on Flaxy's colt. Along came a gust of wind and a piece of paper flew through the air. Quick as a flash, we were tumbled to the ground together. We had

always been somewhat proud of our abilities as "cowboys." Fearing that our reputation in this respect might become somewhat tarnished, Boyce accused me of pulling him off the little pinto mare, and I, of course, accused him of pulling me off.

Our neighbors in Pima in my childhood were the Lige Saline family. Tom Lamb had given Dad a tall, thin, black burro that we called "Burton." The Saline family owned a brown burro called "Nellie." Boys will be boys, and it was inevitable that a challenge would be made and accepted, as to which Burro could run faster. After considerable preparations, the race was run one Saturday morning. The race began down near the Marshall home on the Pima-Bryce road and the finish line was at Grandfather Anderson's home. On that Saturday morning, "Burton" ran as if he had come from a long line of racing burros. Winning the race easily, he was thereafter accepted as the fastest running burro in the neighborhood.

Perhaps the most terrifying experience in my youth was the occasion when the garage burned. Very early one morning in about 1928, Dad awakened Boyce and me and told us that the garage was on fire. We were sleeping together that morning, as we customarily did. Running out the front of the house we could see the smoke and flames pouring out of the garage.

Efforts were made to put out the fire but the water pressure was too low, and it was decided that nothing could be done to save the garage.

The black screened panel Dodge truck was parked alongside the garage. Dad decided to try to move the truck in an attempt to save it. Ordinarily the truck would start quite easily. This morning, however, was one of those excitable times when everything seems to go wrong. Apparently Dad choked the truck excessively and it would not start. The heat was intense and the top of the truck was smoking, nearly ready to burst into flame. Being so close to the fire, while trying to get the truck started, Dad was burned very severely on his right arm. Finally, additional help arrived at the scene of the fire, and the truck was pushed away from the garage and saved.

Inside the garage, the comparatively new Dodge sedan was a complete loss. On about the following day, the cap to the gasoline tank of the car was found near the garage. Afterwards, there was considerable speculation to the effect that possibly the fire had been accidentally started by someone trying to surreptitiously siphon gasoline

from the gasoline tank of the car. The cause of the fire was never definitely established.

Dad and Mother taught their children the value of money. On the farm it was observed that Dad was being plagued by a great number of gophers. In an effort to earn some spending money, Boyce and I proposed to Dad that he pay us five cents apiece for each gopher that we caught. Accepting our proposal, we became expert gopher trappers. Upon catching a gopher, our first act was to search the gopher's jaw pockets, hoping to find a coin or some article of value. From the gopher's pockets, we obtained nothing of value. From Dad's pockets we got more money than we had ever dreamed possible. All too soon, Dad decided that the gopher supply was inexhaustible, and he terminated our contract.

During the summer vacations from school, Boyce and I usually worked on the farm. Dad often said that he wanted us to work on the farm so that we would appreciate the value of honest labor, and so that we would have a desire to learn a trade, or engage in a business or profession. He did not want us to be daily laborers. We learned the lesson well.

Many hours were spent by Mother and Dad in instructing their children in the home. If one of the children was assigned to give a talk at a church function, or to portray a character in a play, or to perform in any way where special instruction was needed—such instruction was given. They wanted their children to do their part, and to do it well.

Every Spring it seemed Mother would get the urge to do some painting, remodeling, or rebuilding. Our home seemed to undergo every possible change.

A regular Spring chore at the Lines household in Pima was chicken raising. We had all kinds of brooders; pit brooders; electric brooders; and "dining room" brooders. The last type was Mother's own invention. You see, one Spring Mother ordered some baby chicks and asked the hatchery to be sure and advise her if they could fill the order before they made shipment of the baby chicks. Shortly after placing the order, and without advance notice, Charlie Bush came to the house that Spring and advised Mother that he had several hundred baby chicks for her, which she had ordered. Well . . . there was no place too good for the baby chicks, so the chicks took over the dining room for the next ten days and the Lines family ate in the kitchen.

Outside, year after year, Mother would plant a garden, a rose bush,

a vine, a nut, fruit, or shade tree. Even today, if one looks carefully, a chili, or okra plant, or some corn might be found growing among some of her ornamental shrubs or flowers. This great trait seems to have been one of the inheritable characteristics that Mother received from Grandmother Anderson, who loved and adored her lovely rose gardens to the very last. A trip to our family home in Pima finds it still surrounded by shrubs and trees, planted by Mother.

On one occasion, I was asked to prepare a talk in school about George Washington. Mother and Dad always insisted that we do well in projects of this nature. They had secured quite a library in our home in Pima in order that we could search out and find suitable material. Reading through the material, it was found that George Washington always addressed his mother as "Honorable Madam." Youthfully, this descriptive term was applied to Mother, and was thereafter abbreviated somewhat. To the younger portion of the family, Mother soon became known as "Madam."

It appears to me that Dad's strongest desire in life was to rear his children so that they would have every possible opportunity. He stated that he wanted his children to go to college if they had a desire to go. It is notable that six of the children graduated from college. Late one summer, as I was planning to go away from home to college, I recall that Dad took me off to one side and said, "Son, you can take any course of study that you like and go to school as long as you want to go. Your Mother and I will see to it that you have enough money."

Dad is a builder. Long before the advent of the crawler tractor and bulldozer, Dad was rebuilding the farm in Pima with teams and fresno scrapers. He recognized that good farming practices included strict conservation of water and land leveling. Dad is a "project" man. He is always able to see one more improvement that he would like to make, one more "project" that he would like to undertake. His more recent developments have included piping water on the cattle ranch, and rebuilding river bottom land. Dad gets great personal satisfaction from this type of work.

Our home was a religious one. At an early age, we were taught to pray. We were taught that family prayer, and individual prayers tend to heal and eliminate little difficulties that arise in the home. Mother and Dad were both active in church work, and the children attended and participated in all church functions.

While a young boy, I had my first serious experience with wrong-

doing. Being a member of the boy scout troop, I attended the regular weekly meeting on Tuesday night, as one of the classes in the Pima Ward Mutual Improvement Association. After the close of the meeting, I did not go directly home as I had been taught to do. Instead, several of us boys walked down through town and then began quarreling. Finally, we started throwing mud clods at each other. The clods were then replaced with rocks and it became a rock fight. There were three or four boys pitted against another three or four boys. Being a very dark night, it was impossible to see the rocks before being hit. Without warning, I was struck in my left eye by one of the rocks.

For the next three days I could not see with my left eye. It was vivid proof to me of the adage that we do not miss something until it is gone. Gradually thereafter, the sight returned to my eye, and I was most grateful to be able to see again with both eyes. The blow had caused a hemorrhage in my eye, but my vision was only slightly impaired. From this incident, I learned that we must pay a price for any wrongdoing that we do here in this life.

My first three years of high school education was in the Pima Junior High School. During two of these three years I was quarterback and captain of the football team. During one of these football seasons we were undefeated. I also played guard for two years on the basketball team. In the band and orchestra I played the clarinet. My last high school year was spent at the Gila High School at Thatcher, from which school I graduated in the Spring of 1935.

During the next two years I attending Gila Junior College at Thatcher. I continued to play in the band and orchestra and participated in little theater work. It was in the latter activity that I began a courtship with the girl who was later to become my wife. Jeana was very active in dramatics. Our paths met in the little theater at Gila Junior College and for nearly the full length of the next six years seldom parted.

While a freshman attending Gila Junior College, I decided to enter the Peace Oratorical contest. With considerable help from the members of the family, and from Uncle Guy Anderson, a manuscript was drafted. Thereafter I was selected to represent the school in the state wide competitive contest. Contestants also had been selected to represent Phoenix Junior College, the Arizona State Colleges at Tempe and Flagstaff, and the University of Arizona. Competing in the state wide contest I did not receive any of the first three places. My disappoint-

ment was great. From this experience I learned that defeat is only temporary if it is overcome by renewed determination, and by the correcting of previous mistakes. We grow, develop, and progress largely through the process of correcting our previous errors.

While attending Gila Junior College, I decided definitely that I would choose the legal field as a profession. This choice was influenced greatly by the fact that I felt that two of my uncles who had chosen the law profession, had done so wisely. It was my hope, if possible, to pattern my method of earning a livelihood after the lives of Uncle Ben Blake and Uncle Guy Anderson.

In the Fall of 1937, I enrolled as a student in the Law College of the University of Arizona at Tucson. While attending this school, my objectives were to continue my courtship with Jeana and to complete the law school course of study in a satisfactory manner. Jeana enrolled as a student at the Arizona State College at Tempe. It was found that the road from Tucson to Tempe was not long. The courtship was continued on a week-end basis.

In June, 1940, I was graduated from the University of Arizona with an L.LB. degree. It had been my desire to do well scholastically while attending this school. In fulfillment of this desire, I received scholastic honors during my three years attendance at this school, and was graduated with distinction.

On July 13 and 14, 1940, I took the Arizona State Bar examination. Subsequently, I was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the State of Arizona, and before the U.S. District Court of Arizona.

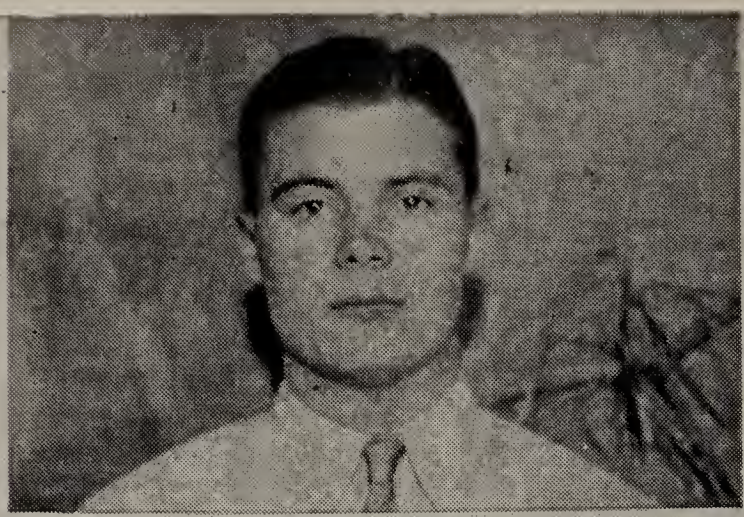
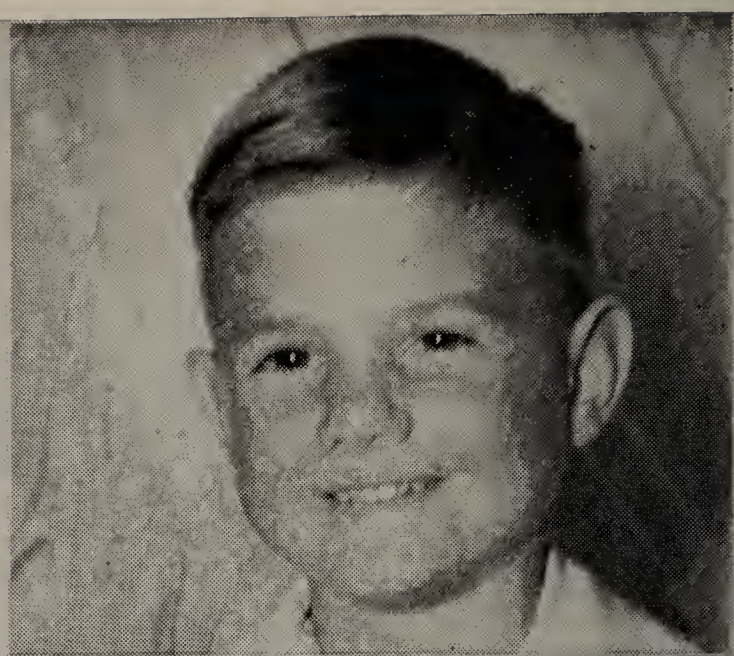
Shortly before graduating from the Law College of the University of Arizona, I had been informed that the Federal Bureau of Investigation was offering lawyers appointments as Special Agents. Somewhat as a lark, I submitted an application. Being offered an appointment as a Special Agent with the F.B.I., I decided to accept.

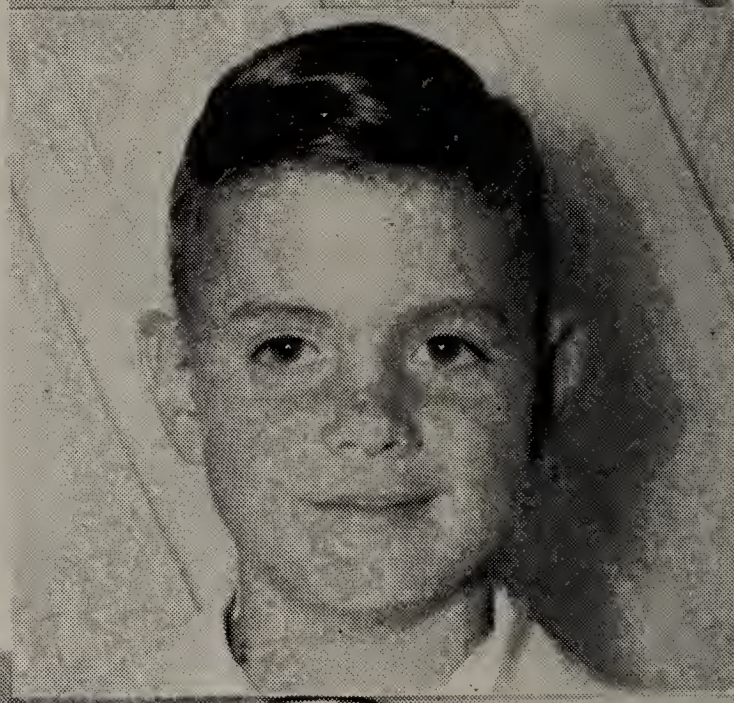
Reporting to Washington, D.C., on July 15, 1940, I began training as a newly appointed Special Agent of the F.B.I. Thereafter I was assigned to the Indianapolis, Indiana; Butte, Montana; and Boise, Idaho, offices of the F.B.I.

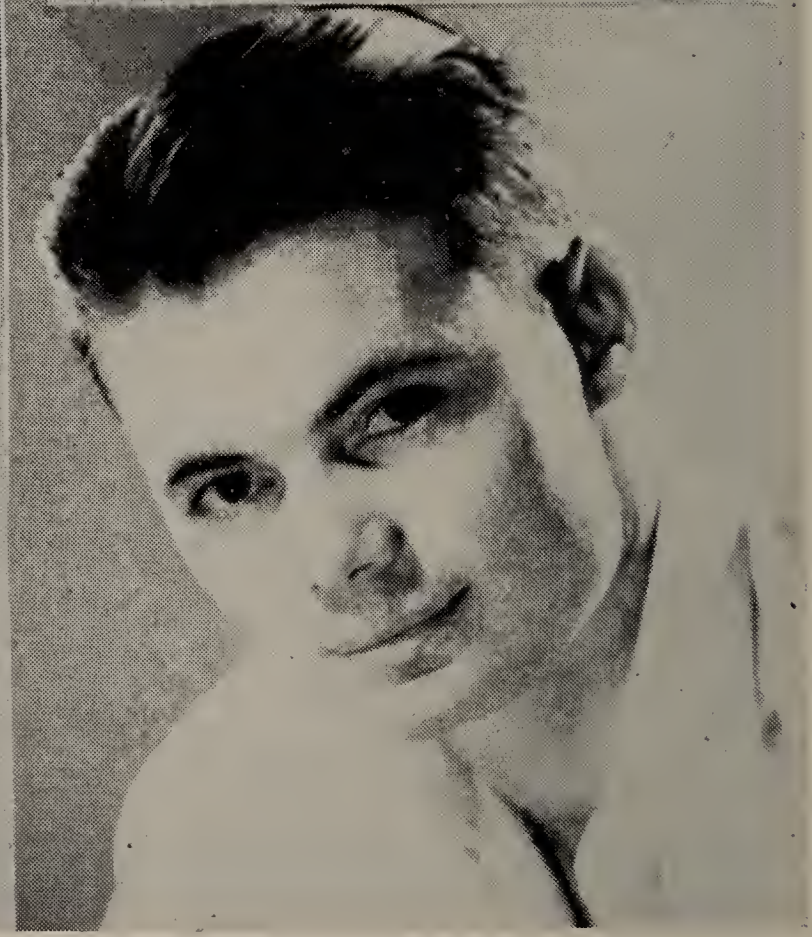
While at Boise, Idaho, the six year courtship between Jeana and me was climaxed with our marriage on Saturday, June 14, 1941.

Shortly thereafter, Jeana and I were separated again, inasmuch as I was ordered on a special assignment for the F.B.I. We were reunited again in the Fall of 1942. Thereafter I was assigned to the Kansas

(Top, left and bottom, right) Ruskin, Rusty, Jeana and Paul in 1952; (right) Ruskin and other F.B.I. agents. (Second row, left) Ruskin doing target practice; (right) Rusty in Ruskin's arms. (Bottom, left) Paul in 1952. (Insets) Rusty.





(Top, left) Ruskin; (right) Paul. (Second row) two pictures of Rusty. Bottom, left) Jeana. (right) Ruskin.

City, Missouri; Miami, Florida; Tampa, Florida; and Phoenix, Arizona, offices of the Bureau. Finally, in the Fall of 1946, I was asigned to Safford, Arizona, as Resident Agent. We were so grateful to come back home to the Gila Valley.

As Resident Agent at Safford, Arizona, I am primarily responsible for all F.B.I. work in Greenlee, Graham, and Gila Counties, as well as the San Carlos Apache and Fort Apache Indian Reservations.

During my years with the F.B.I., it has been my duty and pleasure to work nearly every type of investigation handled by this investigative agency. Probably the most infamous individual with whom I came in contact was Willie Radkey. Kansas City, Missouri, has been the breeding ground for many notorious criminals, and it was here that Radkey, Sammie Ricketts, and Red Beaver were nurtured to full maturity as gangsters. They became known as the "Radkey Gang." Operating in the New York City area in 1943, they robbed a bank and headed west. Enroute west they kidnapped the owner of an automobile, took him across a State line, tied him to a tree and left him. A nationwide alarm had been made to be on the "lookout" for these individuals.

Returning to the Kansas City area, and while attempting to visit one of their old associates, they ran ino a trap that had been set for them by law enforcement officers. Luckily, and with considerable skill, they escaped from this trap after an exchange of gun fire.

All of the Special Agents in the Kansas City office, including myself, were ordered to try to effect the immediate arrest of the members of his gang. Walking on the sidewalk of one of the streets in Kansas City, another Special Agent and I recognized Radkey walking towards us. Feigning nonrecognition we walked passed him. Turning around we followed Radkey, overtook him, and overpowered him. Unarmed at the time, Radkey was limping severely inasmuch as he had been shot in the ankle in the gun fight. The apprehension of Ricketts was made shortly thereafter. Radkey and Ricketts were each subsequently sentenced to serve 25 years in a Federal Penitentiary. Beaver was killed by one of his associates. This is the typical last page that is written in the criminal life of those who have engaged in a life of crime.

Here in Arizona, considerable investigative time has been spent on the San Carlos and Fort Apache Indian Reservations. This is due to the fact that the F.B.I. is responsible for the investigation of the ten major crimes on these Indian Reservations.

During these years I have come to a much better understanding of

the Indians. I have learned that these people are individuals of sensitive feelings, and that they are not the stoic individuals that the movies sometimes portray them to be; that they engage in crime only when under the influence of strong drink, or when emotionally upset. I have learned that the Indians, in the use of their hands, are individuals of rare ability; that they are experts in their native handicrafts, such as basket weaving.

Addiction to strong drink is a great evil among these people. They brew many potions such as raisin jack, tulapai, and Apache beer. The major portion of their crime, particularly their crimes of violence, is directly attributable to the influence of these drinks. Life on an Indian Reservation becomes cheap, when Indians get drunk.

Trying to maintain ourselves and accumulate savings while working on a salary has been difficult. Nevertheless, we have always recognized the insecurity of working with the F.B.I., and we set about as soon as possible to make an investment that would offer us some semblance of security.

Upon the suggestion of Leland Jones, our brother-in-law, we invested our first savings in 40 acres of land at Mesa, Arizona, in 1942. We sold this property in 1945, and invested all of our available capital, with Mother and Dad, in grazing rights on Eagle Creek, 7 miles west of Morenci. Together, we formed the Turtle Mountain Ranch and hoped for success.

With Dad's keen vision as a support, we undertook to graze cattle on a range that had been used principally as a goat range. It was a pioneering proposition. The terrain was steep and the water was inadequate, and there were those who labelled the venture as doomed to failure. With the expenditure of money, time and effort, the necessary improvements were made and the water was developed. The price trend was favorable, and after several years of doubt and skepticism, we began to realize that our venture was a success; that Dad's keen appraisement of the grazing possibilities of this range had been correct.

Through the years we have learned that man does not live by bread alone. Being active in our church work has brought us more harmony in our home, and more satisfaction in living. We have realized that materiality alone in life is empty and vacant; that we must have spirituality in our lives in order to have balanced living.

Our own home life in Safford is now much like my recollections of

the home life of the Lines family in Pima. It is a busy place. There is so much to be done.

It has been said that one's accomplishment in life is not measured by what he does in his own life, or in the life of his children, but in the lives and accomplishments of his grandchildren. Jeana and I hope that our children will measure up to the example of fine living that has been set for them by their grandparents.

My devoted wife, the mother and teacher of our children, now writes of her early life, and of our life together.

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I was born on October 7, 1917, in Thatcher, Arizona. My parents are Christopher Allred and Silva Faulkner Allred. Both were pioneers who came with their parents to the Gila Valley in the early 1880's.

During the first six years of my life, our family lived in Thatcher, close to the church, and close to town. Before I entered second grade, the family moved to the farm, which was a mile and a quarter away. Here I lived until I went away to college in 1937. We lived a typical farm life, enduring many inconveniences but deriving many joys from our hard labors. Transportation into town was a problem until Daddy bought a shetland pony and a cart, so that we four children could get to school and back. We were very humiliated about the prospect until we discovered that we were the envy of every child in town.

My earliest recollection of Ruskin was the summer I was thirteen years old. St. Joseph Stake held quarterly conference in the Thatcher meeting house, and I was in attendance. My interest in the conference heightened when I noticed that a young man, Deacon age, was to be the next speaker. He had almost black hair, dark eyes with extremely long lashes, and very rosy cheecks. I thought that Ruskin Lines was the handsomest boy I had ever seen. But the town of Pima seemed quite far away at that time, so I had to be content with the association of local boys.

My school years were very active ones. Mother always said that I enrolled in more extracurricular activities than I did in school subjects. I took dancing lessons, and along with five other girls formed a chorus. We had many enjoyable times entertaining at different functions in the Valley. Music was one of my most enjoyed subjects. I took piano lessons, and played the violin in our elementary school orchestra. I

never had any aspirations to become a soloist, but I could sing well enough for the school operettas and the Glee Club. Then our high school music instructor selected Jessica Udall, Frankie McBride, Margaret Tate and me to sing four part harmony in a ladies' quartet. At first we sang regular quartet arrangements, and then we began to make up our own arrangements of popular songs. We girls sang together through four years of high school and two years of college. We entertained in many church, school, and civic programs throughout the Gila Valley.

Although dramatics was a favorite subject, I was also active in school debate and public speaking. During my junior year I was privileged to represent my high school in the annual Speech Arts contest. I was thrilled to place second with my dramatic reading. In spite of my dramatics and music, I managed to keep up with my studies, and at the end of my junior year I was chosen as class Salutatorian.

At that time, the Thatcher school system offered only three years of high school work. So we completed our fourth year of high school at Gila Jr. College. This was the case in the Pima school system also, and once again I was to see the boy who had impressed me so much at that conference so long ago. It wasn't long before my path crossed with Ruskin's at school, for we enrolled in many of the same classes. Ruskin too, was interested in public speaking and dramatics. Little did I realize then that Ruskin was to play the part of the leading man in my life. It was when we were cast to play the leading roles in a Little Theater production that our courtship really began.

At that time, it was very important to have a college education. Although Ruskin and I were very much in love, we knew that we must first prepare ourselves to meet life better, by finishing our schooling. Ruskin had chosen the law profession, and so planned to attend the University of Arizona at Tucson. Since I had been so active in dramatics, I felt that I could major in that subject and become a teacher. It was Ruskin's influence which helped change my mind, for when I enrolled at Arizona State Teachers' College at Tempe, I majored in Kindergarten-Primary work, and received minors in both music and dramatics. It was in the primary field that I really found myself, for I loved to work with the children, and my musical and dramatic abilities were good aids. Although I didn't participate in school dramatics during the next two years, I took part in the plays presented by the Tempe Ward. At this time I was also privileged to be chosen as one

to sing in the Ladies' Trio in the music department of the school.

Because Ruskin and I were over one hundred miles apart, our courtship had to continue via mail. We did manage to attend each others' formal dances and the special events which took place at both schools, including the football games. The rivalry between the two schools' athletic departments still exists, and Ruskin and I find it hard not to feel prejudiced when the two schools meet on the gridiron.

In the Spring of 1939 I graduated with a B.A. degree in education. Because Ruskin's law course ran three years, I applied for a teaching position with the Safford Public Schools, and my first assignment was to teach the Kindergarten class. Returning to Safford in the Summer of 1939 I made my home with my sister, Cleora Hancock, and taught school that Winter. It was Easter in the Spring of 1940 that Ruskin and I became officially engaged.

Ruskin graduated that Spring, and I felt great pride along with his family, when he was on the "Distinction" list, having made honors during all three years of his law work. I remember Mother and Dad Lines, Trelva, and Boyce and Carol were all there. We returned to Safford that same night. After a brief rest at home, Ruskin enrolled in the Bar review course at Tucson, and I returned to Tempe to attend a six weeks Summer school course. I was somewhat surprised to receive word from Ruskin that he had applied for, and had been accepted as a Special Agent with the F.B.I. He had left for Washington, D.C. around the middle of July, 1940.

After my Summer school was completed, I returned to Safford to teach again. Ruskin and I spent a good part of our salaries that Winter calling each other long distance. He was finally transferred to Boise, Idaho, where we met and were married by Stake President Z. Reed Millar, on June 14, 1941

During the next four years we were transferred four times, and each transfer seemed to take us farther away from our beloved families. Still we had many joys come our way. Our eldest son, Ruskin, Jr., was born in Kansas City, Missouri on December 9, 1942. That same year we were sent to Miami, Florida. We did enjoy the wonderful Winter climate, and the many friends there, but one of our greatest thrills came in the form of a transfer to Phoenix, Arizona. Once again we would be able to have close associations with our families. It was in Phoenix on November 13, 1945, that our second son, Paul Anderson, was born to us. Then just nine months later Ruskin was transferred to

Safford as Resident Agent. This was a real homecoming! Boyce had resigned from the Bureau, Scott and Beth were home from their wanderings with the army, Vearl and Leona were living here, and many of our old friends were still in Safford. It didn't take long to pick up where we had left off nearly ten years before. It was good to have affiliation with our Church again, something we had definitely lacked in those years of moving around. It wasn't long until Ruskin and I were both asked to hold positions in the Sunday School of the Safford Ward which we accepted.

The greatest thrill of our lives came when we went to the Temple in Mesa. With both our families as witnesses we were married, and our fine sons were sealed to us. That was an eight year old dream come true for us!

One week later Elder Spencer W. Kinball, of the Council of The Twelve, ordained Ruskin as a High Priest, and he was set apart as the Second Counselor in the Safford Ward Bishopric. One year later, he was set apart as First Counselor to the Bishop.

I am just completing my fifth year of school teaching since we came back to Safford in 1946. This has not been an easy task, but we feel that to work hard while we are young gives us some measure of security for our later years. We are both active in the Church. I am still working with the Junior Sunday School, and am singing in our Ward Relief Society Trio.

Besides serving in the Bishopric, Ruskin manages to teach the Adult Aaronic group in the Ward, and gives numerous talks at Civic Clubs and Church affairs.

Our life together has been full and good. We are trying to rear our sons after the pattern cut out for them by their grandparents. We hope to be living examples for them, as our parents have been for us.

Chapter XXVI

BETH'S STORY

My arrival in the early 1920's, the seventh child in a busy active family, caused little excitement. In genealogy work they had just discovered there had always been a "Sarah" in each of the preceding families so I became Sara Beth, Grandmother Anderson's namesake.

Our home and daily life had all of the characteristics of 20th century living. It was full of hustle and bustle to meet schedules, programs and projects. Since I was not blessed with any outstanding talent to make me noticed, I found the easiest way to get along was to fit into the daily schedule and to cause as little trouble as possible.

Living on all sides of us were people who retained the more placid 19th century way of life. Radios were in a very few homes so, for amusement, the older women would sit on their front porches and rock. Their hands were always busy with knitting and crocheting and their eyes just as busy taking in any movement that was going on. It was these people who had time to listen to my childish prattle as I went on errands for my mother. Of these, one of my favorites was Uncle Hyrum Weech. He treated me as an adult, listened to my every word, and then honored me with a few of his cut flowers when I departed.

At this time Grandfather Anderson had retired. His and Grandmother's days were full of leisure hours so every morning I would call on them. Usually they were eating a late breakfast and I would promptly join them. Later I would help Grandmother tidy up the house. Because Grandmother's back pained her a great deal I was her official back bender. I was repaid by being invited to accompany them on their daily afternoon excursions when they visited old friends around the valley. Their home was my castle and they were my favorite audience. They plied me with candy, admired all my new clothes, and even tied strings on June bugs for me.

I visited my Lines grandparents, but not so often because they lived farther away. The furnishings of their home fascinated me because

theirs was so different from other homes. The floors were covered with hand-woven rag carpets; bright, patchwork pillows padded the wooden rockers, and a high, wooden-backed bed graced the bedroom. The main attraction was a pantry with a full cookie jar ready to serve each grandchild that visited them.

The membership of our home was ever changing. When I awoke one morning, Phyllis notified me that Dr. Dryden had left a baby sister. A little later Trelva said Dr. Morris had brought one. Although they were mixed up on their stories I found the baby to be a reality. When I asked Mrs. Caroline Eyring, who was taking care of mother, to help me button my coveralls, she refused and said, "You are a big girl now." I realized then, that my babyhood was over.

After I was ill a great deal one winter with tonsilitis the folks decided to have my tonsils removed. Upon returning from the hospital I found that it was Ruskin, not I, who emerged from the operation the hero of the day. He had watched the entire procedure from a kitchen stool and found it interesting.

Because Vearl was the hero of us all, we children missed him with his clowning and teasing when he left for his mission. Shortly after his return he announced his engagement to a missionary companion, Leona Olsen. We were disappointed that he was to leave the family; but Leona soon won all our hearts with her kind and loving ways. We spent many pleasant evenings listening to her play her violin.

Until the spring I was in the first grade, life was bright, but now shadows darkened some periods. Grandmother's broken hip and death left an empty, sad spot. I was no longer her little special child but just one of many in a large family. When her daughters were dividing up grandmother's personal effects, I spied a sea shell I had loved to listen to. How I would have loved just one little remembrance of my beloved Grandmother.

Granddaddy Anderson died soon after Grandmother. In the next few years death struck often, taking Dale Blake, Grandmother Lines, Aunt Mary, Uncle Al, Aunt Rhoda, Uncle Will, and Granddaddy Lines.

The depression of 1929 had just begun but this didn't stop romance. Phyllis, just graduated from the University, announced her engagement to another University student, Wayne Hancock. They were to have a home wedding, and for floral decoration we gathered the wild Ocotillo blossoms late in the evening and arranged them in the parlor for the morning wedding. Early the next morning we heard a great hum. We

investigated and found the house alive with bees that had emerged from the Ocotillo blossoms. It was a mad scramble to rid the house of the bees before the wedding.

Marie, who had been a frequent visitor in our home, came to live with us. She was only a year younger than I. We naturally paired off together and became close companions. We soon discovered pleasures are doubled and punishments less severe when shared. We also learned there was no point in hurying to complete any of Mother's many jobs and projects as there were always a dozen more on the way. Yet in our little spare time Marie and I would scheme and plan to make some wish come true. The main thing that we couldn't promote was a bicycle, even though we joined every contest, hinted daily, and prayed nightly. One time, after we had deliberately cut holes in our shoes and scuffed them on the gravel sidewalk to dispose of them, we were disappointed when Mother had them resoled instead of buying the new ones we had hoped for. Those half soles just wouldn't wear out.

Marie resembled the rest of the family far more than I did and was often taken for the daughter and I for the granddaughter. This always plagued me and helped lead me secretly to believe for years that I had been adopted.

During the depression almost all of the younger girls' clothes were made from "hand me downs." As we grew larger, less alteration could be accomplished for Marie and me, while Marba was small enough for a complete remake. However, each spring Mother would see that we had a new Easter outfit.

Our entertainment was of our own making; yard games, hikes, candy pulls, and other activities. Our folks never took time for recreation but sometimes we could go along on business such as a trip to the goat ranch. On the return trips we would ride on the end gate and munch tortillos. The truck just crawled along and we sometimes would hop off and walk. Once Marie and I did this and the truck started up and we were left. It was late and we wondered if we could make it to Eden by dark, but Marba crawled up over the high stack of mohair sacks and told Dad of our plight. He returned and without scolding told us to hop on the back again.

Mother was always exceedingly busy with her home and Church duties so when Marie and I proposed to learn to sew she willingly supplied the material and patterns. Wisely she left the scene. I always did the cutting out because Marie too often cut two left sides. Marie

ran the machine because she had better luck fixing the machine when it broke down, which was often. We would try any project and soon thought we were quite the dress designers. As I became a better seamstress I started making Marba's clothes and many of Mother's.

Ruskin and Boyce were held upon a pedestal by the folks, but they were the bane of our existence because of their teasing. Ruskin could never be satisfied to be around us until he had started a quarrel. I'll never forget the day at school that Ruskin asked who the track meet winners were and was told his little sister, Beth, had taken her full share of the blue ribbons.

Trelva with her glib talk really worked us younger girls, yet we adored her and took a great interest in her many boy friends. We were very partial to the generous ones since we always shared the loot that Trelva acquired. One summer she put an end to this by marrying Ansel Wilson. Trelva, being Trelva, wanted her reception to be different and picked some fancy marshmallow dish for part of the refreshments. I cut up ten gallons of marshmallows. Although I missed her after she left, I was also a little happy for now I was the eldest daughter and enjoyed the resulting prestige.

Almost overnight, I grew until I was taller than any of my sisters and almost as tall as my brothers. I was shy and tried so hard to be inconspicuous that I was greatly surprised when I was elected president of the freshman class in high school. As a sophomore I was elected vice-president of the school and then was a candidate for president of the school. I spent a year in California, and then came back and was vice-president of the class, and editor of the school paper. I also was the winner of the oratorical contest. These activities helped to remove some of the shackles of my shyness.

The depression had eased by the time I graduated from high school and we were now allowed to go on shopping sprees. Buying my high school graduation dress was a thrill I have never forgotten.

From high school, I entered Gila College and enjoyed meeting many other valley students. From a scholastic standpoint, this was a mistake since many of my credits were not accepted on my course of study. All through high school I had had repeated attacks of flu and they occurred again when I was in college. By summer my heart had become enlarged and I had to spend the entire summer vacation in bed. At the age of eighteen, the last place a girl wants to be is in bed.

When Boyce married Carol Driggs, Marba and I missed his com-

(Top, left) Scott Pace; (center) Beth in cap and gown; (right) Scott and Beth; (Second, right) Bill and Steve on their tricycles; (left) Beth; (center) Scott and Beth. (Bottom, left) Beth on the University Campus; (center) Steve; (right) Beth.

(Top, left) Steve and Bill; (right) Beth. (Second row, left) Beth and Marba; (right) Gareth, Jonie, Geraldine and Steve on the grey mare. (Third, left) Steve; (center) Ruskin by Beth in her walker; (right) Beth, Marie, Boyce and Marba. (Third, left) Beth and Marie. (Bottom, left) Beth; (right) Geraldine, Steve, Jonie and Gareth at Pace Ranch.

panionship. Since his return from the University, we had enjoyed accompanying him to many dances and games. He always made us feel he was proud of us.

Mother had been ill all the winter before Boyce's marriage and, right after the ceremony, she underwent a serious operation. She amazed us with her rapid recovery and by summer was well again. At this time we learned of Ruskin's marriage to Jeana Allred.

Like most girls, I was interested in boys. Some boys caused only a flicker while others interested me for a little while. The summer I was nineteen, while at a wedding reception, Scott Pace asked to take me home. I had a good impression of him from previous double dates and so accepted. He had brought his Grandmother Pace to the reception and so first we took her home. Grandmother later said that 'Scott graciously came and escorted her to the party but, when he took her home, someone else was in the car.' One date led to another and as the summer progressed so did the romance.

Fall arrived and Scott took me over to the University in his car. This car took us everywhere and helped make it the wonderful fall it was. The students were so friendly and such good company, the activities grand, we didn't miss an event. I even saw my first circus there.

December 7, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and we were at war. As soon as Scott graduated in January, he enlisted and was sent to McChord Field, Washington. While there, he had an attack of spinal meningitis complicated with mumps. As soon as he recovered, Scott was given a three weeks convalescence furlough and arrived in Tucson just as I was taking my finals. My morale was improved by his visit, but my grades certainly were not.

I spent a summer session at the University living off campus with a group of girls, one of whom was Scott's sister, Helen. We had so much fun I was amazed to learn I had made a "one" average. After summer school, I left by train for Washington to visit Scott. He had obtained a three day pass and we had a glorious holiday. One event was an excursion trip up Mt. Rainer. While I was there, we decided to formally announce our engagement so Scott gave me my diamond. All too soon, I had to leave for home.

Upon my return, my folks gave me a buffet supper to announce our engagement. It was a lovely party; all my friends and Scott's family were there. A date for the wedding couldn't be set for the Army was making our plans.

When I left for school, things settled down at home but only for a little while. Scott was attending Officers' Candidate school in Georgia and received a ten day delay en route while the school was being moved to Michigan. I met his train in Bowie and that night we informed our folks of our desire to be married at 2:00 p.m. the next day. All the relatives helped with the many preparations. There were: the guests to be invited; refreshments, flowers, license and the bishop to be arranged for; the house to prepare and the wedding dress to be finshed. Wilda Merrill worked half the night and had the dress ready by 2:30 the next day. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Burt McBride and on November 25, 1942, I became Mrs. Scott Pace.

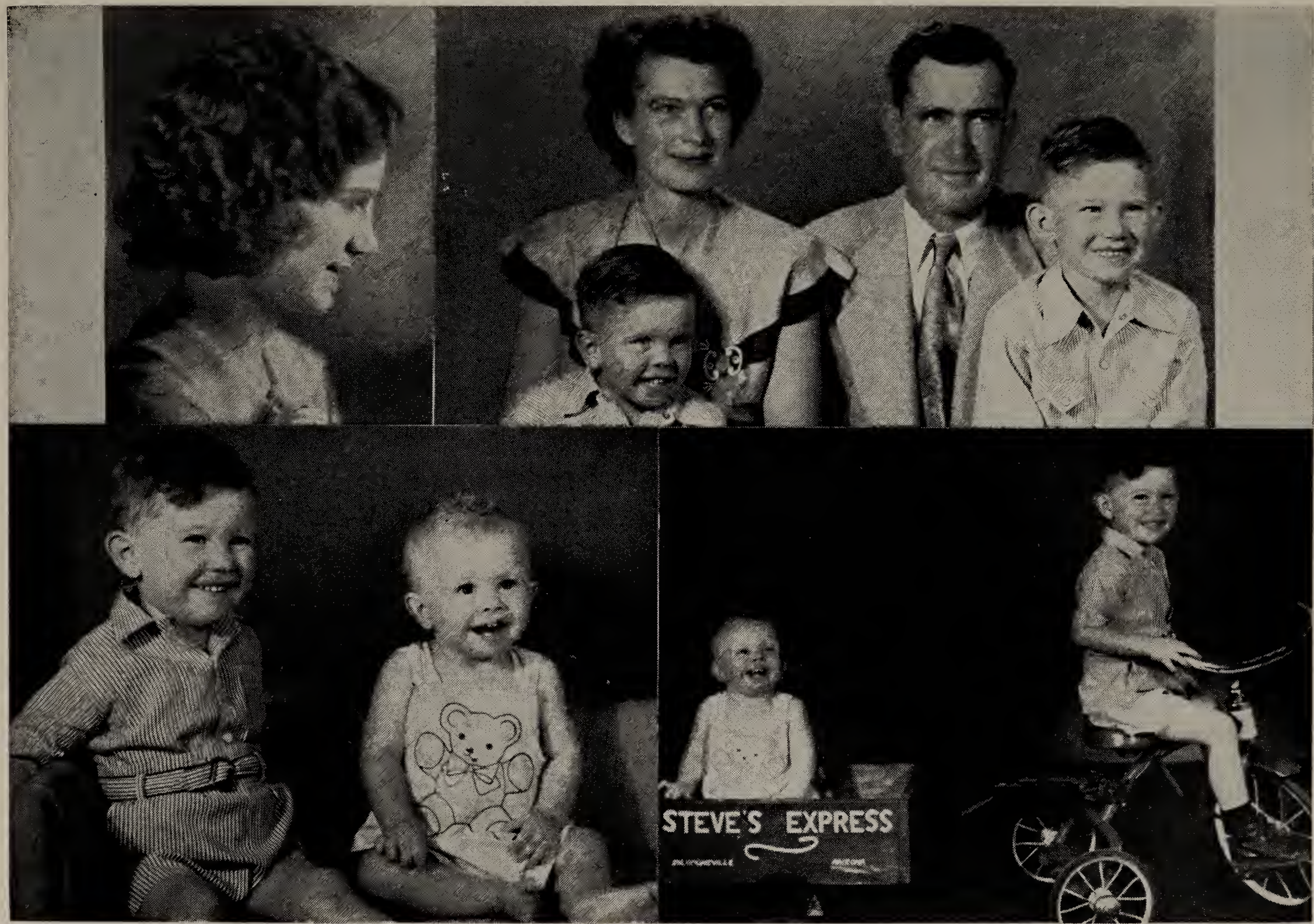
After a very short honeymoon I went back to the University and Scott went to Officers' Candidate school. Upon his graduation, he again had a few days leave. I was in the home management house and doing practice teaching. It took some managing to get any time off to spend with him. The University wasn't yet adjusted to wartime student brides.

The longer I attended the University the easier my work became and also the better my grades. I was pleased upon graduation to be told that I had been selected as the outstanding Home Economics Education student. I was offered several teaching positions but I wanted to join Scott who was now stationed in Louisiana.

Scott's father gave us a new Plymouth and his brother Elman, with his wife, drove me to Louisiana. Scott had rented an apartment and we were able to set up housekeeping for the first time. This lasted only three short weeks or until Scott left for Africa on a Prisoner-of-War detail. I stayed in Louisiana doing welfare work to hold the apartment until his return in September.

That fall, we were transferred to a Prisoner-of-War branch camp in southern Louisiana to help harvest the sugar cane crop. It was here that we really began to have a normal home life. As a housewife I battled mold, mildew, cisterns, poor water, and wartime privations. At times I did substitute teaching. Our entertainment was an occasional trip into New Orleans and dinners and parties with the local residents. It was a quiet, happy life and we were grateful that we could be together.

After three years of marriage our first son was born on my folk's forty-third wedding anniversary. Mother came to help and help we needed, because Stephen was a colicky baby and kept all three of us busy. Mother left in a month to help with another grandson, Paul.



(Top, left) Beth; (right) Picture made of Beth's family in 1952. Bill, Beth, Scott and Steve. (Bottom, left) Bill and Steve seated on the couch. (right) Bill riding in Steve's Express pulled by Steve on his tricycle.

Top, left) Marba in cap and gown; (center, left) Arthur, Marba and Eva at the University for Marba's graduation; (center, right) Arthur and Marba; (right) Marba. (Second row) Choral group at the Brigham Young University, Marba is fourth from right in front row. Other pictures are of Marba alone.

When Stephen was three months old and the war over, we returned home and Scott started to help manage his father's farm. This was a time of post-war readjustment for everyone. Gradually all things began to turn back to a normal way of living.

Stephen was delighted, at the age of twenty-two months, when Bill arrived. Complications with Bill had necessitated an operation. Miraculously we were able to save Bill, but neuritis set in on me and it was three years before I was free from pain.

I feel blessed to have been born into this family and environment and have had many special privileges and opportunities. I am happy in my marriage and feel like a great many more pleasant experiences and much happiness is in store for me.

Just at the end of the first World War, Scott arrived into the family of Martha and Willard Pace. The family continued to grow until he had two brothers, Elman and Jim, and three sisters, Ruth Helen and Kathleen. The family lived in Thatcher and neighbored their grandparents, the Richard Laytons and the W. W. Paces.

On the establishment of the Pace Hardware business in Safford by their father, the family moved to Safford. In this town Scott received his formal education through high school. His parents believed travel was also educational and Scott has traveled through nearly all the states of this country.

Due to his own ill health and his father's ill health, Scott quit school his first year in college and helped with the family's businesses of hardware, ranching and farming. On recovery of his father's health, the family moved to Los Angeles.

On their return to the Valley, Scott entered the University of Arizona and graduated from the College of Business Administration just a month after Pearl Harbor. He enlisted in the Army and was attached to the Quartermaster's Corps in the State of Washington. While on this duty, he had Spinal Meningitis. After his recovery, he entered and graduated from the Military Police Officers' Candidate School. He was sent to Camp Livingston to the prisoner of war camp. The movement of prisoners caused him to travel quite extensively, the longest being a trip to Africa. The work later entailed having the prisoners harvest the sugar cane crop in southern Louisiana.

When the war ended, he returned to his 'first labor of love,' that of ranching and farming.

Chapter XXVII

MARBA'S STORY

"The *baby* of the family," that's me. I often wondered if people knew my correct name; yet I can't say that it didn't have its advantages, for if anyone was ever loved and felt special it was I. There wasn't one of my brothers or sisters' home in which I hadn't spent at least one night by the time I was married. Each one had contributed some special thing to add to my happiness.

With my son now in his first year of life I can better realize what affection is given to the "baby." If I were able to look into his future, I'm sure I would be greatly surprised at the changes in the world and the way of life that he will enjoy. Even now with airplanes flying continually in the sky, television and the improvement of the radio, without even starting on the uses that will be made of atomic energy, life differs greatly from my early years. It is still rather easy to remember a typical day in our home when I was a child; there was never a lack for excitement with Boyce and Ruskin there, and Mother was always seeing that things got done. If I could turn the time back to any one of those days, I'm sure it might go something like this: "It's time to get up!—Hurry now!" That was Mom calling from the kitchen. Sleepily, I sat up. The sun had just risen far enough to let you know the day was here to stay. My jeans and shirt were soon on and I was out the back door. It took only a few minutes to get the bridle from the nail where I'd placed it the night before and carefully put it in my left hand with the reins so they wouldn't fall and yet would allow me to slip them quickly around her neck. I then held it behind my back and with the other hand took a lump of candy out of my pocket. As I walked through the grass the dew left its place and came to rest on my shoes leaving behind a trail of footprints. Prissy was nowhere to be seen. "She must be in the mesquites," I thought. I whistled to her but nothing happened. I whistled again and soon I could see her well shaped body coming toward me.

I remember the first time I saw her, how much she had changed. How I had wanted a horse of my own; nevertheless, I couldn't complain because I could always ride the bay mare but to have one that was *mine*, this was what I really wanted most that Christmas and I didn't keep my wish a secret. I was up early that Christmas morning and under some pretext I slipped outside but found the pasture by the house was bare. It was time to open our presents so with hope in my heart I began, and in each I looked for some sign that might tell me my wish came true. The presents were the same things as all the Christmases before: a new pair of shoes, a dress, some stockings, one game and other smaller things important to a child. Everything was open and not a thing to show that this Christmas was any different. Then Dad casually said, "Say, Marba, how would you like to go to the farm with me this morning?" My eyes lit up and a big smile crossed my face. Even though I often went with Dad to the farm this sounded as if it might bring something different. Soon we were all in the car and shortly after that I was looking at a small long-legged, paint colt. She looked very unconcerned about her new owner but I was bursting with pride. After taking a good look, Dad tried to make her run. She had won his heart the day he saw her following behind her mother and noticed that she was a single footer.

I was now back to the present for Prissy was nudging me with her nose in hopes of candy. I handed it to her but only when she was in a position that I could quickly slip the reins around her neck and then the bit in her mouth. In one quick leap I was on her back, ready to drive the cows to pasture. The cows went leisurely along, nibbling here and there at a tasty bit of new grass. The canal was past and soon I was opening the gate by the wash. It was only a short way from there to the field where I left them. Once out of the wash I set Prissy at a lope. It was good to feel the wind through my hair. Only a month before it wasn't as pleasant and I would have worn a scarf and would have been bundled up from head to foot.

My jeans were soon off, Prissy was shedding too much to wear them for anything except riding, and I was quickly dressed. Breakfast smelled so good that I could hardly wait. Every place was taken. The blessing said and a silence fell over the table as we each began eating our mush. I ate quickly for I knew I would get little else until it was gone. A large plate of eggs was passed my way and, by adding to this all the hot biscuits I could eat, it took little else to fill me.

"What a lot of dirty dishes! Why was it you always had to have dirty dishes?" I thought, as Beth and I were left to the task. It was Beth's turn to wash and I was glad because Mother would always come in just as you were half through washing one dish pan full of dishes and fill it up to the top again as she cleaned off the table. She had just gone when Ruskin and Boyce appeared. As usual, in no time, they had Beth and I arguing with each other. They disappeared just a few steps ahead of Mother's return and we were left to "pay the piper."

Broken-hearted over the scolding I had just received, I went to tend the chickens. Since the age of four I had been performing this task and it had been with great pride that I first helped place the eggs carefully in one of the buckets which Mother or one of the older children carried. The day came that I could carry a bucket by myself. At this time Beth was sent under the platform, which held the roost, to gather the eggs which some uncooperative hens had laid there in hopes of being able to set on them. Beth would go all the way back and I would go under just far enough to take them from her and hand them out which was fine with me. It didn't bother me when we reversed positions. *Then* came the day when Beth decided she would soon be six years old and when that happened she would be too old to crawl under the roost. It took little persuading on Beth's part to convince Mother that I could easily do it myself and, when her birthday came, the task was mine alone. By then, I had little pride in the job and endured it with the hopes that someday I would be *six* years old. As the day came nearer I planned what I'd say to Mother. If I ever did think of someone else doing my job, I quickly dismissed it for I had seen Mother and Beth both use a rake or hoe to drag the eggs out. My birthday came but everyone was too busy that day so I didn't mention it until the next day. Mother was out helping and she saw that there were eggs under the roost. My speech failed me, but I remember asking if she couldn't rake them out. She then told me I could do it faster. "But I'm too big now," I proudly answered. Her only reply was, "But you're still the smallest one in the family, now hurry and get those eggs!" My heart was broken but I did as I was told.

The chickens always needed feeding and watering and during all these chores, so far away from the house, I found a perfect audience as I imitated my favorite singer, Jeanette MacDonald. I thought she was so beautiful and Nelson Eddy was just wonderful. If practice helps, I got plenty in that old chicken coop. The five gallon paint can was

filled and another bucket half full when the last egg was gathered.

I next sat on the side porch and was casing the eggs when Boulder and her pups came to play with me. Placing the eggs so that they couldn't be harmed I proceeded to play with the dogs. How proud Boulder was of her pups and when they were first born she always wanted us to know of her babies. She would come to the back door and whine until someone came. Then she would lead us to where she had safely placed her offspring and smile up at us as we admired them. She was certainly a good watch dog. No one could step inside the hedge without her warning us of their presence; however, this had not been Dad's original purpose in bringing her home, instead, he wanted to train her pups for goat dogs. The best way to do this was to take a small pup before its eyes were open and place it on a nanny. The pup assuming the goat to be his mother would be protective of her and the other goats.

"Marba, Mar - - - ba," Mother wanted something so I quickly ran to see what. "Here's a list of things I want from the store, and while you're there you might as well get the mail, but do hurry for I need those things right away." This was not the last errand I would be sent on that day. Since I was the baby and didn't have as many important things to do, I was the right one to be sent on errands at any time—not always away from the house but oft times to get a particular item within the house. There were few things which I couldn't locate. I was soon on my way and in a short time headed back home with my possessions. That large pile of wood in the back of the house was a good reminder of my need to hurry. This was not an ordinary stack of wood. No! Only the large limbs had been cut for wood, when Dad had it brought from the wash, after the Soil Conservation Service had cleared the river bottom, and this left a very large stack of small limber limbs. The small branches made excellent switches and were far handier for Mother to get than a belt; which Ruskin and Boyce usually had hidden. It never can be said that Mother spared the rod and spoiled the child. My, but those small limbs could sting and, being far from a perfect child, I had often felt them. As I unloaded the items from my arms, Mother told me my list of tasks for the rest of the day. My only hope was to get part of them done before being called to do an errand so that I might have a few accomplishments to show for my day.

On Saturday afternoon, the major part of the time was spent in washing and fixing hair. Beth's hair always took a long time to dry

so hers was washed first. The magazines were an endless source of new styles; so, each week, we chose our style, then fixed each others hair. After our hair was finished each of us took one side of Mother's and in no time her's was also finished.

When the evening dishes were done, we younger children went to the dining room to listen to the radio; it was a major portion of our entertainment. I can still remember when Phyllis gave the family our first radio; it sat in the dining room and in order not to miss a word I would sit on a footstool with my ear close to the speaker. This evening, being much older, I sat at the table and wrote the list of songs as they were announced on the Hit Parade.

Ruskin and Boyce had vacated the bathroom and were rushing around getting ready to leave before the phone rang and their girl friends would ask if they had left yet. The back door slammed and they were on their way. This was the signal for me to take my bath. I turned the volume up on the radio and left a crack in the bathroom doorway before proceeding. At the end of the program I jumped out and quickly dressed for bed. I said my prayers and a full day was ended.

There were many other incidents which stand out in my memory that I'm sure will be far different from those which any of my children will encounter. I shall never forget the year it was decided that all the cotton-pickers' children should attend school. We had all been cautioned not to touch any desks as we passed on our way to play but, other than this, I knew little of it until Beth came home with a few spots of rash on her arm. Since I slept with Beth, I went to Mother and told her that 'I didn't want to sleep with Beth that night because I didn't want to get the *itch*.' To this, Mother answered that Beth surely didn't have the "itch." I was very persistent and finally Mother said that, since I was going to feel this way about it, *she* would sleep with Beth. Only a day later, Mother had a rash and it *itched*. It was far from easy to get rid of; first they tried skin salve, then ointment, hot baths, and finally sulfur and lard. Toward the end of their seige, I also contacted it at school but, since mine was only a slight case, it was over by the time their last spot had healed. Needless to say, the town did little about making sure the cotton-pickers' children attended school from then on.

Since I was the youngest, most of my home life recollections involve Boyce, Ruskin, Beth, Marie and I rather than the older children who were either married or away to school.

Ruskin was always a great one to want to read and once he began,

"just a minute" was about the only reply you could get from him. He read not only literature for his age group but all types. There was not one single reader that Beth, Marie or I ever brought home that Ruskin didn't read from cover to cover before we even got a chance at it. I can remember hiding my new book under the old ones and still he would find it. During my fourth grade in school Ruskin entered the oratorical contest at Gila. While writing it Trelva and Ruskin would sit at the dining room table with a set of books before them. All had to be quiet and since this was practically impossible for me, I was soon sent to bed. Weeks later after Ruskin won the contest I could once again resume my studying in the dining room. The following year he became quite an actor at the Gila Little Theater and I was his prompter. Night after night I would sit on the bed in the back-bedroom while he would go through the motions and his lines in the play. What a thrill it gave me when I saw the final production and I could say practically every part from memory.

My close association with Boyce came a few years later. After he graduated from the University of Arizona, I attended nearly all the football or basketball games with him. His best girl friends lived out of town and not wishing to take anyone else I was allowed to tag along for company. I felt very important when he would discuss the various plays with me; so I missed few plays in order to live up to his expectations of me.

Though quite different in looks, Beth and I were able to wear each others clothes. This was very handy for neither of us objected and it gave each of us a greater selection. The only time I ever wished that she couldn't wear mine was the time she took my new coat, which I had never worn, to the 4-H convention at Tucson. When the convention was cancelled, after only one day, because of the death of a girl, I regretted that I had ever wanted to deny her the use of my coat.

Every time I see a star falling it reminds me of the beautiful nights we spent on the lawn. The clean air was scented with various flowers along with the fragrance from the cotton blossoms, and the smell of freshly cut alfalfa. In August there were always falling stars and before they could be seen we children would romp on the grass and do acrobatics. Marie was so agile and limber that she always excelled in this. I couldn't have been prouder, if I had been doing it myself, the night she performed a solo acrobatic dance in the High School Spring Festival and made a big hit.

Mother was determined that each of us should have some close association with music, especially the piano. In doing so she not only gave us a background in music but many other associations. I never think of practicing without a picture of the front room being brought to mind. At the piano I sat with a quilt wrapped around me from the waist down, and over this was a coat and under that was a sweater. An hour in that cold room sitting still could get you mighty cold unless you were well covered. My introduction to the piano came when I was in the first grade. Maxine Lines was my first teacher. After she left, Marie Farley was my teacher and her recitals in which I played helped me to progress .Maxine Lines again returned and I studied with her for the next few years. During my eighth grade at school I played at various functions and this was climaxed by a solo in the graduation ceremony.

My freshman year at high school was to me like the beginning of a new life. That year, through the inspiration of Olive Evans and Maxine Lines, I acquired a love for literature and music which has continued throughout my life. Music was not a new experience for me but it was then that I began enjoying it to its fullest. I had always loved to sing and now Glee Club gave me the opportunity. I had been playing the E-flat alto saxophone in the band since the seventh grade, but started playing the 'cello in the orchestra this year. I also took an active interest in girls' sports and, though I never became very excellent in them, I enjoyed them more that year than any other year of my life. This year was also the beginning of a new part of my life socially because it brought my first steady boy friend.

The war had a marked influence on my life. Who doesn't remember the day of the Pearl Harbor incident? I can never forget what a beautiful day it had been. We had been so busy that we hadn't turned on the radio. Since it was such a nice day, Dad said 'I could take the car and do some practice driving.' My girl friends and I drove out to the old Wickersham Airport where we were offered free plane rides. It was my first ride in a plane and I was a bit scared, but very excited. The ride lived up to my expectations. Upon landing I was told that the U.S. was at war for Japan had attacked Pearl Harbor. "This must be a joke," I thought. The pilot checked with the radio and assured me that they were right. He also said that 'he would be unable to take any others up because all planes were grounded.' Rather dazed and confused we went home wondering what was to come next.

The rest of the school year was not much different socially but there

was a tightening up on the things you could buy. I spent the major part of the second semester getting ready for the music festival which was held each spring at the Gila Jr. College; this was the last one that was held until the war was over. I participated in the band and orchestra, the women's Glee Club and the mixed chorus. I personally received an excellent rating for my vocal solo, an opera aria, and also played a 'cello solo. Shortly after the festival, I became ill and had to spend the major portion of the next six weeks in bed.

School took on a different atmosphere the next year: some of the older boys were joining up, others were taking tests for the Air Force Reserve program, decorations were difficult to get for the dances, and the football boys went on their trips without the band.

The summers of 1942 and 1943 I spent at Phyllis'. Los Angeles had become very industrialized with all the new defense contracts that had been given out in that area. This brought an influx of people and among them were many young folks from Utah and Idaho (Zion, they called it). The M Men and Gleaner groups had become very active with a party every week and fireside chats each Sunday. There was fun to be had for everyone and much inspiratiion to be felt when you heard the testimonies of the boys in uniform. Both summers I took vocal lessons and my teacher gave me a background in fundamentals: her pleasing personality made the lessons a joy. In addition to my increased knowledge of music, I developed a deep appreciation of Phyllis and her family by staying in their home.

Between these summers I attended Gila and at the same time completed my high school education by taking a correspondence course in government and geometry at Thatcher High School. Gila had an easy going atmosphere which made it easy to know everyone. One day the Army Air Force called all their trainees to duty. They piled on the bus together and we gave them a grand send-off: the band played, the cheer leaders led us in a yell, and we all sang the college song. Next day the school seemed very foreign because there was not one of my classes which had not been cut to one third of its original size.

Beth had gotten married that year which left me not only the "baby" but also the only one at home. This brought about a closeness between my parents and I similar to that of an only child. I loved to go with Dad to the farm or to the ranch and hear of the various things he was planning. Other times Mother and I were able to spend many hours talking of the things she had done and still planned to accomplish in

this life. Both Mother and Dad were always busy planning for the future and some new project.

I was the sixth child to enter the University of Arizona and it thrilled me to follow in the other children's footsteps. The major part of my time was spent at the music college because my schedule always required a great amount of practice. The first year the mixed chorus presented the "Messiah" and it was with eagerness that I learned not only the chorus parts but also the solo parts. The following year I was given the opportunity to sing one of the duets in the large auditorium and a solo on the radio. Another year I played the 'cello in the orchestra for it. Singing was my greatest interest in music, though I had to learn to play every different type of instrument, and took lessons on the 'cello. For two years I played with the Tucson Symphony Orchestra. The largest piece of vocal work I did was a concert version of "Samson and Delilah."

The summers after my first and second years at the University, I spent a few weeks visiting Trelva in El Paso where two incidents occurred which I shall never forget. The first one occurred during the summer of 1943. One Friday, Trelva, Ruth Farley, and I began a week-end trip to Chihuahua by boarding a rickety bus along with our fellow passengers. Ruth and I became almost as great a curiosity as the view outside because every half hour we would dab a piece of cotton containing alcohol on the lobe of each ear. The object of this was to protect them from infection because they had been pierced the afternoon before. Neither of us had had any idea that we were going to have it done when we went to the Doctor's office with Cherie Romney, but during the long wait each of us talked the other into having it done. Now, trip or no trip, we would have to take care of them; however, we *did* enjoy the week-end. The second incident occurred during the Christmas of 1944. The M Men and Gleaners packed into two trucks and went caroling. The crowd was so large that everywhere we stopped there was a line of cars behind the two trucks. Our last stop was at Trelva's where we served rolled enchiladas and cocoa. Though I was with a date, I was very interested when a group of boys came in. My interest faded when I saw that the cutest one was with a girl. I didn't think of him again until this particular one introduced himself as being from Tucson. By the time we had everyone settled and all their coats put away, I had spoken to practically all of the people except him. We sang some carols and while we served refreshments I asked someone,

'who the girl was that came in with that particular boy.' "Why she's married," they replied. "Oh! Have they been married long?" I asked. "Oh, No! She's married to his brother who has gone over seas," was their reply. I then had to take my date to the air base because he had to report for duty at 11:00 p.m. When I got back I asked about the boy from Tucson and was told that he and his sister-in-law had to leave early. Little did I realize that I would get to meet him two years later.

Registration was over and there was a big dance to celebrate the beginning of a new semester. My roommate and I decided to attend, for a big band was playing and it was a stag affair. Ernest Clawson asked me for a dance and we had hardly started dancing when he began telling me of a friend, who was just back from the Army, that he wanted me to see. He described him as being good looking, dark complexioned and wearing a battle jacket. After that description, I imagined a dream man: tall, dark and handsome. My visions tumbled as he approached and I saw that he was *short!* My height worried me considerably and I had seldom gone with short fellows, therefore I was not accustomed to it. After the dance my roommate asked me what I thought of him and I replied, "Oh! He's a good dancer, but he's too short for me!"

About two weeks later Kitty Payne, my best girl-friend, and I were at the Institute taking pictures. We had taken some of each other, but wanted one of us together; so we went into the Institute to find someone to help us out. In the playroom we heard voices and found Melvin Denham (whom Kitty later married) and a boy she introduced as Meade Nielson. We played two games of table tennis together and contrary to our first meeting I became very interested. I was the first girl at the Institute to have a date for he Boy's Formal which was a *month* away! Meade made sure he got there first! That was the beginning of our courtship and it was yet to have many ups and downs before the end of the semester. During the semester the Institute offered a source of enjoyment through its active social program. Here I was chorister for a year and a half and led the girls group in the G.A.A. Song Festival twice. One of the highlights of my association with the Institute was the trip we took to Provo to the Lambda Delta Sigma Convention. There were close to forty piled into the bus headed north. Though rather cramped for space, there were few complaints and everyone seemed jolly and ready for fun. We all went to Salt Lake

while there and toured the State Capitol building. Meade and I parted from the group and spent the rest of the time together sight-seeing. The convention was a success and we all went home tired but happy.

After my last final was over, Meade and I celebrated with a steak dinner and a show. When we returned, we parked behind the dormitory so that we could see the lights as they blinked the signal to come in. It was easy to see he had something on his mind but it took two or three topics before it came out. He wanted to know if I would wear his ring. This was a difficult question to answer and I wanted him to understand my position; so I explained that I had been writing to a boy over seas whom I'd like to see before I gave Meade my final answer. Little did I realize that he took this as a negative answer. The summer passed and I heard nothing from him. At the M Men and Gleaner convention in El Paso that year I didn't lack for fun, but I saw little of Meade.

Fall brought the beginning of school and all the boys were back from the war. I was having lots of fun; however, October came and I still hadn't seen Meade. I asked Kitty where he was and she told me that he had gone to Salt Lake to conference. Sometime later at one of the Institute dances I mentioned to him how much I enjoyed dancing with him; our courtship was on again. That Christmas, Meade flew me home in his plane and was very careful to do everything just right. Before he left to go home, we went to the farm and gathered mistletoe then I took him to the airport and watched as he headed for Tucson.

It was the middle of finals but there was to be a big dancing party for all those who were leaving the University. Meade and I were the honored guests; he was going on a mission and I was graduating and leaving for extra work at the Brigham Young University. Various times he had mentioned how he loved my hair; so, at the end of the evening, he clipped a lock of my hair to take along on his mission, we pledged to write one another, and parted. He did write and each time the letters became longer and came a little oftener. Three years broke down the barrier and told us a lot about one another; unless he had changed a lot and was much different than his letters indicated, I knew he was the one for me.

During the time he was away, I taught music and auditorium in the first through the seventh grades in the Mesa Elementary Schools. While at the Alma School, one of my more outstanding productions was the operetta "Tom Sawyer," because of its use of black lighting in the

cave scene. I was also chorister in the Sunday School and MIA and did much solo work which I enjoyed and which helped bring the day nearer when I would again see Meade. That day finally came and he was even more wonderful than I had remembered. On the weekends I drove to Tucson or he drove to Phoenix, but we usually managed to get together. October 15th we announced our approaching marriage. What a party! A neighbor was so helpful for she had decorated the centerpiece, which was a bride with a decorated cake for a skirt, and all the cupcakes which gave the table that extra touch. Previously I had made a record of "The Man I Love" with a few changes in the words, which announced our intentions. For the next two months, I rushed from place to place; at school, I was presenting the first Christmas production in the new auditorium, Mother wanted my help on the reception program, and I was trying to get everything I needed to take the fatal step.

Trelva's home was the place of much commotion at that time. I had been staying in the maid's quarters at her home for the past year; this association brought us very close together. She fell heir to all the confusion associated with the wedding and she offered advice and helped in her sweet way.

It seems that we were to meet with obstacles all the way through our courtship right up to the very day of our wedding which was set for December 19, 1949. The school had its last rehearsal on the afternoon of the 14th and it had been very tiring, but no rest was in sight. I picked up Meade at his sister's where he was staying while he served his two weeks of active duty for the Air Force. On our way to Phoenix, we were involved in an accident. It was a blind intersection and the sun was shining across the windshield; the patrolman said neither was to blame. No one was hurt but the cars took a bad beating. This left us without a car for our honeymoon but both families offered their cars; so we had a honeymoon after all.

On the wedding morning, I arose early after a restless night which I blamed on a mouse that ran up and down the blinds all night. When I told my tale, everyone laughed and said it was wedding jitters, but John Arthur came to my rescue by catching the culprit and offering proof. The wedding went off fine and for me there will never be a lovelier one. There were so many there to watch that it thrills me to know so many think that much of us; most of them had gotten up and driven the 120 miles that morning. The ceremony was inspiring and

that moment when we were pronounced man and wife for eternity, I shall never forget. As we left the Temple, Ruskin took some pictures and then we left for our wedding luncheon at Camelback Inn. A large table had been set placing Meade and I and our parents at the head of it. Around the table sat all our relatives and friends. There was much talk and advice, most of which I have forgotten, but the message on their faces I will *never* forget. The newspaper photographer took a group of pictures and we left in a hail of rice. Our car was well decorated and the rocks in the hub caps announced our coming before we could be seen. Still more posing for the photographer before my suitcases were loaded in the car and our honeymoon had begun. Three and a half days isn't very long, but we tried our best to see all; however, being together was far more important than anything we saw. Phyllis and Wayne were very nice to us; they had various radio show tickets for us and we spent the day seeing shows and sights of Hollywood. It was over much too soon and we returned to Tucson where Meade's folks gave an open house for us. Everything that could be done to make things smooth and gracious had been previously arranged. They gave us a beautiful cake, the kind that just makes a cake cutting ceremony. Their thoughtfulness made it more evident to me the wonderful character of Meade's folks.

A reception had been arranged for us in Safford by my folks. Cal Greer, Julia Waters and many other fine friends combined quartettes, solos, trios, and hard work making appropriate stage props to produce "Sweethearts in Silhouette," the name of our program. The strength of their work and their kindness shown us manifest the quality of a program that people talked about for a long time. The rest of the reception was just as wonderful: the food was handled and presented in the best of taste and the gifts were arranged so as to give the best possible advantage to each. Ruskin did a fine job as master of ceremonies and things went smoothly. There were many beautiful flowers, among these were my orchid and the ginger leis for both mothers which Gordon, Meade's brother, had sent from Hawaii.

All the ceremonies and receptions were now over; so it was up to us to make a go of it. As we packed all of our lovely gifts into the car, we felt that a trailer would have been more adequate and as we unpacked them in our small apartment we were sure our friends had been far too generous. Each day of our new found life together increased our love for each other and gave us a better understanding of one

(Top, left) wedding picture of Marba and Meade; (right) their new home in Phoenix. (Second row, left) Marba when they moved from Pima; (center) Meade and Marba cutting their wedding cake; (right) baby picture of Marba. (Third, right) Marba. (Bottom, left) Marba; (right) Marba, Ellis Arthur and Meade in 1952.

Pictures taken after Marba's wedding and Announcement Tea. (Top, left) relatives gathered at Temple; (right) Marba and Meade. (Second row) Pictures taken during wedding luncheon at Camelback Inn. (Third row) family of Arthur and Eva; (right) two pictures after tea at Trelva's. (Bottom, left) Eva, Arthur, Marba, Meade, Mrs. Neilson and Mr. Neilson.

another. Now for the first time we were able to talk freely of our former experiences and families. Knowing these experiences gave us a background for understanding each other. I feel that you should also know something of the boy I married; so I will now give him a chance to tell of himself in the next few paragraphs.

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My life on this earth as Meade Edward Nielson began on the 23rd day of December in the year 1924 in a little red sand-stone house situated on the shore of a beautiful lake at Black Rock, New Mexico which was the Indian Agency for the Zuni Indian reservation. I was the last child born to the F. E. Nielson family; so I was called, due to circumstances beyond my control, the "baby" of the family. Ah! But there's no regret in my thoughts there because I had two wonderful brothers and one very sweet sister to help me find my way down the "bumpy road of life" and they all tried very hard to see that I got the correct start. Though I didn't concur with their methods at times, I'm sure they meant only the best and I'm in full appreciation of this fact at my present stage of life.

My father was the Farm Extension agent at Black Rock and he gave up fond hopes of an education in medicine to insure reasonable security for a growing family during times that were still unpredictable. His salary supplied the necessities of life and through his amazing ability to "stretch" money, even provided for many luxuries. The spirit of the family life was inoculated with the simple love and devotion that Mother and Father held for each other. It became, indeed, a humble and happy family with a love for the Lord.

At the age of five, I began school in a small, one-room school house. It was situated about two city blocks away from the Zuni Indian pueblo; so, many of my school playmates were Indians. The family moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico and I attended school there for six months then on to Sunnyside School in Tucson, Arizona where I graduated from the seventh grade. I also attended school at Mansfield Jr. High for two years, then Senior High for four years. I graduated from High School in 1942 and attended the University of Arizona, the University of North Dakota, and Arizona State College at Tempe for a total of three years; however, my college education was interrupted several times: twice by military service and once by a foreign mission for the church.

I spent three years in the Army branch of military service: six months as a motorcycle rider in the Mechanized Cavalry, a year and a half in Pilot Training School and the remaining year in B-29 Flight Engineering School. Among my accomplishments, one thing which seemed to please my mother was my graduation from Pilot School. She looked so proud when she pinned the silver wings on my uniform. Little did I know at that time she was suffering from a cancerous infection that caused her death a short time later. Words fail to explain the love that I have for that wonderful Mother of mine.

Some of the greatest moments of my life were realized while performing a two and a half years mission in Holland. There can be no greater joy than that I have received from the Lord's service.

I am very fond of music and have played the saxophone for over five years. I play enough on the piano to amuse myself and manage to do the same thing on the accordion.

The Lord has blessed me beyond my greatest expectations and he has given me a wonderful wife to share with me the joys and trials of the remainder of this life. Before I was married, I was told that one not only marries the daughter, but also the entire family. I guess you could also say: like mother, like daughter, but, however you say it, know this; my eyes were not closed to the qualifications of my future wife's parents and my marriage to their daughter is proof enough that I liked what I saw.

• • •

Yes, Meade had married me not only for time, but for all eternity. The future was ours to plan and work for. Meade's schooling had been previously interrupted so, if he were ever to complete it, now was the time. He entered the Arizona State College at Tempe the next semester.

The summer of 1950 he was sent to Chanute Air Force Base by the Air Force Reserve and I was able to accompany him. We had two wonderful weeks there seeing Illinois and spending a week-end in Chicago. The trip back held much enjoyment for we were able to see the Carthage jail, and the interesting points of Yellowstone Park.

June 4, 1951, Meade was called back into the service of his country, but the biggest event of our life occurred August 25, 1951 when Ellis Arthur, our first child, a son, was born. Ten days later Meade left for Alabama, but returned to be stationed here the following November.

We feel we have been greatly blessed. It is our hope that the world conditions will soon change so that we may continue with our plans for the future, and that we may be able to raise a family to further the work of the Lord.

A family is the most wonderful unit the Lord created. In my life it has been my family which has led me through my problems, given comfort and helped me achieve happiness. As my child develops I know he will not have the same experiences that I had as a child, but I do hope that I can instill in him the driving forces which were instilled in me by my parents and my brothers and sisters and that I can make him a worthy citizen and child of the Lord.

TO OUR CHILDREN

How happy we are as parents to have children such as you who, since birth, have brought us much joy and satisfaction. You are not perfect, perhaps, but we say with pride, "These are our children." Each one of you has made a special place in our hearts that no one else can fill. You are all married now. You have chosen companions worthy of our love and they have all been welcomed into our family circle. You all have happy homes where our grand children and great-grand children are being well-trained and well-cared for. This gives us great pleasure and makes us proud and happy.

Yes, a life beautifully lived is an 'art.' The benevolent Creator has given each of us the raw materials out of which life has been made and when we live creatively self discipline, hard work and persistence is demanded of us just as it is in any of the fine arts; so, whether we believe it or not, we *are* artists.

Be not righteous over-much; yet a firm religious belief makes life a discipline of goodness, creating new hope when all earthly hopes vanish and giving hope, security and everlasting joys for a future after death instead of the gloom and despair viewed by the unbeliever. The tendency to believe is a heaven-making quality; it is difficult for a man to be miserable when he feels worthy of himself, and claims to be a child of God.

To what shall we link Genealogy? It is a log book of our ancestor's voyage down the endless river of time; across these shoreless waters you should chart your life. In remembering the past, may you not forget the urgent needs of the present, restless generation of this changing world that is seeking for understanding, truth and guidance. Seek for these needs and maintain vigilance in securing a happy and successful life. Remember this: it isn't necessary to be rich in order to be just, to have a heart filled with love of a home and country and to be an American is a blessed privilege. The liberties gained for us by our

pilgrim fathers should be zealously guarded and their interests preserved. At this time, as never before since this nation's beginning, our country's voters should realize that the decisions made in the days ahead should be made on what will preserve for the future these privileges and liberties.

Our accomplishments may seem common-place but "God, who studies each separate soul, out of common-place lives makes his beautiful whole." The challenge in this unconquered land forced the pioneers to make the best of what they had where they were. There was no room for the idler, when conquering the frontier, because life demanded hard work, strong wills, the enduring of hardships, neighborly cooperation and determination. In all nature, as in the gospel plan, harmony prevails, giving each creature a place and a responsibility. We can live a serene and happy life if we learn from nature; we can't rush it, but must live a day at a time. If we love our work a farm, garden, cattle-ranch or any other diversion can be a means of expressing new interests and pride of accomplishment. Through these activities, pent-up emotions, frustrations, and tensions are given a release allowing the problems to be tackled with new calm. Life is a party; the more we enjoy it, the more the other guests will enjoy it and the more successful it will be. One would say it is a mighty ungrateful guest who departs gloomily. The happiest of all is the person, who thinks the most interesting and beautiful thoughts; such people really never grow old.

Time has never hung heavy over us; with our fine family now numbering forty three and doing so many worthwhile things, we have much to be interested in to make time fly quickly. Yes, we *are* seventy and it's a long time but not too long for all the things that have happened. 'Golden' is the blended life of a couple who has met the storms and enjoyed the sunshine of half a hundred years. We can now look back on heartaches, triumphs and mistakes; yet we feel our dreams have been fulfilled. We still love each other and there is beauty and security in this old 'bedraggled' world. We don't seem old but like to think of each other as when we were wed. We must still carry on through you, our children, and your grand families. The laughter of your lovely children is as birds of love and joy singing in the leafless branches of the tree of life. Laughter is the sweetest music; bells may ring, birds may sing all the sounds of earth together. Few things seen or heard of man are half as sweet as when the children laugh

and play.

May your homes continue to have the influence of a kind Heavenly Father. May it be the children's paradise, the mothers' world and the fathers' kingdom.

The sweet influence of you, our children, will live in our hearts as long as life lasts . . .

MOM AND DAD

EPILOGUE

As this book goes to press, we find that Art and Eva have changed a little in physical appearance since their marriage in the Old Anderson Ranch house, on Sunday, October 12, 1902; but their strong inborn characteristics are much the same now as then.

Eva, who felt that she had to have a new rock bedroom when they were first married to give their love a place to grow, is still a woman who loves a beautiful home full of peace and beauty for herself and for Arthur.

Eva, who longed for a college education, has continued to improve and educate herself. When she was sixty-eight years of age, she bought herself a typewriter and taught herself to type. Not by the hunt and peck system, but by the authorized touch system. In 1949 she decided she would learn to drive a car. She began taking lessons and would have continued on, had not some of her children begged her to stop, fearing her reflexes might not be as good as they were fifty years ago and she might have an accident. She has, through all the years, read her children's school books. She has gathered and garnered scraps and bits of wisdom which she has continued to add to her reservoir of Truth. She has made huge scrap books of bits of literature and poetry that add to the beauty of her life. Saying to her children, "Don't let disaster rob you of a creative, beautiful life, based on a Faith in God, in your Friends and in Eternity. Remember the sun is still there. Don't let a cloud warp your vision. Find a new vantage from which to look into the bright blue sky of life."

Eva inherited her mother's strong desire for justice and appreciation. Now, as when she was younger, if her own child or one of her family fail to recognize their responsibilities or she can see a weakness or fault present she will never attempt to cover up the weakness, but will try to help the individual overcome it.

Eva still finds life full of wonderful things. Eva loves adventure. Her trip to Hawaii was full of the same eagerness as her trip to San

Francisco. so many years before, when their train developed a hot box at Tucson. As her children grew in age, they teased their mother by saying she was always willing to go any place, any time, saying, "Just wait until I get my hat and coat." New modern inventions are willingly and quickly accepted by her. She has never succumbed to the easier method by saying, "I'm too old to do that." Although a plane trip is not a pleasure to ride, she recognizes the ease and advantages of it and can use it as a mode of transportation when ever it is necessary.

Arthur, too, remains much the same as the shy little boy who was awarded a shiny five-cent piece as first prize in his first foot race. He is still very modest. Outwardly he is very quiet but no man has ever lived who has appreciated more keenly the praise and admiration of his family and fellowmen.

He is now, as he was in his early youth, a diligent industrious man, who works hard every day and enjoys the ability to work. He is now, as he was when he was first married, still working and planning for the future. He still finds the drive and urge to work for more financial security. Now, however, his view has extended toward a new horizon for he is working to acquire security for his eight children and their children.

He is now, just as he was in the early years of their marriage, a father who can become very close to his children. A father who always enjoys feeding the small children at each meal. He is a grandfather who can curl up with a grandchild in a child's bed and tell them a story, or happily stay with them until they are fast asleep.

He is now, as fifty years ago, full of dreams, plans and projects; and new methods which he is working to achieve. He is still an avid reader and a deep thinker. A man with definite opinions. His line of vision sees only one way. Right is right. There can be no half-right or half-wrong.

Arthur now, as thirty years ago, when he felt that a dam in the Gila River to preserve the Valley's water right a wiser project than a new highway; still has progressive ideas for the welfare of the Valley, the State, and the Union. Throughout the many years, he has carefully cherished his right to vote and has diligently studied the candidates and voted in each election.

Throughout all of his years, his dry wit and keen wisdom has been enjoyed and cherished by his family. At the marriage of each of his children he has wisely given them concise words of love and wisdom.

And just as surely and systematically, he has scanned the skies, year after year for a sign of rainfall. His children accuse him of always insisting each year, that this is the "hottest 'doggone' year" and the "driest 'doggone' year" he has ever known.

Art remains very much the same as the night they planned their wedding. He still thinks for himself. Eva says, "I think I may have influenced Arthur at times, but I have seldom changed his thinking on any matter."

Yes, Eva and Arthur are still the same as they were on their wedding day so many years ago. Or at least it seems so many years ago to their children and grandchildren. To them, the time has skipped merrily by. Eva and Arthur are still two very ambitious and generous souls, who have pooled their wisdom, all of their physical strength, their resources, and their years of toil and happiness to make their dreams come true for their eight children, nineteen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

FAMILY RECORD OF WILLIAM ARTHUR LINES AND SARAH EVALINE ANDERSON LINES

Name	Date of Birth	Place of Birth	Date of Marriage	Place of Marriage	Relationship
William Arthur Lines	Nov. 2, 1879	Goshen, Utah	Oct. 12, 1902	Pima, Arizona (also in Arizona Temple)	Father
Sarah Evaline Anderson (Lines)	Aug. 13, 1882	Dry Creek, Utah	(To Arthur)	Pima, Arizona (also in Arizona Temple)	Mother
Opal Lines (Haby), (Neese)	Aug. 28, 1903	Pima, Arizona	May 15, 1921	Pima, Arizona (also in Arizona Temple)	Daughter
Merrel Haby*			(To Opal)	Pima, Arizona	former Son-in-law
Marie Haby (Brown)	Sept. 15, 1922	Pima, Arizona	July 23, 1940	Prescott, Arizona	Granddaughter
Harold J. Brown*			(To Marie)	Prescott, Arizona	Grandson-in-law
Harold Jonathan Brown	Sept. 12, 1942	Prescott, Arizona			G. Grandson
William Gareth Brown	Sept. 8, 1944	Prescott, Arizona			G. Grandson
Merrel Brown	April 15, 1948	Prescott, Arizona			G. Grandson
William T. Neese*			July 4, 1943	Arizona (also in Arizona Temple)	Son-in-law
Vearl Arthur Lines	Sept. 2, 1906	Pima, Arizona	Oct. 17, 1928	Mesa, Arizona—Arizona Temple	Son
Leona Olson (Lines)*	Aug. 22, 1908	Salt Lake City, Utah	(To Vearl)	Mesa, Arizona—Arizona Temple	Daughter-in-law
Aldean Lines (Pollock)	June 12, 1930	Prescott, Arizona	Dec. 6, 1949	Tucson, Arizona	Granddaughter
Harry Pollock*			(To Aldean)	Tucson, Arizona	Grandson-in-law
Deborah Pollock	Nov. 17, 1950	Safford, Arizona			G. Granddaughter
Dian Lines	Sept. 4, 1933	Safford, Arizona			Granddaughter
Linda Lines	Feb. 7, 1935	Safford, Arizona			Granddaughter
Artha Lines	Sept. 3, 1936	Safford, Arizona			Granddaughter
Phyllis Lines (Hancock)	Oct. 27, 1908	Pima, Arizona	June 5, 1930	Pima, Ariz. (also in St. George Temple)	Daughter
Wayne Mitchell Hancock*	Sept. 14, 1906	Edgeley, North Dakota	(To Phyllis)	Pima, Ariz. (also in St. George Temple)	Son-in-law
Wayne Mitchell Hancock, Jr.	July 16, 1931	Safford, Arizona			Grandson
Evelyn Anne Hancock	Dec. 6, 1933	Glendale, California			Granddaughter

*—Indicates members of the family by marriage.

FAMILY RECORD OF WILLIAM ARTHUR LINES AND SARAH EVALINE ANDERSON LINES

Name	Date of Birth	Place of Birth	Date of Marriage	Place of Marriage	Relationship
Geraldine Hancock	Dec. 9, 1942	Glendale, California			Granddaughter
Trelva Lines (Wilson)	Sept. 11, 1912	Pima, Arizona	May 17, 1935	Mesa, Arizona—Arizona Temple	Daughter
James Ansel Wilson*	Feb. 11, 1910	Mexico	(To Trelva)	Mesa, Arizona—Arizona Temple	Son-in-law
John Arthur Wilson	March 21, 1938	Safford, Arizona			Grandson
Alicia Gayle Wilson	April 7, 1946	El Paso, Texas			Granddaughter
Boyce H. Lines	Feb. 10, 1915	Pima, Arizona	Feb. 24, 1941	Mesa, Arizona—Arizona Temple	Son
Margaret Carol Driggs (Lines)*	Oct. 5, 1919	Rexburg, Idaho	(To Boyce)	Mesa, Arizona—Arizona Temple	Daughter-in-law
Pamala Lines	April 12, 1944	San Francisco, California			Granddaughter
Richard Boyce Lines	July 4, 1945	San Francisco, California			Grandson
Harold Lines	June 1, 1948	Safford, Arizona			Grandson
Sherilynn Lines	May 27, 1951	Phoenix, Arizona			Granddaughter
Ruskin R. Lines	Sept. 20, 1918	Pima, Arizona	June 14, 1941	Boise, Idaho (also in Arizona Temple)	Son
Jeana Allred (Lines)*	Oct. 7, 1917	Thatcher, Arizona	(To Ruskin)	Boise, Idaho (also in Arizona Temple)	Daughter-in-law
Ruskin R. Lines, Jr.	Dec. 9, 1942	Kansas City, Missouri			Grandson
Paul Anderson Lines	Nov. 13, 1945	Phoenix, Arizona			Grandson
Sarah Beth Lines (Pace)	Aug. 25, 1921	Pima, Arizona	Nov. 25, 1942	Pima, Arizona	Daughter
Scott L. Pace*		Safford, Arizona	(To Beth)	Pima, Arizona	Son-in-law
Stephen Scott Pace	Oct. 12, 1945	New Orleans, Louisiana			Grandson
William Willard Pace	Sept. 15, 1947	Safford, Arizona			Grandson
Marba Lines Nielson	Feb. 17, 1925	Pima, Arizona	Dec. 19, 1949	Mesa, Arizona—Arizona Temple	Daughter
Meade Edward Nielson*	Dec. 23, 1924	Black Rock, New Mexico	(To Marba)	Mesa, Arizona—Arizona Temple	Son-in-law
Ellis Arthur Nielson	Aug. 25, 1951	Mesa, Arizona			Grandson

*—Indicates members of the family by marriage.

ANCESTORS OF WILLIAM ARTHUR LINES

Name	Date of Birth	Place of Birth	Marriage Date	Place of Marriage	Date of Death	Place of Death	Relationship
Henry Lines	Feb. 14/17, 1846	Birmingham, England	Dec. 10, 1869	Goshen, Utah	July 14, 1935	Pima, Arizona	Father
Emily Weech (Lines)	July 15, 1850	Alton, Illinois	Dec. 10, 1869	Goshen, Utah	May, 11, 1932	Pima, Arizona	Mother
John Lines	March 21, 1813	East Haddon, England	Oct. 30, 1838	England	1866	Goshen, Utah	Grandfather
Jane Haddon (Lines)	June 19, 1813	Draycote, England	Oct. 30, 1838	England	Sept. 2, 1864	Wyoming, Nebraska	Grandmother
Samuel Weech	Feb. 2, 1811	Somerton, England	Nov. 5, 1832	England	Oct. 20, 1852	Alton, Illinois	Grandfather
Elizabeth Gould (Weech)	Feb. 8, 1810	Bruton, England	Nov. 5, 1832	England	Feb. 2, 1894	Pima, Arizona	Grandmother
Jeremiah Lines	1781	No. Hampton, England	Nov. 25, 1812	England	Dec. 5, 1847	East Haddon, England	G. Grandfather
Mary Simons (Lines)			Nov. 25, 1812	England		England	G. Grandmother
William Haddon	1781	Bourton, England	Oct. 26, 1807	Bourton, England	Feb. 9, 1855	Bourton, England	G. Grandfather
Mary Barnett (Haddon)	Oct. 5, 1781	Bourton, England	Oct. 26, 1807	Bourton, England		England	G. Grandmother
James Weech	April 26, 1776	Somerton, England		England	May 8, 1853	Somerton, England	G. Grandfather
Sarah Masters (Weech)	July 12, 1772	Somerton, England		England	May 2, 1843	Somerton, England	G. Grandmother
Henry Gould	(about) 1785	Bruham, England	Aug. 21, 1809	England	Dec. 2, 1839	England	G. Grandfather
Elizabeth Chambers (Gould)	Jan. 20, 1788	Batcombe, England	Aug. 21, 1809	England			

ANCESTORS OF SARAH EVALINE ANDERSON (LINES)

Hakan Julius Anderson	Sept. 4, 1858	Copenhagen, Denmark	Nov. 27, 1881	Dry Creek, Utah	June 6, 1929	Pima, Arizona	Father
Sarah Elizabeth Barney (Anderson)	April 9, 1861	Springville, Utah	Nov. 27, 1881	Dry Creek, Utah	March 7, 1928	Pima, Arizona	Mother
Haakon Anderson	May 4, 1822	Heron Skoone, Sweden	Sept. 14, 1853	Copenhagen, Denmark	Aug. 26, 1886	Meadow, Utah	Grandfather
Mary Ann Marie Neilson (Anderson)	May 7, 1833	Round Sness, Denmark	Sept. 14, 1853	Copenhagen, Denmark	Feb. 11, 1901	Elsinore, Utah	Grandmother
Walter Turner (Barney)	Sept. 18, 1836	Lake Fork, Illinois	Oct. 13, 1858	Spanish Fork, Utah	May 19, 1922	Solomonville, Arizona	Grandfather
Sarah Matilda Farr (Barney)	May 1, 1841	Chatham, Ohio	Oct. 13, 1858	Spanish Fork, Utah	May 23, 1914	Thatcher, Arizona	Grandmother
Andrew Olson (Father of Haakon)							
Lewis Barney	Sept. 8, 1808	Niagara County, N.Y.	April 11, 1832	Sangamon Co., Ill.	Nov. 5, 1895	Mancas, Colorado	G. Grandfather
Elizabeth Turner (Barney)	April 30, 1808	Ohio	April 11, 1832	Sangamon Co., Ill.	(after 1889)	Utah	G. Grandmother
Elbridge Farr					1849	Chatham, Ohio	G. Grandfather
Sarah Russ Farr					(after 1852)	Utah	G. Grandmother

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